

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

APRIL, 1879.

No. 6.

## ACTORS AND ACTRESSES OF NEW YORK.



ACTING was the first art in which America was able to hold her own or even to make headway in any contest or comparison with the more mature life of Europe. There are as good actors in America as there are in France, or Germany, or England. Since the success in London of Miss Cushman in 1845, and of Mr. Jefferson in 1865, the quality of the best American dramatic art has not been doubtful.

VOL. XVII.—61.

Some of the most popular and skillful of the favorites of the British public have received their professional training on this side the Atlantic. Foremost among these is a comedian of admirable art, Mr. Sothorn. There are probably now not only as good actors, but as many good actors in the United States as in France. "There is abundance of bad acting to be seen in Paris, as elsewhere," wrote Mr. George H. Lewes in

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1865, and the remark is as true now as it was fourteen years ago, as a study of the Parisian stage during the last summer has abundantly convinced me. Many of the secondary companies there are but little, if any, better than companies of corresponding position here. I certainly saw one performance in Paris as bad as any I ever saw in New York. And the provincial theaters of France are said to be in a deplorable state. In an article describing the incomparable Comédie-Française ("A Company of Actors," SCRIBNER'S for October, 1878), it was pointed out that, owing to the centralization, which is the great curse of France, the capital monopolizes the best actors and gathers them into a few—a very few indeed—strong and select stock companies. The stranger, seeing that these few theaters in Paris give finer and fuller performances of comedy than any theater in London or New York, not unnaturally infers that the whole stage of France is just so much better than the whole stage of England or America. Theatrically speaking, Paris is France; but New York is not the United States. I doubt whether there are better actors in France than in the United States—although Paris presents many more than New York. I doubt whether there are any actors in France who, in their respective lines, are more richly gifted or better trained than Mr. Joseph Jefferson, or Mr. Lester Wallack, or Mr. John McCullough, or Mr. John Gilbert; although, on the other hand, we have no M. Got, no M. Coquelin, no M. Delaunay. But M. Got and M. Coquelin and M. Delaunay are all in one theater, and at times are cast in one play, and have for years been in the habit of playing together; while Mr. McCullough and Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Wallack often play a thousand miles apart. The French are not cursed with the "star" system; they will not tolerate a single planet set in a fading cloud of star-dust. And thus centralization and the habit of having stock companies combine to help Paris to good playing, while the broad extent and well-diffused wealth of our land unite with the star-system to prevent good players from massing together here in New York. This is the reason why we have here no theater equal to the Gymnase or the Vaudeville, not to mention the Comédie-Française. This is the reason, and not any lack of good actors.

It would doubtless be difficult, even if possessed of autocratic power, to gather from all the United States a company better than

the Comédie-Française—better, that is, than the male half of that admirable assemblage of picked comedians; the female half, in spite of several personalities of strange and pungent flavor, is not at all on the same artistic level. It would certainly be impossible, in the United States, to compose, off-hand and at once, a company which should immediately begin to work together as smoothly as the traditions and restraints of two hundred years of existence enable the comedians of the Théâtre-Français to work. But from the theaters of New York, from out of the stock companies of this one city, could readily be chosen a company which, after it should have time to get into working order, would compare not unfavorably with the Odéon—the junior Théâtre-Français—or with any of the better of the court theaters of the smaller German states.

Custom has created, in comedy and drama, certain recognized classes of characters. An actor who devotes himself to one line of parts expects to receive all the parts of that line. In a very full company there would be a pair of "leading men," a "light comédian," an "old man," a couple of "low comedians," an actor of "character," or eccentric parts, a "heavy man,"—the villain of the piece,—and a "walking gentleman." There would be a pair of "leading ladies," a "juvenile lead," an "*ingénue*," a "chamber-maid," an "old woman,"—perhaps two. These are the more important people which a full and first-rate company would require. The Théâtre-Français, it may be noted, has twenty-two associates, each sharing in the profits and playing the best parts in his or her line.

This classification is not rigid. It often happens that, owing to special circumstances, the "low comedian" takes the part of an old man, or the "character" actor is cast for a "heavy" part. No hard and fast rules can be laid down. All precedent yields before the diversity of talent exhibited by the different actors holding technically the same rank and the same line of parts. In the Théâtre-Français, M. Coquelin is one of the "low comedians," but in the "*Étrangère*" of M. Dumas *fils*, M. Coquelin created the part of the *Duke of Septmonts*, the aristocratic villain of the piece; and when the play was adapted to the American stage this same rascally *Duke* was played here by Mr. Coghlan, the "leading man" of the theater. And again, in the "*Fourchambault*" of M. Emile Augier, the greatest success of the Exposition year and an honest and hardy



play, the two strongly contrasted and pivotal parts of the piece are played by M. Got and M. Coquelin. Now, M. Got and M. Coquelin are both technically "low comedians"; they both act, or have acted, the intriguing serving-men of Molière's comedies,—the *valets de Molière*, as the parts are called; and these were the parts Molière wrote for himself, and to play them in Molière's own house is no small honor. Indeed, one well-known French actor is said to have refused an engagement at the Théâtre-Français, because he did not wish to enter a house where the valets were the masters. Before MM. Got and Coquelin, the parts were held by M. Samson, the tutor of Rachel, and by M. Rénier, the teacher of both of his successors. And no one of these four remarkable comedians limited himself to the parts which came strictly within his technical line. M. Coquelin—to cite again the actor of at once the greatest promise and the finest performance on the French stage of to-day—acts, outside of his own line, the villains in the "Fourchambault" and the "Étrangère," the suffering and hungry ballad-maker in M. Théodore de Banville's beautiful "Gringoire," and the revolutionary hero of "Jean Dacier."

The "leading lady" has, in some respects, the most important position in the company, and it is a position which there is now great difficulty in getting competent actresses to fill. It is no easy matter to find a lady young enough to look *Lady Teazle* or the belle whose stratagem the comedy sets forth, and old enough to know how to play it. It is no light task to discover an actress capable of rattling off the empty chatter of *Lady Gay Spanker* one night and of filling the far different and more difficult part of *Clara Douglas* the night after. It is hard indeed to find a nature flexible enough to present a picture of simple English maidenhood, calm and trustful and devoted,—an *Esther Eccles* in "Caste," for instance,—and the week after to portray with adequate warmth the fiery and voluptuous Creole of "Article 47," one of the most unhealthy of French fictions. It is not only difficult to discover any one woman capable of giving full effect to all these different dramas—it is impossible; and in a company of unusual strength, two, if not three "leading ladies" must needs be included.

In certain characters compounded—not always very skillfully—of gorgeous apparel, of an easy wit (not to say free and easy), of vigorous animal spirits, of exuberant

womanhood and of suggestions of a sort of superficial satire of some of the more glaring aspects of American society, Miss Fanny Davenport has been deservedly popular. She comes of good theatrical stock; her father, the late E. L. Davenport, was one of the foremost actors of America, excelling in some parts and good in all; and through her mother Miss Davenport is related to several of the leading theatrical families of England. She has youth and beauty and she sets these off with much lavishness of raiment. A story is told of a French actress who excused herself to the author of a new comedy of fashionable life for her tardiness at rehearsal on the plea of a prior engagement with his *collaborateur*.

"But I have no *collaborateur*, Mademoiselle," said the dramatist; "the play is wholly my own."

"You forget the dress-maker," quietly answered the actress.

Now all the plays in which Miss Davenport appears have two authors, a dramatist and a dress-maker; and sometimes the latter deserves as much credit for success as the former. But although many of her earlier parts were of this sort, characters of no real depth, and, indeed, of only superficial vitality, she has shown herself capable of better things. Her *Lady Teazle* is an admirable picture of a buxom country girl thrust into the midst of fashionable frivolity; to the screen scene she lent a pathos most affecting, while it did not leave the key of comedy on which the whole performance of the play ought always to be pitched. And in melodramatic parts she has her full share of the ability of her father and mother. Miss Davenport has youth and beauty, she has intelligence and training; she lacks but a touch more of taste and a somewhat finer and more delicate nature to be able to play *Rosalind* and the more poetical parts of the higher comedy. Poetry, indeed, seems altogether beyond her reach. She is a realist, rather than an idealist, and what is *Rosalind* without poetry, or *Viola*?

In the appreciation of poetry, in the possession of the poetic spirit, in the suggestion of the existence of an ideal realm, removed wholly from the sordid baseness of this lower life, lies the great merit of Mrs. Booth. She is a child of the stage, having made her first appearance at the age of twelve. She was born in Australia whence she came to California; fourteen years ago she first acted in New York. She was once

known as Agnes Perry and is now the wife of Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, jr., the eldest son of the "little giant" of our early stage history. Mrs. Booth has a slight, graceful, girlish figure, fitted for the heroines of poetic comedy. Her voice is one of unusual beauty. In her acting, a certain

ferent thing from knowing the business! They pay laudable attention to one supremely important point recklessly disregarded on our stage, namely, elocution. They know how to speak—both verse and prose: to speak without mouthing, yet with effective cadence,—speech elevated above



severity of style suggests Mme. Favart of the Théâtre-Français, but her remarkable gift of rhythmic utterance recalls the poetic delivery and *diction* of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt. Mr. Lewes in his essay on the German stage describes certain of the actors of the better court theaters in words which can be applied with exactness to Mrs. Booth: "They are thoroughly *trained*: they know the principles of their art—a very dif-

ferent thing from knowing the business! They pay laudable attention to one supremely important point recklessly disregarded on our stage, namely, elocution. They know how to speak—both verse and prose: to speak without mouthing, yet with effective cadence,—speech elevated above

This thing Mrs. Booth can do, as any one will witness who saw with what delicate art she played the part of *Mrs. Brownlee* in Mr. Bronson Howard's "Old Love Letters." This little one-act comedy is not far from being the very best play ever written in America. It has a *finesse* and a fineness to which our stage is unaccustomed. It recalls the "Postscriptum" of M. Augier and the "Sweethearts" of Mr. Gilbert, and makes a worthy third with that admirable pair of plays. The idea of the piece is simple,—a couple of young lovers have parted in a huff; each marries, and after many years, by the death of husband and wife, each is left alone. At last they meet again, for the first time since their hasty anger parted them. They meet to exchange the old love-letters which each has cherished,—the result is evident. The story is simple, but Mr. Howard has treated it with praiseworthy skill, delicacy and depth. The widow, *Mrs. Brownlee*, gives Mrs. Booth occasion for a most beautiful and artistic piece of work; it is no wonder that the author in his delight made her a present of the play. The part abounds in adroit turns and dainty little touches of poetry, to the execution of which Mrs. Booth brought training and a poetic sympathy. *Mrs. Brownlee* would not have been better acted on the French stage. It marked with the utmost emphasis Mrs. Booth's position on the American stage.

In as marked a contrast as may be to Mrs. Booth stands Miss Clara Morris. I have always held it to be arrant nonsense to talk about two schools of acting; I only know a good school and a bad school. But there are certainly two kinds of actors. You have all, at some time, seen an actor who played a sympathetic part with alert intelligence, nowhere deficient in look or act or tone, brimful of deft touches of delicate art, an actor with whose acting no fault can be found, save that it fails absolutely to move you. And you have seen another actor who, in a similar part, would be crude and harsh, careless of detail and uncultured in intonation,—an actor, in short, whose acting set your teeth on edge half the time, but who, when the supreme moment came, carried all critical reflection before his force and truth, and played upon your heart-strings far more effectively than the fingering of more delicate and more skillful art. All actors—excepting only the very greatest—belong to one or the other of these classes or are somewhere along the line which divides

them. The very great actor combines the best qualities of both classes, and is great because of this combination.

Of these two types of actor, the one ruled by his head and the other governed by his heart, Miss Morris belongs to the second. Her art is unfinished, but no one who has seen her can doubt her power. She projects her personality into all her parts and by sheer weight of self moves her hearers. She is most satisfactory when at war with society, when expiating a wrong done to society; she is at her best then as the fiery Creole in "Article 47," as the illegitimate daughter in "Alix," as the repentant wife in "Miss Multon." As the keenest and best-trained critic of the acted drama in the city, Mr. William Winter, has said: "Her power lies in the capacity to depict a shattered emotional nature, in wild conflict with itself and its circumstances, and to do this with minute physical denotements. To look at her, in 'Miss Multon,' is to see a vivisection of the nervous system. The effect is strong but terribly painful." And Miss Morris makes this strong effect despite all disadvantages of early training, in spite, for instance, of a voice marred by hopelessly Western intonations. But as Heine once said: "The critic's judgment is of little value when his eyes are bedimmed with tears." Another poet has paid more direct tribute to Miss Morris's dramatic power; two years ago Mr. Stedman attached these lines to a bunch of flowers he threw to her feet:

"CLARA MORRIS.

"Touched by the fervor of her art,  
No flaws to-night discover!  
Her judge shall be the people's heart,  
This western world her lover.  
The secret given to her alone  
No frigid schoolman taught her:  
Once more returning, dearer grown,  
We greet thee, Passion's daughter!

"NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1876. E. C. S."

"Juvenile lead" is the name of a line of parts next in importance to the "leading lady," and at times even surpassing her in its demands. "Juvenile lead," as the term itself suggests, imperatively calls for youth, or at least the appearance of youth. We can forgive *Lady Teazle*, married to the uxorious old bachelor, *Sir Peter*, if, perchance, she seems not so young as the text would indicate; but *Maria*, the flame of *Charles* and *Joseph*, *Maria* must be a fresh, fair maiden with whom we can readily conceive *Charles* to be in love, and for whose sake *Joseph* dares to enter on the course of

duplicity which ends in his downfall. And it is no easy matter to find young ladies who are ladies and who look young and who can act with simplicity and directness.



The difficulty of filling these parts is of late added to, for, owing to the frequent drafts made upon the fund of French dramatic literature, our stage has gained a new occupant, the *ingénue*, that half impossible and quite improbable embodiment of ignorant innocence which French play-makers delight in introducing as a foil to the witty and wicked knowingness of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. The best performances of this sort of part—no easy one to play—seen here have been those of Miss Kate Claxton in the alteration of M. Feuillet's "Tentation," and of Miss Sara Jewett in the adaptation of M. Sardou's "Seraphine."

Miss Sara Jewett—whose *Maria* in the "School for Scandal" is certainly the most graceful performance of that ungrateful part and the most adequate of late seen in this city—is a lady of unbroken American lin-

eage, related by blood to more than one family whose names are well known in the annals of American literature; her acting, deficient at times in physical force because she cannot always save her strength for the vital point, ever suggests the possession of wide culture and alert intelligence. Characters requiring simple dignity and gentle pathos are well within her grasp; but she has, unfortunately, had assigned to her a series of parts filled to overflowing with a sort of semi-maudlin sentimentality with which it is hopeless to expect any healthy American woman to make an effect on any healthy American audience. Better than the suffering heroine of this type or than the often as sickly *ingénue*, would Miss Jewett play the typical American girl of good breeding, quick-witted and full of tact, clever, self-possessed and well able to take care of herself; for this is a character with which she would have many points in common. Miss Jewett, it may be noted, has musical gifts of no mean order; the little song she sang in the "Danicheffs" was of her own composing.

Miss Kate Claxton is the granddaughter of Spencer H. Cone, who, when a babe, was blessed by George Washington; who, when a youth, was recommended by an Episcopalian bishop to go on the stage; who made his first appearance as an actor in 1805; became a Baptist preacher in 1813, and was made chaplain to Congress in 1815. He had been a member of the company at the Richmond theater not long before its awful destruction by fire in 1811. With a theatrical fire far more calamitous than the Richmond fire is his granddaughter's name inseparably linked. On the evening of Tuesday, December 6th, 1876, when "The Two Orphans" was in course of performance at the Brooklyn Theatre, and was rapidly nearing its close, the scenery took fire. The audience began to be alarmed, and Miss Kate Claxton, fearing the fatal effect of a panic-stricken rush for the door, came down to the foot-lights and cried, "Be quiet! We are between you and the fire; the front door is open and the passages are clear." She said this while the stage was a burning mass, and it was not until the spectators were seized with fear and began to flee from the building that Miss Claxton and the other actors with her on the stage at the time thought of flight themselves, and then it was only by means of a private passage under the auditorium that they were able to escape. A few months later, in April, 1877, she was in the

Southern Hotel at St. Louis when it was burnt to the ground, and here again she came within an inch of death. Since then, several times while playing "The Two Orphans" has an alarm of fire been raised, but fortunately without fatal result. In consequence of this awful experience and these narrow escapes the actress was, for a while, the butt of the newspaper "wits"—to give them a courtesy title. These jests and all allusions to the fire were wholly distasteful to the actress, and finally at her formal request they have been discontinued. Her first great success was made in an *ingénue* part in "L'ed Astray," an adaptation from the French of M. Octave Feuillet. The character was M. Feuillet's stock young woman, but in Miss Claxton's hands it took on a freshness and a frankness and a freedom most charming. In *Henriette*, the blind orphan, she touched deeper chords and simulated suffering in a way to move even the most stout-hearted.

The *soubrettes* or "chamber-maids" are a line of parts which are closely akin at times to the "juvenile lead"—at least, in plays of recent date. In Mr. Robertson's comedies it is almost doubtful whether the honest, plain-spoken, and rather "cheeky" young women he delighted to draw belong to one line of parts or to the other. In the older comedies there is no such doubt; there we find full-fledged the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, impudent domestic, knowing all that is going on and taking a hand in all that is mischievous, partly from pure love of the thing, partly from liking for her young mistress, and partly, no doubt, from the sordid bribe tendered by the young mistress's favored gallant.

Of these pert, not to say malapert, serving-maids of classic comedy, as well as of the lively-minded girls of Mr. Robertson's teacup-and-saucer dramas, there is no better representative than Miss Effie Germon. She comes of one of the oldest theatrical families in this country—the same which has given us in succession during the past hundred years three Joseph Jeffersons. Miss Germon is one of the rare women who have a genuine sense of humor; and she is one of the still rarer few who having the sense can make their possession of it manifest to a miscellaneous audience. Actresses who can give due point and dash to a part sparkling with wit and lightened by fancy are not many, but they are far more in number than the actresses who can depict a character, rich and juicy with humor. Miss Effie Germon

can do this: she is simply that white black-bird, a "low comedian" in petticoats. Her *Naomi Tighe*, her *Polly Eccles*, her weeping widow in the "Romance of a Poor Young Man,"—these are at once refined and rollicking portrayals of humorous characters, informed with healthy life and bubbling over with vigorous animal spirits. It is scarcely possible to recall them without a smile; it is wholly impossible to see them without laughter. It is this quality of appreciating humor as distinguished from wit which is so unusual. There is no actress now on the stage in England who has it in so high a degree as Miss Germon; and, in France, I



MISS CLAXTON AS "HENRIETTE" IN "THE TWO ORPHANS."

can only now call to mind one woman, Mlle. Alphonsine, who is in this respect her equal.

In a French sale catalogue, not long ago, I saw the title of a book which deserves to be recorded as one of the curiosities of literature. It was the "Plays of M. Ronsin, printed for the profit of his mother-in-law, Paris, 1786." A later French dramatist, M. Théodore Barrière, improved on this by acting, taking his mother-in-law for his literary partner: one at least of the plays they wrote together, the "Comtesse de Somerville" is well known to the American play-goer as





Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as "Mrs. Candour" in "The School for Scandal"

"Alixe." I cite these two instances to show that the mother-in-law may take part in a play, without of necessity appearing as a terrible bugbear. But of late we have had a long line of farces in which the mother-in-law is practically the protagonist. She is drawn in the darkest of colors; she is shown with her nose in every crack and with her fingers in every pie, and the audience are only too delighted when she gets the one pinched and the others burnt. This vivacious and virulent vixen must needs be cast to the "old woman" of the company, and in New York the type is identified with Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, an actress of excellence, who has within a few years served up the mother-in-law with every possible sauce. Like Mrs. Charles Kemble, the mother of Fanny and Adelaide Kemble, Mrs. Gilbert was a dancer before she was an actress. Born in England, where she first appeared, it was in America, in 1857, after she had been here eight years, and at the early age of thirty-five, that she began to act "old

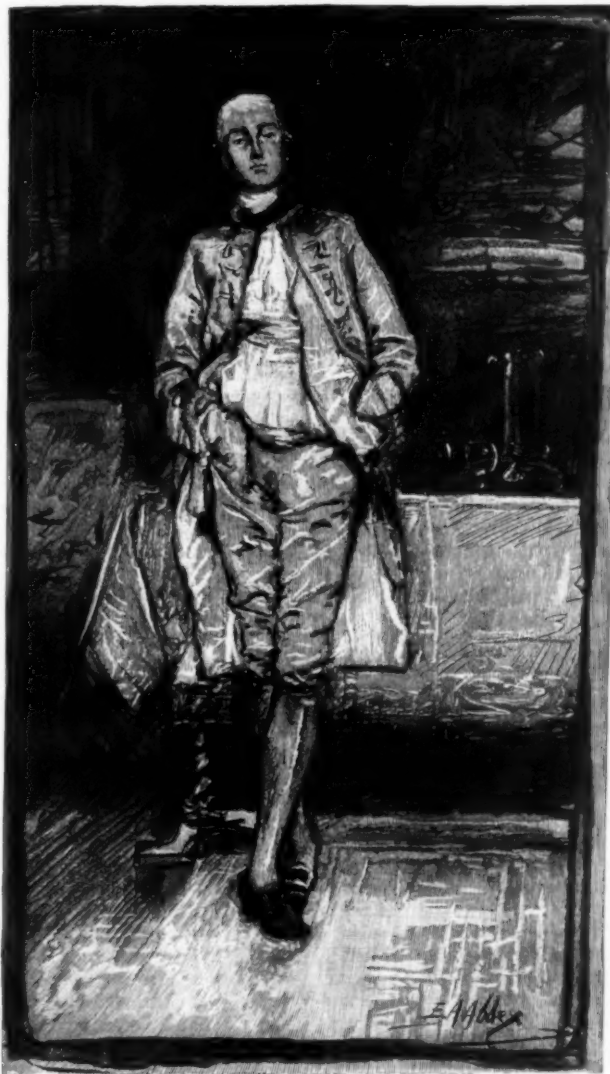
women's" parts. Fifteen years ago or so, she came to New York to the Broadway Theatre, and, about ten years ago, when Mr. Daly took the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Mrs. Gilbert at once joined his company as "first old woman." There she played a range of characters indicating unusual versatility; it included the old comedy parts on the one hand, and the lively *Infant Phenomenon* on the other. And most of all did it include that most marvelous performance of *Hester Dethridge*, the dumb woman in Mr. Daly's skillful adaptation of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife." This play, which first revealed the remarkable ability of Miss Clara Morris, gave Mrs. Gilbert opportunity to do work of the utmost effectiveness, artistic from its absolute simplicity and impressing itself upon the mental retina so vividly that after the lapse of years it is still easy to call up a vision of the slim, slight, silent figure entering mysteriously through the suddenly opened and before unknown aperture. Opportunities like this, alas, do not come often in any



artist's career. He succeeds best who makes best use of those he has. This Mrs. Gilbert has done. More than one trashy play owed no small part of its apparent vitality to the skill which Mrs. Gilbert showed in parts of

fate of the theater,—saying: "If you don't get a call for this act, the play's doomed!" And at night she got a triple call.

Turning now to the sterner sex, the "leading man" first demands consideration.



CHARLES COGHLAN AS "CHARLES SURFACE," IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

little more than verbiage and exaggeration. It was to her and to Mr. Lewis that Mr. Daly turned at the final rehearsal of the "Big Bonanza,"—a play, on which depended the

Although in plumage less magnificent, he is almost as rare a bird as his mate, the "leading lady." And yet, New York is now fortunate in having a fair share of "leading

men,"—of gentlemen who can look like gentlemen and act like gentlemen, and, at the same time, give full effect to wit or wisdom, or love or fury, or whatever else it may please the dramatic poet to put into their hands to do. Of Mr. Lester Wallack, there is no space here to make adequate mention; his work as author, actor and manager calls for more elaborate treatment than is possible in this paper. As an author, he has scored success after success, and I fancy there are few towns in these broad United States where hearts have not been held during the gypsy scene of "Rosedale," and where joyous laughter has not been called forth by "Central Park." As an actor, although more modern and more robust, he suggests M. Delaunay of the Comédie-Française. Mr. Wallack is, in some sort, a New York and nineteenth century Delaunay; for the Parisian artist, delicate and charming as is his work, breathes freely only in the fanciful air of the Forest of Arden, or of the Bohemia which is a desert country by the sea. As a manager, Mr. Wallack has done that for the dramatic art which cannot well be overestimated; he has kept alive healthy traditions; he has trained many an actor of promise; and he has given us a theater where there is a greater chance of finding the intellectual entertainment which the intelligent seek, than anywhere else in this city or this country.

Like Mr. Wallack, Mr. Charles Coghlan is also a dramatic author; indeed, it is curious to count how many dramatists there are attached to Mr. Wallack's theater in one capacity and another. Mr. Coghlan is the author of "Lady Flora" and "Brothers," both acted at the Court Theatre, in London, and it was to him that the present Lord Lytton confided the completion and revising of his father's play, the "House of Darnley," produced posthumously at the same theater. As none of these comedies have as yet been acted in America, comment on them here is needless. They seem, like their author's acting, to be marked strongly with the influence of France, where Mr. Coghlan was educated. Mr. Coghlan's acting is as free as possible from all rant or undue tumult. Colley Cibber, when praising the justness of Betterton's judgment as a performer, has this remark: "While the million are so apt to be transported when the drum of their ear is so roundly rattled; while they take the life of elocution to lie in the strength of the lungs, it is no wonder that the actor, whose end is applause, should be also tempted, at this easy rate, to excite it." However great this

temptation may be, it is one which Mr. Coghlan always resists. His art is quiet, cool, self-possessed and self-restrained, seeking to bring out the hidden beauties of the character he is acting, and aiming always to present a picture, rounded and complete, of the whole part, in which no portion is unduly exaggerated at the expense of another. And the suggestion of pictorial art reminds us that all arts are more or less akin, and Thalia feels kindly toward her sister Muses. Like Mrs. Siddons, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is a sculptor; and, like his associates in the same company, Mr. Brougham and Mr. Beckett, Mr. Coghlan is something of a painter, having at one time studied under M. Cabanel.

In the "School for Scandal," Mr. Coghlan plays *Charles Surface* with a witty delicacy and an airy grace worthy of high praise. The performance abounds with neat strokes of art: the tender affection, for instance, with which *Charles* goes to his uncle's picture and gazes into it, and the quiet and undemonstrative manner in which he indicates that any attempt to get it from him is hopeless. And in the screen scene Mr. Coghlan is a gentleman; many a *Charles* seems to remember that *Tom Jones* was the real father of Sheridan's hero, and therefore mocks at the plight of *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle* and *Joseph* with a rough gayety, boisterous even to brutality. Mr. Coghlan's *Charles Surface* was a gentleman with a keen appreciation of a joke, even if it told against his friend; but a gentleman who never let his jest run away with him. But, fine as Mr. Coghlan's *Charles* is, it is to be hoped that he will some day attempt the far stronger part of *Joseph*, really the best in the play, and far more worthy of Mr. Coghlan's skill in developing a character than the comparatively simple nature of *Charles*.

Mr. Charles Thorne, the "leading man" of the Union Square Theatre, comes of a widely spread American theatrical family; his father, Mr. C. R. Thorne, senior, was one of the earliest of California favorites. And it was in California, if I mistake not, that Mr. Thorne himself made his earlier appearance. It was certainly from California that he went on a voyage prolific in many perilous adventures, and including visits to Yokohama and the Sandwich Islands. Some ten years ago Mr. Thorne began to be prominent in this city, and when the Union Square Theatre was opened he almost at once became its "leading man." For this position he has great natural advantages: a tall and firm figure, a

rich and resonant voice, and an air of fine manly vigor—all these are precious gifts for the adequate presentation of heroic char-

acter. It is in the broad sweep of the romantic drama, akin to the picturesque plays of cape and sword of Spain, that Mr. Thorne made his first marked success. But he has qualities better than these mere physical adjuncts, and beyond them in value, necessary as they are; he has the gift of the dramatic temperament,—in short, he is a born actor. For a while in the earlier part of his career he was not a made actor at all: he was unduly "robustious" at times. But Mr. Thorne has since become an artist, governing himself, developing his ability with certainty, and excelling especially in seizing and presenting with startling force the predominant note of the situation. As *Rudolphe* in "Led Astray," there was such a suggestion of virile force in his very manner that the issue of his dispute with the

philandering poet was in no wise doubtful, and the gift of life which he makes his opponent appeared almost royal in spite of the seeming insignificance of the gift. In "Conscience," however, in the final act and crowning situation of this well-constructed and workmanlike play, Mr. Thorne had better opportunity than ever before, and his *Eustace Lawton*,—the murderer walking in his sleep and doing again before the eyes of all the deed which he had striven hard to conceal,—this is a picture few can forget who once have seen it.

If, on leaving a theater after seeing a good comedy well acted, an audience could be polled and an honest expression of its opinion taken to determine to which individual it owed the most pleasure, I think it scarcely doubtful that the performer of the funny characters, or creatures of broad humor, would receive a majority of suffrages. The "low comedian," as the actor is called who appears as the valiant *Bob Acres*, or the learned *Tony Lumpkin*, he is the genuine favorite of the many-handed and open-mouthed multitude who flock to the theater for a night's diversion. He it is who receives tribute of laughter almost before he says a word. A smiling ripple of humorous expectation runs around among the pleased spectators when a few words of dialogue from the stage announce his coming. And this meed of hilarity paid before his entrance



and repeated again and again till his exit;—this is the snare and the stumbling-block in his path. He gets used to the calling forth of jocularity, and if perchance his part give him small occasion for causing laughter he is only too likely to make opportunity despite the author—will he, nill he. And the temptation is no slight one, as whoso has seen the "School for Scandal" acted will acknowledge; this by far the finest modern comedy in our language has really no "comedy" part; the first "low comedian" is usually cast for *Moses*, a character of slight importance, and appearing late and infrequently. Now when the entrance of *Moses* is announced, and the audience find by the programme that a favorite "comedian" is *Moses*, the hush of humorous expectancy is heard and high anticipa-

tion of a humorous treat becomes evident. If the play before has been comic, what will it be now the professed comedian is come? And small wonder is it that the comedian, knowing there is naught in *Moses*



with which he can meet this expectation, endeavors to satisfy it as best he may,—in rank disobedience to the behest of Prince Hamlet: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them."

In first-class theaters, "gagging," as this interpolation is termed, is strictly forbidden, save in certain of the older comedies, where tradition has accumulated "business" and bits of dialogue, all tending toward the elaboration of the effect. The leading low comedians of the stock companies of New York are Mr. Harry Beckett, Mr. James Lewis, and Mr. J. H. Stoddart. Mr. Beckett is rich and broad; Mr. Lewis is "peart and chipper and sassy"; Mr. Stoddart is

grim and saturnine. Although technically a comedian, Mr. Stoddart is at his best in parts of melodramatic vigor, of harsh and cruel and cowardly wickedness, like *Pierre Michel*, one of the strongest of Mr. Stoddart's performances. It is worthy of remark that the sources of comic power and of melodramatic strength must lie not far apart; more than one comic actor has been known for his melodramatic ability. In the "Shaughraun," for instance, Mr. Beckett had an opportunity to rise from the depths of a rather cheap comic villain to a height of tragic terror, wholly beyond and above any ordinary exhibition of fear.

Both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Beckett first made their mark in New York in burlesque, now more than a decade ago. Mr. Lewis made his first appearance on the stage almost by accident. Over twenty years ago he was teaching school in Troy, when an actor friend, called out of town, asked him to take his part for a night. Mr. Lewis was pleased with the idea; he took his friend's part,—in more senses than one,—and, as the friend did not return, he took his place as well. Then followed ten years of hard work in small towns all over the country,—years in which an actor gets the schooling which no profession demands as rigorously as the stage. When Mr. Augustin Daly took the Fifth Avenue, in 1869, Mr. Lewis was engaged as his comedian, and bore his share of the many plays of all kinds which Mr. Daly produced. In "Divorce" he played *Mark Meddle*, although the character did not bear that name; in "Saratoga" he attempted a "light comedy" character, and acted the engaging and much engaged hero; in the "Big Bonanza" he appeared as the *Professor*, who, in the midst of his studies, gets suddenly entangled in the meshes and mysteries of stock speculation. Marvelous in make-up, queer and odd in externals, simple-minded at bottom, Mr. Lewis built the *Professor* into a distinctly recognizable and well-marked type of farcical comedy. But, while the experience thus had at Mr. Daly's theater was in many ways invaluable, the playing of character after character of absolute emptiness could not but in time have its effect on the actor's style. The real field for comic study is the broad one of human nature; eccentricity may serve a temporary purpose—it can but be temporary at best. Amusing as Mr. Lewis is in flighty and inconsequent parts, all thinking theater-goers will be glad when he has a chance to revert to characters of more

breadth, with more meat in them, tougher of fiber and stronger in sinew.

Mr. Harry Beckett is by birth an Englishman and an actor. Once on a time all theatrical babies made their first appearance on any stage as the child who is suspended over the raging torrent in "Pizarro." Now, "Pizarro," in spite of Sheridan's rhetoric and Kotzebue's sentiment, has been dropped out of sight, and the infant of "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" is the part in which young dramatic ability has the first chance to assert itself.

Mr. Beckett's father died young; his mother—who was an actress—had him educated as a violinist; but the theatrical blood was too strong, and he was soon on the stage in Manchester, playing anything and everything,—a "utility" man, as the stage phrase goes. Here he was a great favorite of Charles Mathews, who, whenever any small part in one of his pieces required to be done with neatness and certainty, would cry, "Where is little Beckett?" After this he went on the old Exeter circuit, and got his old comedy training under Frank Belton, an excellent instructor. Then, after other wanderings, he went to Birmingham, whence he came to this country in 1868, making his first appearance in New York in "To Oblige Benson," a performance of remarkable and instantly recognized merit. After playing in farce and burlesque for half a dozen years throughout the country, he came to Wallack's Theatre, where he has since remained, holding his own with the able comedians by whom he has there been surrounded. There are those who think breadth—not brevity—the soul of wit, and who like a joke better the broader it is—Burton, for one. Mr. Beck-

ett never descends to this; his work is broad in another and more artistic sense. He is a hard student of his profession; possessing fully the traditions of the old comedy parts, he thinks for himself and invents his own business. An actor whose range of parts extends from burlesque to melodrama, including farce and comedy old and new, is obviously a performer of unusual powers of personation; and Mr. Beckett adds to his mimetic faculty a remarkable skill in dis-

guising his identity—in "make up," to use the technical term; he is not, like Cerberus, three single gentlemen in one, but more,—a whole regiment of gentlemen, single and married, young and old, bearded or bald, or what not, all as unlike each other as may be.

A class of important characters, the *Sir Oliver Surfaces* and other uncles from India, the *Sir Lucius O' Triggers* and other gentlemen from Ireland, are held at Wallack's



Theatre by the gentle and genial John Brougham. For more than thirty years the name of John Brougham has held a high place in the play-bills of America,—as author, or actor, or manager, or as all three at once. When he made his first appearance in New York in 1842 as the "Irish Lion," he was at once accepted as the successor of the lamented Tyrone Power, who had been lost in the steamer *President* the year before. Like that fine actor whose "Impressions of



America" to-day remain readable, although I fear me, unread, Mr. Brougham intended a book about us. Writing books about the Yankees was a popular sport among English authors thirty and forty years ago; and the great Mr. Murray had commissioned Mr. Brougham to prepare him a book on the Americans. "But I couldn't do it," said

and amusing little two-act comedy. He was many times a manager, too, with varying fate; twice, at least, the theater he founded grew under other hands into fame and favor; his Lyceum in Broadway near Broome street became Wallack's Theatre; and the little theater in Twenty-fourth street, behind the Fifth Avenue hotel, had an event-



Mr. Brougham, several years ago. "I couldn't do it; the country was too great and the people, too. It takes a Titan to write about Titans—and I was not tight enough." But if he did not write a book about us he wrote a many for us—comedy, drama, burlesque; "Romance and Reality," and "Pocahontas," and others "too humorous to mention." And he acted in all the old Irish parts and in new one after new one; he was the *Murphy Maguire* when the "Serious Family" had its long run under Burton; and he was the "Gentleman from Ireland" in FitzJames O'Brien's admirable

ful career under the management of Mr. Daly after Mr. Brougham had been forced out of it by the treachery of the owner, James Fisk, jr.—a man who, as the dispossessed wit remarked, "would rather give you ten dollars than pay you five." But of this and of his other adventures we hope to find full account in the autobiography to which he has given of late as much time as failing health would permit.

With the parts known as "old men" all New York involuntarily connects the name of Mr. John Gilbert, who began to play them at the early age of nineteen. Mr.



Gilbert was born in Boston, February 27th, 1810, in the house next to the one in which occurred the birth of Charlotte Cushman, with whom he often played in childhood, and whose life even, if report is to be credited, he once saved when she fell from the dock near their dwellings. In Boston, November 28th, 1828, Mr. Gilbert made his first appearance on the stage as *Jaffier* in "Venice Preserved." On the 28th of last November, therefore, Mr. John Gilbert completed a half-century of useful life on the stage, an event duly celebrated by a public dinner to him at a literary and art club and by a testimonial benefit the next week,—the actual anniversary falling on Thanksgiving Day,—on the afternoon of the fifth of December at Wallack's Theatre, with which he had been connected for sixteen years. During these fifty years of theatrical experience he has acted in Boston, in New Orleans, in Philadelphia, in London and in New York. And his range of parts has been almost as wide as his geographical wanderings. Beginning with leading tragic characters and afterward wisely starting anew at the bottom of the ladder, he has played all the parts in "Macbeth," save the Thane's strong-willed wife and her waiting woman, and all the male parts in "Julius Caesar," except the boy *Lucius*. In Mr. Gilbert's first theatrical trip West and South, as he said in his speech at the dinner given to him,—“still aspiring to first tragedy parts, when, on one occasion, imagine my disgust and indignation to find myself cast as an old man—at the age of nineteen. However, there was no help for it. I did it, and received applause. I played a few more old men, and found at last that that was my strong point.” And a very strong point it was indeed, as the long list of Mr. Gilbert's "old men" abundantly shows. He is the only *Sir Peter Teazle* the play-goers of the metropolis are willing to accept; and as *Sir Anthony Absolute* he is if anything even finer. The uxorious and sorely tried *Sir Peter* and the peremptorily irascible *Sir Anthony* are presented with full-bodied flavor and well-rounded vigor, while at no time do they leave the domain of comedy to trespass on the manor of melodrama—a fault with only too many *Sir Peters*. Not only in Sheridan's two comedies, unlike in subject and style and equal in power alone of amusing, but in all the many and varied old gentlemen of old comedy, *Lord Duberly*, *Lord Ogleby*, *Hardcastle*, and many another lord and baronet and commoner of high and low degree.

“The drama is everywhere in Europe

and America rapidly passing from an art into an amusement, just as of old it passed from a religious ceremony into an art,” wrote Mr. G. H. Lewes in 1867. “Unless a frank recognition of this inevitable tendency cause a decided separation of the drama which aims at art from those theatrical performances which only aim at amusement of a lower kind (just as classical music keeps aloof from all contact and all rivalry with comic songs and sentimental ballads), and unless this separation take place in a decisive restriction of one or more theaters to the special performances of comedy and the poetic drama, the final disappearance of the art is near at hand. \* \* \* It is only by a rigid adherence to the principle of specialization that such a scheme could have a chance. The theater must be mounted for the sole purpose of performing works of art, for an art-loving public. \* \* \* It must have one small company of well-trained and art-loving actors (what a condition!) not a large miscellaneous company attempting all kinds of performance.” Mr. Lewes then points out that a model may be found in the Théâtre-Français, and in some of the better of the Hof-Theaters of the German capitals—all of which are aided by the state; and remarks that no English government would ever think of contributing a penny toward the elevation or the preservation of dramatic art. Now certainly no American government should be allowed to have aught to do with a theater. Our civil service is not an instrument delicate enough to do all it ought for trade; it could only touch art to defile it. Heaven help the drama if public servants gain right to enter the theater through any appropriation of public money! Even in France the record of state aid is a list of petty scandals and petty tyranny. But fortunately there is no more likelihood of the state's interference in America than there is in England. Our only way toward a permanent and self-governing theater devoted to the higher drama is by private endowment. The same public spirit which has covered the country with colleges and with schools of science and of art, and with museums and music-halls—this same public spirit may some day give us the spectacle of an American theater, constituted in some measure like the Comédie-Française, and containing the most of the admirable actors and actresses whose lives I have in these pages endeavored to sketch, and whose art I have here tried briefly to characterize.

## "HAWORTH'S." \*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.



"CROUCHED UPON THE LOWEST STEP OF THE STAIR-WAY."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## A SPEECH.

WHEN he returned to the Works the noon-bell was ringing, and the hands were crowding through the gates on their way to their midday meal. Among those going out he met Floxham, who spoke to him as he passed.

"Theer's some o' them chaps," he said, "as wunnot show their faces again."

"Aye," said Haworth, "I see that."

Ffrench had left the bank and was pacing up and down his room panic-stricken.

"What have you heard?" he exclaimed, turning as Haworth entered. "Is it—is it as bad as you expected?"

"Aye," said Haworth, "worse and better too."

"Better?" he faltered.

Haworth flung himself into a chair. He wore a look of dogged triumph.

"Leave 'em to me," he answered. "I'm in th' mood fur 'em *now*."

But it was not until some time afterward

that he delivered the message Rachel Ffrench had intrusted to him.

On hearing it her father appeared to rally a little.

"It seems a rather dangerous thing to do," he said, "but—it is like her. And perhaps, after all, there is something in— in showing no fear."

And for a few moments after having thought the incident over he became comparatively sanguine and cheerful.

As Floxham had predicted, when the work-bell called the hands together again there were new places vacant. Mr. Briarley, it may be observed, had been absent all day, and by this time was listening with affectionate interest and spasmodic attacks of inopportune enthusiasm to various inflammatory speeches which were being made at a beer house.

Toward evening the work lagged so that the over-lookers could no longer keep up the semblance of ignorance. A kind of gloom settled upon them also, and they went about with depressed faces.

"It'll be all up to-morrow," said one, "if there's nothing done."

But something was done.

Suddenly—just before time for the last bell to ring—Haworth appeared at the door of the principal room.

"Lads!" he shouted, "them on you as wants a speech from Jem Haworth gather in th' yard in five minutes from now."

There was no more work done. The bell began to ring; implements were thrown down and a shout went up from the crowd. Then there was a rush into the yard, and in less than the five minutes the out-pouring of the place thronged about its chief doorway where Jem Haworth stood on the top-most step, looking down, facing them all, boldly—with the air of a man who felt his victory more than half won.

"Let's hear what tha'st gotten to say," cried some one well hidden by the crowd. "Out wi' it."

"It's not much," Haworth shouted back. "It's this to start with. I'm here to find out where you chaps stand."

But there was no answer to this. He had known there would be none and went on.

"I've been through th' place this morning," he said, "and through th' town, and I know how th' wind blows as well as any on you. Th' lads at Marfort and Molton and Dillup are on th' strike. There's a bad lookout in many a place besides them. There's a lot of fools laying in beer and making speeches down in Broxton; there were some here this morning as didn't show this afternoon. How many on you's going to follow them?"

Then there was a murmur, but it was not easy to understand it. It was a mixture of sounds defiant and conciliatory. Haworth moved forward. He knew them better than they knew him.

"I'm not one o' the model soart," he called out. "I've not set up soup kitchens nor given you flannel petticoats. I've looked sharp after you, and I should have been a fool if I hadn't. I've let you alone out of work hours, and I've not grudged you your sprees, when they didn't stand in my way. I've done the square thing by you, and I've done it by myself. Th' places I've built let no water in, and I let 'em to you as easy as I could and make no loss. I didn't build 'em for benevolent purposes, but I've not heard one of you chaps complain of 'em yet. I've given you your dues and stood by you—and I'll do it again, by —"

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There was a silence—a significant breathless one.

"Have I done it," he said, "or haven't I?" Suddenly the silence was broken.

"Aye," there was a shout, "aye, lad, yo' ha'."

"Then," he shouted, "them as Jem Haworth has stood by, let 'em stand by Jem Haworth!"

And he struck his big fist upon his open palm with a fierce blow, and stood there before them breathing hard.

He had the best metal on his side somehow, and the best metal carried the day. The boldness of his move, the fact that he had not waited, but had taken the lead, were things all for him. Even those who wavered toward the enemy were stirred to something like admiration.

"But what about th' Union?" said a timorous voice in the rear. "Theer'll be trouble with th' Unions as sure as we stand out, Mester."

Haworth made a movement none of them understood. He put his hand behind him and drew from his hip-pocket an object which caused every man of them to give a little start and gasp. They were used to simple and always convenient modes of defense. The little object he produced would not have startled an American, but it startled a Lancashire audience. It was of shining steel and rose-wood, and its bright barrels glittered significantly. He held it out and patted it lightly—with a terrible lightness.

"That's for the Union, lads," he said. "And more like it."

A few of the black sheep moved restlessly and with manifest tremor. This was a new aspect of affairs. One of them suddenly cried out with much feebleness:

"Th—three cheers for Haworth."

"Let the chaps as are on the other side go to their lot now," said Haworth.

But no one moved.

"There's some here that'll go when th' time comes," he announced. "Let 'em tell what they've heard. Now lads, the rest on you up with your hands."

The whole place was in a tumult. They held up their hands and clenched and shook them and shouted, and here and there swore with fluency and enthusiasm. There were not six among them who were not fired with the general friendly excitement.

"To-morrow morning there'll be papers posted up, writ in Jem Haworth's hand and signed with his name," cried Haworth.

"Read 'em as you come along, lads, and when you reach here I'll be ready for you."

"Is it about th' pistols?" faltered the timorous voice.

"Aye," Haworth answered, "about th' pistols. Now go home."

He turned to mount the step, flushed and breathing fast and with high-beating pulses, but suddenly he stopped. Before the iron gate a carriage had stopped. A servant in livery got down and opened the door, and Rachel Ffrench stepped out. The hands checked their shouting to look at her. She came up the yard slowly and with the setting sun shining upon her. It was natural that they should gaze at her as she approached, though she did not look at any of them—only at Haworth, who waited. They made a path-way for her and she passed through it and went up the step. Her rich dress touched more than one man as she swept by.

"I thought," they heard her say, "that I would call for my father."

Then for the first time she looked at the men. She turned at the top of the step and looked down—the sun on her dress and face.

There was not a man among them who did not feel the look. At first a murmur arose and then an incoherent cry and then a shout, and they threw up their caps and shouted until they were hoarse.

In the midst of it she turned aside and went in with a smile on her lips.

In Haworth's room they found her father standing behind the door with a startled air.

"What are they shouting for?" he asked. "What is the matter now?"

"I think I am the matter," Miss Ffrench answered, "though I scarcely know why. Ah," giving him a quiet glance, "you are afraid!"

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### "SARARANN."

THE next morning there was an uproar in the town. The strikers from Molton and Marfort no longer remained in the shade. They presented themselves openly to the community in the characters they had assumed. At first they lounged about in groups at the corners and before the ale-houses, smoking, talking, gesticulating, or wearing sullen faces. But this negative state of affairs did not last long. By eight o'clock the discovery was made that something had happened in the night.

In a score of prominent positions,—on walls and posts,—there appeared papers upon which was written, in a large, bold hand, the following announcement:

"Haworth's lads will stand by him. The chaps that have aught to say against this, let them remember that to every man there's six barrels well loaded, and to Jem Haworth twelve. Those that want their brass out of Broxton Bank, let them come and get it.

Writ and signed by

JEM HAWORTH.

The first man who saw it swore aloud and ran to call others. Soon a select party stood before the place on which the card was posted, confronting it in different moods. Some were scientifically profane, some raged loudly, some were silent, one or two grinned.

"He staid up aw neet to do that theer," remarked one of these. "He's gotten a gizzard o' his own, has Haworth. He's done it wi' his own hands."

One gentleman neither grinned nor swore. His countenance fell with singular rapidity. This was Mr. Briarley, who had come up in the rear. He held in one hand a pewter pot which was half empty. He had caught it up in the heat of the moment, from the table at which he had been sitting when the news came.

"What's in th' barrils?" he inquired.

The man he spoke to turned to him roughly.

"Powder," he answered, "an' lead, tha damned foo'!"

Mr. Briarley looked at his mug regretfully.

"I thowt," he said, "as happen it mought ha' bin beer."

Having reflected a moment, he was on the point of raising the mug to his lips when a thought struck him. He stopped short.

"What's he goin' to do wi' em?" he quavered.

"Ax him," was the grim answer. "Ax him, lad. He dunnot say."

"He is na—" in manifest trepidation, "he is na—goin' to—to fire 'em off!"

"He'll fire 'em off, if he comes across thee," was the reply. "Mak' sure o' that. An' I should na blame him, neyther."

Mr. Briarley reflected again for a few seconds—reflected deeply. Then he moved aside a little.

"I hannot seen Sararann sin' yesterday," he said, softly, "nor yet Janey, nor yet—th' owd missus. I—I mun go and see 'em."

Haworth kept his word. The next day there was not a man who went to and from the Works who could not have defended himself if he had been attacked. But no one was attacked. His course was one so unheard of, so unexpected, that it produced a shock. There was a lull in the movement, at least. The number of his enemies increased and were more violent, but they were forced to content themselves with violence of speech. Somehow, it scarcely seemed safe to use ordinary measures against Jem Haworth. He slept in his room at the Works, and shared watches with the force he had on guard. He drove through the town boldly, and carried a grim, alert face. He was here, and there, and everywhere; in the Works, going from room to room; at the bank, ready for emergencies.

"When this here's over," he said, "I'll give you chaps a spree you wont get over in a bit, by George!"

Those who presented themselves at the bank the morning the placards were to be seen got their money. By noon the number arriving diminished perceptibly. In a day or two a few came back, and would have handed over their savings again willingly, but the bank refused to take them.

"Carry it to Manchester," were Haworth's words. "They'll take it there—I wont."

Those of his hands who had deserted him came out of their respective "sprees" in a week's time, with chop-fallen countenances. They had not gained anything, and were somehow not in great favor among the outside strikers. In their most pronounced moods, they had been neither useful nor ornamental to their party. They were not eloquent, nor even violent; they were simply idle vagabonds, who were no great loss to Haworth and no great gain to his enemies. In their own families they were in deep and dire disgrace, and loud were the ratings they received from their feminine relatives.

The lot of Mr. Briarley was melancholy indeed. Among the malcontents his portion was derision and contumely; at home he was received with bewailings and scathing severity.

"An' that theer was what tha wur up to, was it?" cried Mrs. Briarley, the day he found himself compelled by circumstances to reveal the true state of affairs. "Tha'rt j'ined th' strikers, has tha?"

"Aye, Sararann, I've j'ined 'em—an'—an' we're goin' to set things straight, bless

yo'—that's what we're goin' to do. We—we're goin' to bring the mesters down a bit, an'—an' get our dues. That's what we're goin' to do, Sararann."

It was dinner-time, and in the yard and about the street at the front the young members of the family disported themselves with vigor. Without Janey and the baby, who were in the house, there were ten of them. Mrs. Briarley went to the door and called them. Roused to frantic demonstrations of joy by the immediate prospect of dinner, they appeared in a body, tumbling over one another, shrieking, filling the room to overflowing.

Generally they were disposed of in relays, for convenience' sake. It was some time since Mr. Briarley had beheld the whole array. He sat upright and stared at them. Mrs. Briarley sat down confronting him.

"What art tha goin' to do wi' them while tha bring th' mesters down?" she inquired.

Mr. Briarley regarded the assembly with *naïve* bewilderment. A natural depression of spirit set in.

"Theer—theer seems a good many on 'em, Sararann," he said, with an air of meek protestation. "They seem to ha'—to ha cumylated!"

"Theer's twelve on 'em," answered Mrs. Briarley, dryly, "an' they've all gotten mouths, as tha sees. An' their feyther's goin' to bring th' mesters down a bit!"

Twelve pairs of eyes stolidly regarded their immediate progenitor, as if desirous of discovering his intentions. Mr. Briarley was embarrassed.

"Sararann," he faltered, "send 'em out to play 'em. Send 'em out into th' open air. It's good fur 'em, th' open air is, an' they set a mon back."

Mrs. Briarley burst into lamentations, covering her face with her apron and rocking to and fro.

"Aye," cried she, "send 'em out in th' air—happen they'll fatten on it. It's aw they'll get, poor childer. Let 'em mak' th' most on it."

In these days Haworth was more of a lion than ever. He might have dined in state with a social potentate each day if he had been so minded. The bolder spirits visited him at the Works, and would have had him talk the matter over. But he was in the humor for neither festivities nor talk. He knew what foundation his safety rested upon, and spent many a sleepless and fever-



ish night. He was bitter enough at heart against those he had temporarily baffled.

"Wait till tha't out o' th' woods," he said to Ffrench, when he was betrayed into expressing his sense of relief.

Oddly enough, the feeling against Ffrench was disproportionately violent. He was regarded as an alien and a usurper of the rights of others. There existed a large disgust for his gentle birth and breeding, and a sardonic contempt for his incapacity and lack of experience. He had no prestige of success and daring, he had not shown himself in the hour of danger, he took all and gave nothing.

"I should not be surprised," said Miss Ffrench to Murdoch, "if we have trouble yet."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. HAWORTH AND GRANNY DIXON.

ABOUT this time a change appeared in little Mrs. Haworth. Sometimes when they sat together, Haworth found himself looking up suddenly and feeling that her eyes were fixed upon him, and at such times she invariably met his glance with a timid, startled expression, and released herself from it as soon as she had the power.

She had never been so tender and lavish with her innocent caresses, but there was continuously a tremulous watchfulness in her manner, which was almost suggestive of fear. It was not fear of him, however. She clung to him with all the strength of her love. At night when he returned home, however late, he was sure of finding her waiting patiently for him, and in the morning when he left the house he was never so early that she was not at his service. The man began to quail before her, and grow restless in secret, and be haunted, when he awakened in the night, by his remembrance of her.

"She is on the lookout for something," he said to himself, fearfully. "What have they been saying to her?"

On her part, when she sat alone, she used to try and think the matter out, and set it straight and account for it.

"It's the strikes," she said, "as has set them agen him and made 'em hard an' forgetful of all he's done. They'd never have spoke so if they'd been themselves."

She could scarcely have told what she had heard, or how the first blow had struck home. She only knew that here and there she had heard at first a rough jeer and then

a terrible outspoken story, which, in spite of her disbelief, filled her with dread. The man who first flung the ill-flavored story at her stopped half-way through it, the words dying on his lips at the sight of her face.

It happened in one of her pensioners' cottages, and she rose from her chair trembling.

"I didn't think," she said, with unconscious pathos, "as the world could be so ignorant and wicked."

But as the ill-feeling became more violent, she met with the same story again and again, and often with new and worse versions in forms she could not combat. She began to be haunted by vague memories of things she had not comprehended. A sense of pain followed her. She was afraid, at times, to go to the cottages, lest she should be confronted with something which would overwhelm her. Then she began to search her son's face with a sense of finding some strangeness in it. She watched him wistfully when he had so far forgotten her presence as to be almost unaware of it. One night, having thrown himself upon a sofa and fallen into a weary sleep, he suddenly started up from it to find her standing close by him, looking down, her face pale, her locked fingers moving nervously.

"What is it?" he exclaimed. "What ails you?"

He was startled by her falling upon her knees at his side, crying, and laying her shaking hand upon his shoulder.

"You was having a bad dream, my dear," she said,—"a bad dream. I—I scarcely knowed your face, Jem—it was so altered."

He sank back upon his cushions and stared at her. He knew he had been having no bad dream. His dreams were not half so evil and bitter when he slept as they were in these days when he wakened.

"You always had such a good face, Jem," she said, "and such a kind one. When you was a boy—"

He stopped her almost sullenly.

"I'm not a boy now," he said. "That's put away and done with."

"No," she answered, "that's true, my dear; but you've lived an innocent life, an'—an' never done no wrong—no more than you did when you was one. And your face was so altered."

Her voice died away into a silence which, somehow, neither of them could break.

It was Granny Dixon who revealed the truth in its barest form. Perhaps no man



nor woman in Broxton knew more of it than this respectable ancient matron. Haworth and his iniquities had been the spice of her later life. The fact that his name was being mentioned in a conversation never escaped her; she discovered it as if by magic and invariably commanded that the incident under discussion be repeated at the top of the reciter's voice for her benefit, occasionally somewhat to the confusion of the honest matron in question.

How it had happened that she had not betrayed all to Mrs. Haworth at once was a mystery to remain unsolved. During the little woman's visits to the cottage, Mrs. Briarley existed in a chronic condition of fear and trembling.

"She'll be out wi' it some o' these days, mark me," she would quaver to Janey. "An' th' Lord knows, I would na' be theer fur nowt when she does."

But she did not do it at first. Mrs. Briarley had a secret conviction that the fact that she did not do so was due entirely to iniquity. She had seen her sit peering from under her brows at their guest as the simple creature poured forth her loving praise of her son, and at such times it was always Mrs. Briarley's province to repeat the conversation for her benefit.

"Aye," Mrs. Dixon would comment with an evil smile, "that's him! That's Haworth! He's a noice chap—is Haworth. I know him."

Mrs. Haworth learned in time to fear her and to speak timidly in her presence, rarely referring to the subject of her boy's benefactions.

"Only as it wouldn't be nat'ral," she said once to Mrs. Briarley, "I should think she was set agen him."

"Eh! bless us," was Mrs. Briarley's answer. "Yo' need na moind *her*. She's set agen ivverybody. She's th' nowtest owd piece i' Christendom."

A few days after Haworth had awakened to find his mother standing near him, Mrs. Haworth paid a visit to the Briarleys. She took with her a basket, which the poor of Broxton had long since learned to know. In this case it contained stockings for the little Briarleys and a dress or so for the baby.

When she had bestowed her gifts and seated herself, she turned to Granny Dixon with some tremor of manner.

"I hope you're well, ma'am," she said.

Granny Dixon made no reply. She sat bent over in her chair, regarding her for a

few seconds with unblinking gaze. Then she slowly pointed with her thin, crooked finger to the little presents.

"He sent 'em, did he?" she trumpeted forth. "Haworth?"

Mrs. Haworth quailed before her.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered, "leastways —"

Granny Dixon stopped her.

"He did nowt o' th' soart," she cried.

"Tha'rt lecin'!"

The little woman made an effort to rise, turned pale, and sat down again.

"Ma'am —" she began.

Granny Dixon's eyes sparkled.

"Tha'rt lecin'," she repeated. "He's th' worst chap i' England, an' aw Broxton knows it."

Her victim uttered a low cry of pain. Mrs. Briarley had left the room, and there was no one to help her. All the hints and jeers she had heard rushed back to her, but she struggled to stand up against them.

"It aint true," she said. "It aint—true."

Granny Dixon was just beginning to enjoy herself. A difference of opinion with Mrs. Briarley, which had occurred a short time before, had prepared her for the occasion. She knew that nothing would so much demoralize her relative and hostess as this iniquitous outbreak.

"They've been warnin' me to keep quiet an' not tell thee," she answered, "but I tow'd 'em I'd tell thee when I wur i' th' humor, an' I'm i' th' humor now. Will Ffrench wur a devil, but *he's* a bigger one yet. He kep' thee away because he did na want thee to know. He set aw th' place by th' ears. A decent woman would na cross his door-step, nor a decent mon, fur aw his brass—afore tha coom. Th' lot as he used to ha' down fro' Lunnen an' Manchester wur a shame to th' town. *I've* seed 'em—women in paint an' feathers, an' men as decent lasses hide fro'. A good un, wur he? Aye, he wur a good un, for sure."

She sat and chuckled a moment, thinking of Sararann's coming terror and confusion. She had no objection to Haworth's moral lapses, herself, but she meant to make the most of them while she was at it. She saw nothing of the anguish in the face from which all the fresh, almost girlish color had faded.

"An' yo' did na know as they wur na gentlefolk," she proclaimed again. "Tha thowt they wur ladies an' gentlemen when tha coom in on 'em th' fust neet tha set foot i' th' house. A noice batch o' ladies they

wur! An' he passed 'em off on thee! He wur sharp enow fur that, trust him. Ladies, bless us! I heard tell on it—an' so did aw Broxton."

The wounded creature gathered all her strength to rise from her chair. She stood pressing her hands against her heart, swaying and deadly pale.

"He has been a good son to me," she said. "A good son—an' I can't believe it. You wouldn't yourself if—you was his mother, an' knew him as—as I do."

She made her way to the door just as Mrs. Briarley came in. One glance told that excellent matron that the long-dreaded calamity had arrived.

"What's she been up to?" she demanded. "Lord ha' mercy! what's she been up to now?"

"She's been tellin' me," faltered the departing guest, "that my son's a bad man an' a shame to me. Let me go, ma'am—for I've never heard talk like this before—an' it's made me a bit weak an'—queer."

And she slipped past and was gone.

Mrs. Briarley's patience deserted her. A full sense of what Granny Dixon's worst might be burst in upon her; a remembrance of her own manifold wrongs and humiliations added itself to this sense; for the moment, discretion ceased to appear the better part of valor.

"What has tha been sayin'?" she cried. "What has tha been sayin'? Out wi' it."

"I've been telling her what tha wur afear'd to tell her," chuckled Mrs. Dixon with exultation. "I tow'd thee I would an' I've done it."

Mrs. Briarley made no more ado. She set the baby down upon an adjacent chair with a resonant sound, and then fell upon the miserable old woman and seizing her by the shoulders shook her until her cap flew off and danced upon her back and her mouth opened and shut as if worked by a spring.

"Tha brazent, hard-hearted besom, tha!" she cried as she shook. "Tha ill-farrant nowt, tha! as niver did no good i' thy days an canna bear as no one else should. I dunnot care if I niver see thy brass as long as I live. If tha wur noine i'stead o' ninety-five I'd give thee a hidin', tha brazent, hard-hearted owd piece!"

Her strength failed her and she loosened her hold and sat down and wept aloud behind the baby, and Mrs. Dixon fell back in her chair, an unpleasant heap, without breath to speak a word or strength to do

anything but clutch wildly at her cap, and so remained shrunken and staring.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### HAWORTH'S DEFENDER.

Mrs. Haworth made her way along the streets with weak and lagging steps. She had been a brisk walker in the days of her country life, and even now was fonder of going here and there on foot than of riding in state, as her son would have preferred. But now the way before her seemed long. She knew where she was going.

"There's one of 'em as knows an' will tell me," she said to herself. "She can't have no cruel feeling against him, bein' a lady, an' knowin' him so well. An' if it's true—not as I believe it, Jem, my dear, for I don't—she'll break it to me gentle."

"Not as I believe, Jem, my dear, for I don't," she said to herself again and again.

Her mind went back to the first hour of his life, when he had lain, a strong-limbed child, on her weak arm, the one comfort given to her out of her wretched marriage. She thought of him again as he had been a lad, growing and thriving in spite of hunger and cold, growing and thriving in spite of cruelty and wrong which broke her health and threw her helpless upon charity. He had been sharper and bolder than other boys, and always steadfast to his determination.

"He was always good to me," she said. "Child an' man he's never forgot me, or been unmindful. If there'd have been wrong in his life, who'd have been liker to see it than me?"

It was to Rachel Ffrench she was going, and when at last she reached the end of her journey, and was walking up the path-way to the house, Rachel Ffrench, who stood at the window, saw her, and was moved to wonder by her pallor and feebleness.

The spring sunshine was so bright outside that the room seemed quite dark when she came into it, and even after she had seated herself the only light in it seemed to emanate from the figure of Miss Ffrench herself, who stood opposite her in a dress of some thin white stuff and with strongly fragrant yellow hyacinths at her neck and in her hand.

"You are tired," she said. "You should not have walked."

The woman looked up at her timidly.

"It isn't that," she answered. "It's somethin' else."

She suddenly stretched forth her hands into the light.

"I've come here to hear about my boy," she said. "I want to hear from one as knows the truth, an'—will tell me."

Miss Ffrench was not of a sympathetic nature. There existed few young women with more nerve and self-poise at trying times, and she had not at any previous period been specially touched by Mrs. Haworth; but just now she was distressed singularly.

"What do you want to know," she asked, "that I can tell you?"

That she was not prepared for what happened next, and she lost a little placidity through it. The simple, loving creature fell at her feet and caught hold of her dress, sobbing.

"He's thirty-three years old," she cried, "an' I've never seen the day when he's give me a hurt. He's been the pride of my life an' the hope of it. I've looked up to him and prayed for him an' believed in him—an' they say he's black with shameful sin—an' I don't know him, nor never did, for he's deceived me from first to last."

The yellow hyacinths fell from Miss Ffrench's hand on the carpet, and she looked down at them instead of at the upturned face.

"Who said it?" she asked.

But she was not answered.

"If it's true—not that I believe it, for I don't—if it's true, what is there left for me, as loved and honored him—where's my son I thanked God for day an' night? Where's my boy as paid me for all I bore? He's never been—he's never been at all. I've never been his mother nor he's never been my son. If it's true—not as I believe it, for I don't—where is he?"

Miss Ffrench bent down and picked up her hyacinths. She wondered, as she bent down, what her reply would be.

"Will you believe *me*?" she asked, as she rose up again.

"Yes, ma'am," she was answered, "I know I may do it—thank God!"

"Yes, you may," said Miss Ffrench, without flinching in the least. "I can have no feeling for or against him. I can have no end to serve, one way or the other. It is not true. It is a lie. He is all you have believed."

She helped her to rise, and made her sit down again in an easy-chair, and then herself withdrew a little, and stood leaning against the window, looking at her.

"He has done more good in Broxton

than any other man who lives," she said. "He has made it what it is. The people who hate him and speak ill of him are those he has benefited most. It is the way of their class, I have heard before, and now I believe it to be true. They have said worse things of men who deserve them as little as he does. He has enemies whom he has conquered, and they will never forgive him."

She discovered a good many things to say, having once begun, and she actually found a kind of epicurean enjoyment in saying them in a manner the most telling. She always liked to do a thing very well.

But, notwithstanding this, the time seemed rather long before she was left alone to think the matter over.

Before she had said many words her visitor was another woman. Life's color came back to her, and she sat crying softly, tears of sheer joy and relief.

"I knowed it couldn't be true," she said. "I knowed it, an' oh! thank you, ma'am, with all a mother's heart!"

"To think," she said, smiling and sobbing, "as I should have been so wicked as to let it weigh on me, when I knowed so well as it couldn't never be. I should be almost 'shamed to look him in the face if I didn't know how good he was, an' how ready he'd be to forgive me."

When at last she was gone, Miss Ffrench threw herself into the chair she had left, rather languidly. She was positively tired.

As she did so she heard a sound. She rose hastily and turned toward the folding-doors leading into the adjoining room. They had been partially closed and as she turned they were pushed aside and some one came through them.

It was *Jem Haworth*.

He was haggard and disheveled and as he approached her he walked unsteadily.

"I was in there through it all," he said, "and I heard every word."

She was herself again, at once. She knew she had not been herself ten minutes before.

"Well," she said.

He came up and stood near her—an almost abject tremor upon him.

"Will you listen to what I have got to say?" he said.

She made a cold gesture of assent.

"If she'd gone to some and heard what they had to tell," he said, "it would have killed her. It's well she came here."

She saw the dark color rush to his face and knew what was coming.

"It's all true, by —" he burst out, "every word of it!"

"When I was in there," he went on, with a gesture toward the other room, "I swore I'd tell you. Make the best and the worst of it. It's all true—that and more."

He sat down in a chair and rested his forehead on his hands.

"Things has begun to go agen me," he said. "They never did before. I've been used to tell myself there was a kind of luck in keeping it hid from her. Th' day it comes on her, full force, I'm done for. I said in there you should know, at least. It's all true."

"I knew it was true," remarked Miss Ffrench, "all the time."

"You knew!" he cried out. "You!"

"I have known it from the first," she answered. "Did you think it was a secret?"

He turned hot and cold as he looked at her.

"Then, by George, you'd a reason for saying what you did. What was it?"

She remained silent, looking out of the open window across the flower-bright garden. She watched a couple of yellow butterflies eddying above a purple hyacinth for several seconds before she spoke, and then did so slowly and absently.

"I don't know the reason," she said. "It was a strange thing for *me* to do."

"It wasn't to save *me* aught," he returned. "That's plain enough."

"No," she answered, "it was not to save you. I am not given to pitying people, but I think that for the time I wanted to save *her*. It was a strange thing," she said, softly, "for *me* to do."

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### CHRISTIAN MURDOCH.

CHRISTIAN had never spoken to Murdoch openly of his secret labor. He was always aware that she knew and understood; he had seen her knowledge in her face almost from the first, but they had exchanged no words on the subject. He had never wavered from his resolve since he had made it. Whatever his tasks had been in the day, or however late his return was at night, he did not rest until he had given a certain number of hours to this work. Often Christian and his mother, waking long after midnight, heard him moving about in his closed room. He grew gaunt and hollow-eyed, but he did not speak of what he was doing, and they

never knew whether he was hopeful or despairing.

Without seeing very much of the two women, he still found himself led to think of them constantly. He was vaguely conscious that since their interview in the graveyard, he had never felt free from Christian Murdoch. More than once her mother's words came back to him with startling force. "She sits and looks on and says nothing. She asks nothing, but her eyes force me to speak."

He always knew that she was watching him. Often he looked up and met her glance, and somehow it was always a kind of shock to him. He knew that she was wondering and asking herself questions she could not ask him.

"If I gave it up or flagged," he told himself, "she would know without my saying a word."

There had grown in her a beauty of a dark, foreign type. The delicate olive of her skin and the dense blackness of her eyes and hair caused her to be considered a novelty worth commenting upon by the men of Broxton society, which was of a highly critical nature. She went out a great deal as the spring advanced and began to know the place and people better. She developed a pathetic eagerness to make friends and understand those around her. One day, she went alone to Broxton Chapel and after sitting through one of Mr. Hixon's most sulphurous sermons, came home in a brooding mood.

"Why did you go?" Murdoch was roused to ask.

"I thought," she answered, "it might make me better. I thought I would try."

Not long afterward, when he had gone out of the house and she was left sitting with Mrs. Murdoch, she suddenly looked up from the carpet on which her eyes had been fixed and asked her a question.

"Is it true that I am beginning to be very handsome?" she demanded.

"Yes," Mrs. Murdoch answered, "it is true."

A dark cloud settled upon her face and her eyes fell again.

"I heard some men in the street speak aloud to each other about it," she said. "Do they speak so of *all* women who are handsome?"

"I don't know," her companion replied, surveying her critically and with some anxiety.

"They used to speak so of—*her*," she

said, slowly. "*She* was a beautiful woman. They were always telling her of it again and again, and I used to go and look at myself in the glass and be glad that I was thin and dark and ugly and that they laughed at me. I wanted to be hideous. Once, when

said. "I have watched for it for so long that I should not see it if it had come. I look every day. Perhaps I am and do not know. Perhaps that is why they look at me in the street, and speak of me aloud as I go by."



"HE HAS DONE MORE GOOD IN BROXTON THAN ANY OTHER MAN."

I was a child, a man said: 'Never mind, she will be a beauty some day—like her mother!' and I flew at him and struck him, and then I ran away to my room and fell down upon my knees and said the first prayer I ever said in my life. I said, 'O God!—if there is a God—strike me dead! O God!—if there is a God—strike me dead!'

The woman who listened shuddered.

"Am I like—anybody?" she said next.

"I do not know," was the answer.

"I could not tell myself, if I were," she

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Her voice fell into a whisper. She threw herself upon her knees and laid her head upon the woman's lap.

"Cover me with your arms," she said. "Cover me so that you may not see my face."

She was constantly moved to these strange outbursts of feeling in these days. A few nights later, as he sat at work after midnight, Murdoch fancied that he heard a sound outside his door. He went to it and opened it and found himself confronting the girl as she sat crouched upon the lowest step of the stair-way.



"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I could not go to sleep," she answered. "I could not stop thinking of what you were doing. It seemed as if I should have a little share in it if I were here. Are you,"—almost timidly,—*"are you tired?"*

"Yes," he answered, "I am tired."

"Are you—any nearer?"

"Sometimes I think so,—but so did he." She rose slowly.

"I will go away," she said. "It would only disturb you to know I was here."

She moved a step upward and then paused uncertainly.

"You told me once," she said, "that there was no reason why I should not be as good and happy as any other woman. Are you sure of what you said?"

"For God's sake, do not doubt in that way," he said.

She stood looking down at him, one hand resting upon the balustrade, her dark eyes wild with some strange emotion.

"I lie awake at night a great deal," she said, "and I am always thinking of what has gone by. Sometimes—lately—I have wished that—I had forgiven her."

"I have wished so too," he answered.

"I know that," she returned. "But I did not and it is too late. Everything is over for her and it is too late. For a long time I was glad, but now—I suppose I am repenting. She did not repent. She suffered, but she did not repent. I think I am repenting."

When he returned to his room he found he could not settle down to work again. He walked up and down restlessly for some time, and at last threw himself upon the bed and lay wide awake thinking in the darkness.

It always cost him a struggle to shut out the world and life and concentrate himself upon his labor in those days. A year before it would have been different, now there was always a battle to be fought. There were dreams to be held at bay and memories which his youth and passion made overwhelming forces.

But to-night, somehow, it was Christian Murdoch who disturbed him. There had been a terrible wistfulness in her voice—a wistfulness mingled with long-repressed fear, which had touched him more than all. And so, when sleep came to him, it happened that her figure stood out alone from all others before him, and was his last thought.

Among those whom Christian Murdoch

learned to know was Janey Briarley. She saw her first in the streets, and again in Mrs. Murdoch's kitchen, where she occasionally presented herself, attired in the huge apron, to assist in a professional capacity upon "cleanin' days." The baby having learned to walk, and Mr. Briarley being still an inactive member of the household, it fell upon Janey and her mother to endeavor to add, by such efforts as lay in their power, to their means of providing for the eleven. With the assistance of the apron, Janey was enabled to make herself generally useful upon all active occasions.

"Hoo's a little thing, but hoo's a sharp un," Mrs. Briarley was wont to say. "Hoo con work like a woman. I dunnot know what I'd ha' done wi'out her. Yo' try her, Missus, an' see."

She spent each Saturday afternoon in Mrs. Murdoch's kitchen, and it was not long before Christian drifted into an acquaintance with her. The first time she saw her on her knees before the fire-place, surrounded by black-lead brushes, bath-brick, and "pipe-clay" and vigorously polishing the fender, she stopped short to look at her.

"How old are you?" she asked, after a little while.

"I'm twelve, goin' on thirteen," was the reply, without any cessation of the rubbing.

The girl leaned against the side of the mantel and surveyed her critically.

"You don't look that old," she said.

"Aye, but I do," returned the child, "i' tha looks at my face. I'm stunted wi' nussin', that's what mak's me so little."

She gave her face a sharp turn upward, that it might be seen.

"I've had enow to mak' me look owd, I con tell thee," she remarked.

The interest she saw in her countenance inspired her. She became comparatively garrulous upon the subject of the family anxieties. "Feyther" figured in his usual unenviable rôle, and Granny Dixon was presented in strong colors, but finally she pulled herself up and changed the subject with startling suddenness.

"I've seed thee mony a toime afore," she said, "an' I've heerd folk talk about thee. I niver heerd *him* say owt about thee, though."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Christian, with a little frown.

"Mester Murdoch. We used to see a



good deal on him at th' start, but we dunnot see him so often i' these days. He's gotten other places to go to. Th' quality mak' a good deal on him."

She paused and sat up, polishing brush in hand.

"I dunnot wonder as they say yo're han'some," she volunteered.

"Who says so?" coldly.

"Th' men in th' Works an' th' foak as sees yo' i' th' street. Some on 'em says you're han'somer than her—an' that's sayin' a good bit, yo' know."

"Her' is Miss Ffrench?"

"Aye. Yo' dunnot dress as foine, an' yo're dark-skinned, but theer's summat noice about yo'. I dunnot wonder as they say yo're han'some."

"Never mind talking about that. Tell me about something else."

The termination of the interview left them on sufficiently good terms.

Janey went home with a story to tell.

"She's crossed th' seas," she said, "an' lived i' furrin parts. She's gotten queer ways an' she stares at a body—but I loike her fur aw that."

"Been i' furrin parts!" exclaimed Mrs. Briarley. "Bless us! No wonder th' poor thing's a bit heathenish. Hast tha ivver seed her at chapel, Jane Ann?"

The fact that she had not been seen at chapel awakened grave misgivings as to the possible presence of popery and the "scarlet woman," which objectionable female figured largely and in most unpleasant guise in the discourses of Brother Hixon.

"Theer's no knowin' what th' poor lass has been browt up to," said the good matron, "livin' reet under th' Pope's nose an' nivver darin' to say her soul's her own. I nivver had no notion o' them furrin parts mysen. Gie me Lancashire."

But the next week the girl made her visit to the chapel and sat throughout the sermon with her steadfast black eyes fixed upon the Reverend Mr. Hixon. Once, during a moment of inflammatory eloquence, that gentleman, suddenly becoming conscious of her gaze, stopped with a start and with difficulty regained his equilibrium, though Christian

did not flinch at all, or seem to observe his alarm and confusion.

She cultivated Janey with an odd persistence after this. She asked her questions concerning her life and experiences and always seemed to find her interesting. Often Janey was conscious of the fact that she stood and looked at her for some time with an air of curiosity.

"Do you," she asked her suddenly one day, "do you believe all that man says to you?"

Janey started into a sitting posture, as was her custom when roused in the midst of her labors.

"Eh! bless us! Yes," she exclaimed.

"Dunnot yo'?"

"No."

"Recollections of the 'scarlet woman' flashed across her young hearer's mind.

"Art tha a Papist?" she gasped.

"No—not yet."

"Art tha," Janey asked, breathlessly,— "art tha goin' to be?"

"I don't know."

"An' tha—tha does na believe what Mester Hixon says?"

"No—not yet."

"What does tha believe?"

She stared up at the dark young face aghast. It was quite unmoved. The girl's eyes were fixed on space.

"Nothing."

"Wheer—wheer does tha expect to go when tha dees?"

"I don't know," she said, coldly; "very often I don't care."

Janey dropped her brush and forgot to pick it up.

"Why, bless thee!" she exclaimed with some sharpness and also with the manner of one presenting the only practical solution of a difficulty, "tha'lt go to hell, i' tha does na repent!"

The girl turned her eyes upon her.

"Does it all depend on that?" she demanded.

"Aye, to be sure," she replied, testily.

"Does na tha know that?"

"Then," said Christian, slowly, "I shall not go to hell—for I am repenting."

And she turned about and walked away.

(To be continued.)

## IN A SNAILERY.



BULIMUS, CYCLOSTOMA AND OTHER TROPICAL SNAILS.

TWO-THIRDS of the persons to whom I show the little land and fresh-water mollusks in my snailery either start back with an "Oh! the horrid things!" which causes me some amusement, or else gaze straight out of the window, saying languidly, "How interesting!" which hurts my pride. I confess, therefore, that it is contrary to experience to attempt to interest magazine readers with an account of

"Ye little snails, with slippery tails,  
Who noiselessly travel across my gravel."

Yet why not? Snails are of vast multitude and variety, ancient race, graceful form, dignified manners, industrious habits, and

gustatory excellence; *quod est demonstrandum*.

Snails differ from other gasteropodous mollusks chiefly in that they are provided with lungs, and thereby are fitted to live in air, instead of water. Hence all true snails are terrestrial. As the snail crawls upon a cabbage leaf, all that you can see of the body is the square head bearing two long and two short horns, with the muscular base tapering behind. There is an oily skin, and on the back is borne a shell containing the rest of the body, twisted up in its spiral chamber. Extending along the whole under surface of the body is the tough corrugated disk upon which the animal creeps.

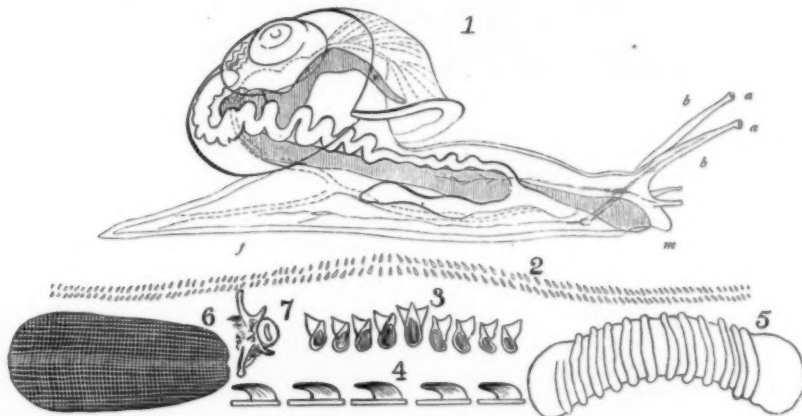
This foot is the last part of the body to be withdrawn into the shell, and to its end, in a large division of pulmonate as well as marine mollusks, is attached a little horny valve which just fits the aperture of the shell and completely stops it up when the animal is within. This is called the operculum. The foot secretes a viscid fluid which greatly facilitates exertion by lubricating the path, and snails may often be traced to their hiding-places by a silvery trail of dried slime. So tenacious is this exudation that some species can hang in mid-air by spinning out a mucous thread; but, unlike the spider, have not the power to retrace their way by reeling in the gossamer cable. The slime also serves the naked species as a protection, birds and animals disliking the sticky, disgusting fluid; and serves others as a weapon, seeming to benumb whatever small creature it touches. The *Oleacina*, of Cuba, thus frequently is able to feed upon mollusks of twice its strength.

The snail possesses an elaborate anatomy for the performance of all the functions of digestion, respiration, circulation, and reproduction. A collar of nervous matter encircles the throat, whence two trunks carry nerves throughout the body, and filaments pass forward to the "horns," the longer and superior pair of which end in minute eyes and are called "eye-stalks," while the shorter pair are only tactile organs, and hence "feelers." These tentacles are as expressive as a mule's ears, giving an appearance of listless enjoyment when they

hang down, and an immense alertness if they are rigid, as happens when the snail is on a march. The eyes are of little real use, being excelled for service by the senses of smell and taste, and it is doubtful whether the nerves generally are very sensitive, since a slug will be eaten without manifesting pain.

It is not surprising, perhaps, to find great tenacity of life in so lowly an animal, but Spallanzani, whose experiments with bats are celebrated, was the first to ascertain that not only parts of the head, but even the whole head might be reproduced, although not always. The shell is easily and frequently repaired, though hastily and not with the fine workmanship of the original.

The pulmonates unite both sexes in one individual, but it requires the mutual union of two individuals to fertilize the eggs. The eggs are laid in May or June, when large numbers of snails gather in sunny places. When about to lay, the snail burrows into damp soil or decaying leaves, underneath a log or in some other spot sheltered from the sun's rays, and there drops a cluster of thirty to fifty eggs looking like homeopathic pills. Three or four such deposits are made, and abandoned. This is the ordinary method of the genus *Helix*, but some of the land and all the pond snails present variations. The ova of slugs are attached by the ends in strings, like a rosary, and many deposits are made during the year. *Bulimus* and other South American genera isolate each egg, which sometimes is as large as a pigeon's. *Vitrina* and *Suc-*



ANATOMY OF THE COMMON WHITE-LIPPED HELIX.

1. *a a*, eyes; *b b*, eye-stalks; *f*, foot; *m*, mouth. 2, a double row of teeth. 3, teeth highly magnified. 4, same—side-view. 5, jaw. 6, tongue showing the surface covered with rows of teeth. 7, mouth.

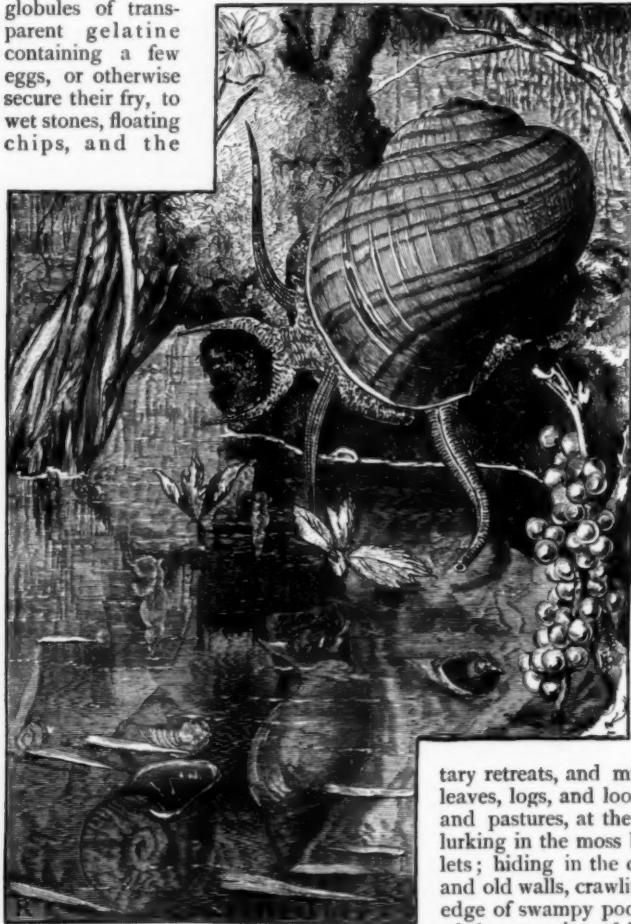
*cinea* glue them in masses upon stones and the stems of plants, while the tropical *Bulimi* cement the leaves of trees together to form nests for their progeny. The pond-snails hang little globules of transparent gelatine containing a few eggs, or otherwise secure their fry, to wet stones, floating chips, and the

egg-envelopes present a beautiful appearance, being studded with glistening crystals of lime, so that the infant within seems to wear a gown embroidered with diamonds.

Ordinarily the young snail gnaws his way out in about twenty or thirty days after the laying of the egg; but eggs laid in the autumn often remain unchanged until spring; and, indeed, may keep many years if they remain cool or dry. The vitality of snails' eggs almost passes belief. They have been so completely dried as to be friable between the fingers, and desiccated in a furnace until reduced to almost invisible minuteness, yet always have regained their original bulk upon exposure to damp, and the young have been developed with the same success as from eggs not handled.

More or less wholly dependent on moisture, the young snails at once seek out their habitual solitary retreats, and must be looked for under leaves, logs, and loose stones in the woods and pastures, at the roots of fern-tufts and lurking in the moss beside mountain brooklets; hiding in the crevices of rocky banks and old walls, crawling over the mud at the edge of swampy pools, creeping in and out of the crannies of bark on aged trees, or clinging to the under side of the leaves. Some forms are so minute that they would not hide the letter o in this print, yet you will soon come to perceive them amid the grains of mud adhering to the under side of a soaked chip.

For fresh-water species, various resorts are to be searched. Go to the torrents with rocky bottoms for the paludinas and periwinkles (*Melania*); to quiet brooks for physas and coil-shells; to stagnant pools in the wet ooze and the reeking swamps for lim-



THE HOME OF THE POND-SNAIL; EGGS OF THE APPLE-SNAIL.

leaves of aquatic plants. In *Neritina*, a brackish water inhabitant, the eggs, immediately upon being laid, become attached to the surface of the parent's shell, and when the embryo hatches the egg splits about the middle, the upper part lifting off like a lid. Lastly, the eggs of the stout *Paludina* of our western lakes and rivers are not laid at all, but the embryos hatch out in the oviduct.

Under the microscope the translucent

neas. I know no better place in the world for pond snails than the tule marshes of the Pacific slope, where hundreds of the great graceful *Limnea stagnalis* lie among the rotting vegetation, or float upside down at the surface of the still water. But some of the fresh-water mollusks remain most of the time at the bottom, coming to the surface only to breathe now and then, and to get their shells it is necessary to use a sieve-bottomed dipper, or some sort of dredge. When the water becomes low they bury themselves in the mud; it is therefore always profitable, late in the summer, to rake out the bottom of mud-holes where the water has entirely disappeared. Another plan is gently to pull up the water-weeds by the roots, and cleanse them in a basin of water. You will thus secure many very small species. Experience will quickly teach the collector where he may expect to find this and that kind, and that some caution and much sharpness of observation are necessary, since some species by their naturally dead tints, and others by a coating of mud, assimilate themselves so nearly to their surroundings as easily to be overlooked.

The shell is increased rapidly for the first two or three years, and the delicate lines of increment, parallel with the outlines of the aperture, are readily visible on all the larger specimens. Various other signs indicate youth or adult age in the shell.

Mollusks prosper best, *ceteris paribus*, in a broken landscape, with plenty of lime in the soil. The reason, no doubt, why the West India islands, the Cumberland mountains, and similar regions are so peculiarly rich in shells of every sort, is that a ravine-cut surface and a wide area of limestone rocks characterize those districts; on the other hand, it is not surprising that I found nine-tenths of the Rocky Mountain species to be minute, since the geology is repre-

sented by sandstone and volcanic rocks. Hot springs are very likely to be inhabited by mollusks, even when the temperature exceeds 100° Fahr., and the waters are very strongly impregnated with mineral salts.



THE UNDER SIDE OF A WET CHIP.

Snails are mainly vegetarians, and all their mouth-parts and digestive organs are fitted for this diet. Just beneath the lower tentacles is the mouth, having on the upper lip a crescent-shaped jaw of horny texture, with a knife-like, or sometimes saw-like, cutting-edge. The lower lip has nothing of this kind, but in precisely the same attitude as our tongue, is arranged a lingual membrane, long, narrow and cartilaginous, which may be brought up against the cutting-edge of the upper jaw. This "tongue" is studded with rows of infinitesimal silicious "teeth," 11,000 of which are possessed by our common white-lipped helix, although its ribbon is not a quarter of an inch long. All these sharp denticles point backward, so that the tongue acts not only as a rasp, but takes a firm hold upon the food. On holding the more transparent snails up to the light it is easy to see how they eat, and you can hear a nipping noise as the semi-circular piece is bitten out of the leaf.



THE SNAILS OF THE TORRENTS.



Their voracity often causes immense devastation, particularly in England, where the great gray slugs will ruin a garden in one night, if the gardener is not daily on the watch. Our own strawberries sometimes suffer, but a border of sawdust, sand or ashes around the bed is an adequate protection in dry weather. In trying to cross it the marauders become so entangled in the particles adhering to their slimy bodies, that they exhaust themselves in the attempt to get free. They also are very fond of fungi, including many poisonous kinds.

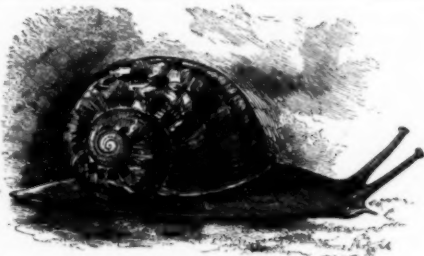


SPORTIVE SLUGS.

At the first hint of frost our snail feels the approach of a resistless lassitude, and, creeping under some moldering log or half-buried boulder, it attaches itself, aperture upward, by exuding a little glue, and settles itself for a season of hibernating sleep. Withdrawing into the shell, the animal throws across the aperture a film of slimy mucus, which hardens as tight as a miniature drum-head. As the weather becomes colder, the creature draws itself a little farther in, and makes another "epiphragm," and so on until often five or six protect the animal sleeping snugly coiled in the deepest recesses of his domicile.

This state of torpidity is so profound that all the ordinary functions of the body cease,—respiration being so entirely suspended that chemical tests are said to discover no change from its original purity in the air within the epiphragm. Thus the snail can pass without exhaustion the long cold

months of the North, when it would be impossible for it to secure its customary food. The reviving sun of spring only interrupts this deep slumber, and the period of awakening is therefore delayed with the season, according to the varying natures of the different species. At any time, however, an artificial raising of the temperature breaks the torpor, the warmth of the hand being enough to set the heart beating. Extreme drouth also will cause snails to seal their doors hermetically, without even hanging a card-basket outside. This is to shut off the evaporation of their bodily moisture, and happens in midsummer; hence it is termed æstivation. Certain slugs (*Testacellidæ*) which have no shells are able to protect themselves under the same circumstances by a gelatinous appendage of the mantle, which, in case of sudden change of temperature, can be extended like an outer mantle, so to speak, from its place of storage, under the "buckler," and having wrapped themselves, they burrow into the soil. These carnivorous testacelles are the fiercest of all their race, and one might be excused for quoting:



AN EDIBLE SNAIL.

"But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him."

Snails are found in the most barren deserts and on the smallest islands all over the globe, reaching to near the line of perpetual snow on mountains, and restricted only by the arctic boundary of vegetation. There is a great difference between the snails of the tropics and those of high latitudes,—size, number of species in a given district, and intensity of color decreasing as you go away from the equator. But this statement must be taken in a very general sense.\* Different

\* Mr. A. R. Wallace's late work, "Tropical Nature," contained a long series of observations upon the colors of terrestrial mollusks among other animals. In two articles in "Science News," Vol. I., pp. 52 and 84, Mr. Thomas Bland studies Wallace's principles in their application to American snails, and finds that color is a matter of less account than it has hitherto been considered to be.

quarters of the globe are characterized by special groups of land mollusks as of other animals,—thus, *Achatinella*, with 300 species, is confined to the Sandwich Islands. But *Helix*,—the true snail,—with its many sub-genera and 2,000 species, is absolutely cosmopolitan. The fresh-water forms, also, are spread everywhere, except in Australia, and flourish in cold countries, *Pupa* having the hardihood to live nearer the north pole than any other known shell. Yet it is a remarkable fact, that, however erratic and extensive may be the range of the genera to which they belong, the majority of the species of pulmonates of all sorts have an extremely limited habitat, in some cases comprising only a few square rods. A second noteworthy fact, obtaining in no other extensive group of animals, is, that many more species of land shells exist in the islands than on the continents of the world. Mr. A. R. Wallace accounts for this curious fact by explaining how certain influences make islands—particularly if long insulated—more productive than continents, and at the same time liable to be deficient in enemies to snails.

How has this curious distribution come to pass? How have seemingly impassable barriers been overcome, so that closely related forms are now found at the antipodes?

Snails are of domestic tastes—Appelles painted them as types of the praiseworthy housewife—and slow of pace, as a list of poetical persons are ready to stand up and testify; but they have had a long time in which to “get a good ready,” first to start, and afterward to accomplish their travels, since their existence as a race goes back to when



AN ALIEN IN THE CELLAR.

dark forests of ferns waved their heavy fronds over the inky palæozoic bogs. Distance disappears in the presence of such prodigious time. Lands like our Western plains, now an arid waste impassable to mollusks, in by-gone ages were clothed with dense and limitless verdure, where every form of terrestrial life abounded. Between the present and even the laying down of those cretaceous sandstones that make the soil of our level plains, the Rocky Mountains have been elevated from an altitude at which any mollusk could probably have lived upon their summits, until now they may be a barrier to many species. Such changes may have happened anywhere, again and again, and thus the two halves of a community been divided. In succeeding centuries the members of the parted sections may have diverged

in their development, until on this side of a mountain range, or desert, or sea, we now find one set of species and on that side another set, which belong to the same genera, and may in some cases be proved, as well as surmised, to have had an identical origin.

But the main explanation of their dispersion is undoubtedly to be found in a land connection once existing between the different islands of present archipelagoes, and between these and the



HELICES IN HUMBLE CIRCUMSTANCES.

neighboring mainlands. It has been pretty satisfactorily demonstrated that during the glacial period the oceans must have been drained of water representing a universal depth of 1,000 feet, in order to construct the enormously thick ice-caps which covered the polar hemispheres. This would expose a vast area of shallows, before and since deeply submerged, across which snails might easily migrate to other latitudes; when, at the end of the glacial period, the melted ice reclaimed the shallows, the snails would be left colonized upon the high points now widely separated by water.

More casual circumstances have always contributed to this world-wide distribution. Snails frequently conceal themselves in crevices of bark, or firmly attach themselves to branches and foliage, and thus might be drifted long distances, since they are able to resist starvation for an immense period, and protect themselves against injury from salt water or excessive heat by means of opercula and epiphragms. Violent storms might frequently transport living shells a considerable distance; aquatic birds carry them or their eggs from pond to pond attached to feet or plumage.

The astonishing vitality of the snails in every stage of existence favors the theory that they endure such accidental means of travel and thrive at the end of it. Professor Morse records that he has seen certain species frozen in solid blocks of ice, and afterward regain their activity; and enduring an equal extreme of heat, where the sun's rays crisped the leaves for weeks together, without any bad effect. They have been shut up for years in pill-boxes, glued for years to tablets in museums, and yet a trifle of moisture has been sufficient to resuscitate them. They survive so well being buried in the ballast of ships that at every seaport, almost, you may find species imported in that way, which came to life when the ballast was dumped at the time of unloading. That birds occasionally carry them about is well verified.

Such are some of the methods of dispersion. Yet students are obliged to confess that the causes of the present puzzling geographical distribution of land shells are so complex that we can hardly hope to determine them with much exactness.

Snails, being great eaters, meet their just reward in being eaten. The paludine forms are sought after by all sorts of water birds, particularly ducks and rails; while the thrushes and other birds crush the shells

of the land snails and extract their juicy bodies. The woodland birds, however, will not eat the naked-bodied slugs: the slime sticks to their beaks and soils their feathers; but the ducks seem to have no such dainty prejudices. Some mammals, like the raccoons and wood-rats, also eat them; insects suck their juices, and the carnivorous slugs prey upon one another. Lastly, man, the greatest enemy of the brute creation, employs several species of snails for culinary purposes. By the Romans they were esteemed a great delicacy, and portions of plantations were set apart for the cultivation of the large, edible *Helix pomatia*, where they were fattened by the thousand upon bran sodden in wine. From Italy this taste spread throughout the Old World, and colonies are yet found in Great Britain where the Roman encampments were. They are still regarded as a delicacy in Italy and France, the favorite method of preparation being to boil in milk, with plenteous seasoning. Frank Buckland says that several of the larger English species are excellent food for hungry people, and recommends them either boiled in milk, or, in winter, raw, after soaking for an hour in salt and water. Some of the French restaurants in London have them placed regularly upon their bills of fare. Thousands are collected annually and sent to London as food for cage-birds. Dr. Edward Gray stated, a few years ago, that immense quantities were shipped alive to the United States "as delicacies"; but I am inclined to consider this an exaggeration. The same author records that the glassmen at Newcastle once a year have a snail feast, collecting the animals in the fields and hedges on the Sunday before the feast.

Mr. W. G. Binney, for whom a sirup of snails was prescribed by two regular physicians in Paris in 1863, points out how old is the belief that land mollusks possess valuable medicinal qualities. In the Middle Ages the rudimentary shell of the slug acquired a high rank among the numerous bezoars and amulets which were supposed to protect the body from evil influences, and to impart health and activity. The accounts of these virtues, copied from one author to another, have perpetuated the early superstitions until it is difficult to overcome them by the light of the present day, when even in England, snails are supposed to possess curative properties in cases of lung trouble. A full relation of all the absurdities which gained credence, would form a curious and

marvelous page in the history of credulity. They have also, from very early times, been used in the preparation of cosmetic; and the water procured from them by distillation was much celebrated and employed by ladies, no longer than two or three centuries ago, to impart whiteness and freshness to the complexion.

In this country no such fanciful notions have ever gained credence. The snails are

too habitually hidden to attract the attention of any but a few, and even when their existence is known, they are unfortunately regarded with such a disgust as would preclude any acceptance of them, either for food or medicine.

Yet why this disgust? Snails are of ancient race, vast variety, graceful shape, dignified bearing, industrious and peaceful habits, edible and curative properties; *quod erat demonstrandum*.

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HOLY RUSSIA.

HAVE you heard how Holy Russia  
Is guarded, night and day,  
By saints gone home to the world of light,  
Yet watching her realm for aye?—  
Nicholas, Vladimir, Michael,  
Catharine, Olga, Anna;  
Barbara, borne from her silent tower  
To the angels' glad hosanna;  
Cyril, Ivan, Alexander,  
Sergius, Feodor;  
Basil, the bishop beloved,  
And a thousand, thousand more.  
They walk the streets of the city,  
Waving their stately palms,  
And the river that runs by the Father's throne  
Keeps time to their joyous psalms.  
But they do not forget, in their rapture,  
The land of their love below;  
Blessing they send to its poorest friend,  
Defiance to proudest foe.  
So in cloister, and palace, and cottage,  
Cathedral, and wayside shrine,  
We cherish their sacred Icons,  
Token of care divine;  
And with beaten gold in fret and fold,  
And gems the Czar might wear,  
And costliest pearls of the Indian seas,  
We make their vesture fair.  
We set them along our altars  
In many a gorgeous row,  
The blessed Savior in their midst,  
And the Virgin, pure as snow;  
And lamps we hang before them,  
Soft as the star that shines  
In the rosy west, when the purple clouds  
Drift dark above the pines.  
The deep chants ring; the censers swing  
In wreaths of fragrance by;  
And there we bend, while our prayers ascend  
To their waiting hearts on high;  
And our Lord, and Mary Mother,

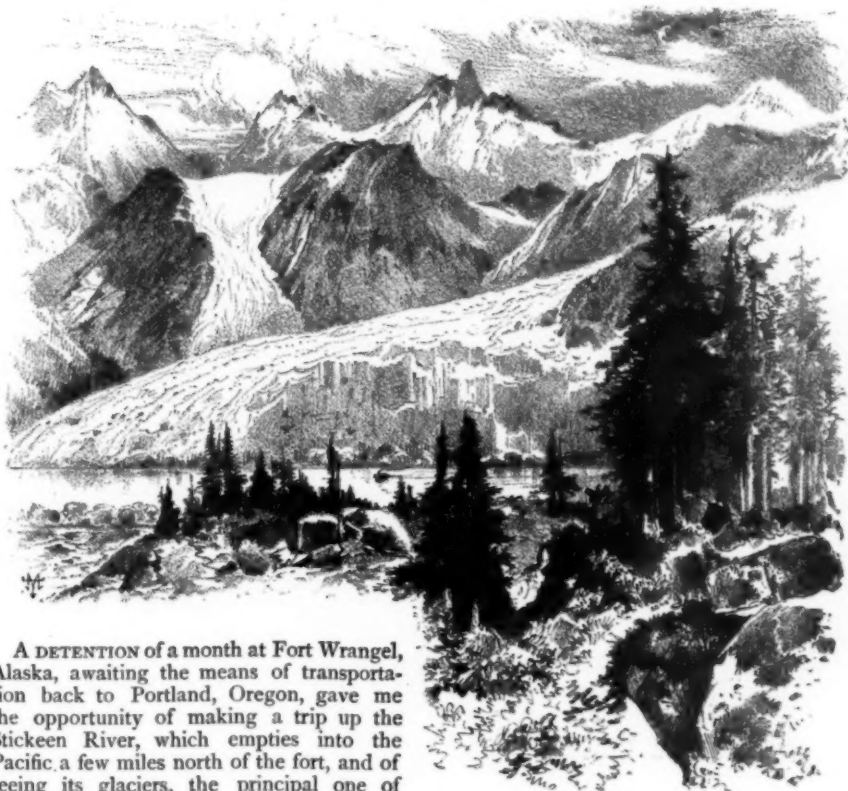
With faces sweet and grave,  
Remembering all their tears and woes,  
Grant every boon they crave.

Have you heard that each true-born Russian,  
Child of the Lord in baptism,  
Receives some name of the shining ones  
With the touch of the precious chrism?—  
And the saint, thenceforth, is his angel;  
Ready, through gloom or sun,  
To share his sorrows and cheer his way  
Till his earthly years are done.  
When friends have fled, and love is lost,  
And hope in his bosom dies,  
There's a gleam of wings athwart the sky,  
And the peace of Paradise  
Falls on his soul as the gentle dew  
Descends on the parching plain,—  
And he knows that his angel heard his sighs  
And stooped to heal his pain.  
Nor cares he when, or where, or how  
The hour of his death may come,  
For the Lord of the saints will welcome him,  
And his angel bear him home.  
And, to mark his faith's devotion,  
As a jewel of love and pride  
He bears on his breast forever  
The cross of the Crucified;—  
Bright with rubies and diamonds,  
Fashioned of silver and gold,  
Or only carved from the cedar  
That grows on the windy wold;  
Cut from a stone of the Ourals,  
Or the amber that strews the shore;—  
Close to his heart he wears it  
Till his pulses beat no more.

O happy, holy Russia!  
Thrice favored of the Lord!  
Around whose towers, when danger lowers,  
The saints keep watch and ward!  
She need not fear the marshaled hosts  
Of her haughtiest Christian foe;  
Nor Islam's hate, though at Moscow's gate  
The stormy bugles blow!  
Fair will her eagle banners float  
Above Sophia's dome,  
When heaven shall bring her righteous Czar  
In triumph to his Rome;  
And Constantine and Helena  
Will "Alleluia!" cry  
To see the cross victorious  
In their imperial sky.  
Ah! what a day when all the way  
To Marmora's sunny sea—  
From Finland's snows to fields of rose—  
Shall Holy Russia be!



## THE STICKEEN RIVER AND ITS GLACIERS.



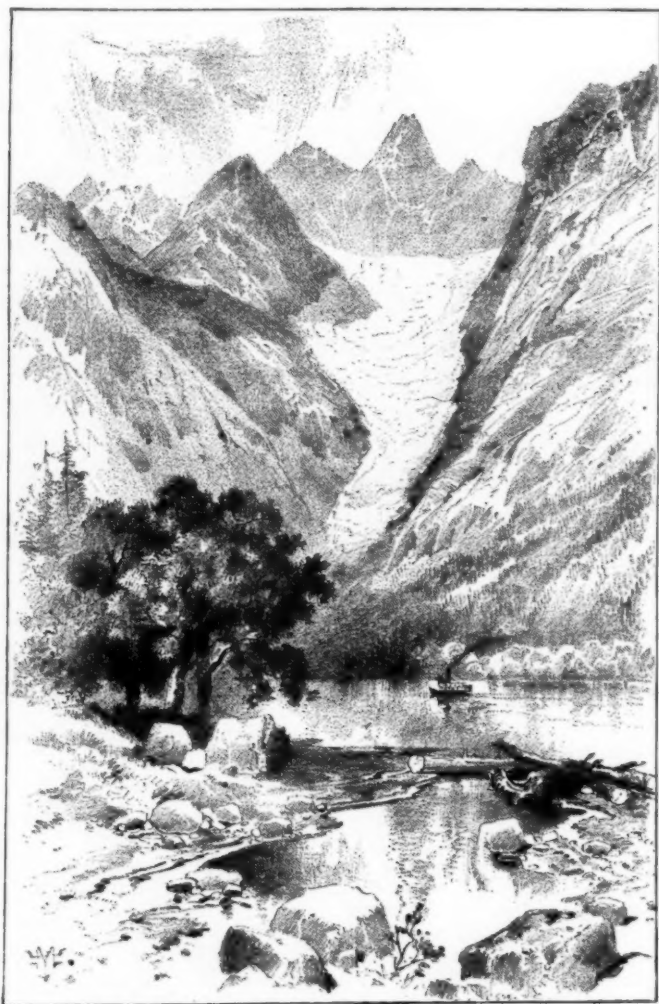
FACE OF THE GREAT GLACIER, STICKEEN RIVER.

A DETENTION of a month at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, awaiting the means of transportation back to Portland, Oregon, gave me the opportunity of making a trip up the Stickeen River, which empties into the Pacific a few miles north of the fort, and of seeing its glaciers, the principal one of which, the "Great Glacier," being, it is said, one of the largest in the world. Embarking with a pleasant party from the post, one beautiful July morning, on one of the boats carrying passengers and supplies to the head-waters of the river; with a supply of water-proofs and gum-boots for the glacier, with sketching materials, fishing-tackle, shot-guns and rifles, besides cards, organ and violin,—we were, in a few minutes, steaming away toward our destination. The passengers, besides our party, were a Mrs. Lovell, who was on the way to join her husband at Glenora, a town at the head of the river, and Mr. Colbraith, the principal merchant at the Cassiar mines. Rounding a point half a mile from the wharf, the mouth of the Stickeen came in view; at ten A. M. we were fairly in it, and then the character of the scenery began to change from that of

the coast. We had left behind us mountains, high and wooded, but here they became higher and more rugged and were occasionally capped with snow. New beauties presented themselves every moment until the sun set and it became too dark to see anything. We were to stop that night at a landing called "Bucks," just opposite to the "Great Glacier," and, as the captain had promised in the morning to give us an opportunity of going over on the ice, we waited patiently, until we were securely tied up, when we "turned in," but not to sleep; for, although the night was chilly, from our nearness to the "Ice Mountain," the mosquitoes were terrible and the first streak of daylight saw us on deck. Opposite to us was the monster glacier, white and cold in

the uncertain morning light, but which, as the sun broke upon it, sparkled and glistened like miles of heaped-up jewels. From where we lay we could look out over the surface of the ice as it came out of the mountains, dipping with a gentle slope

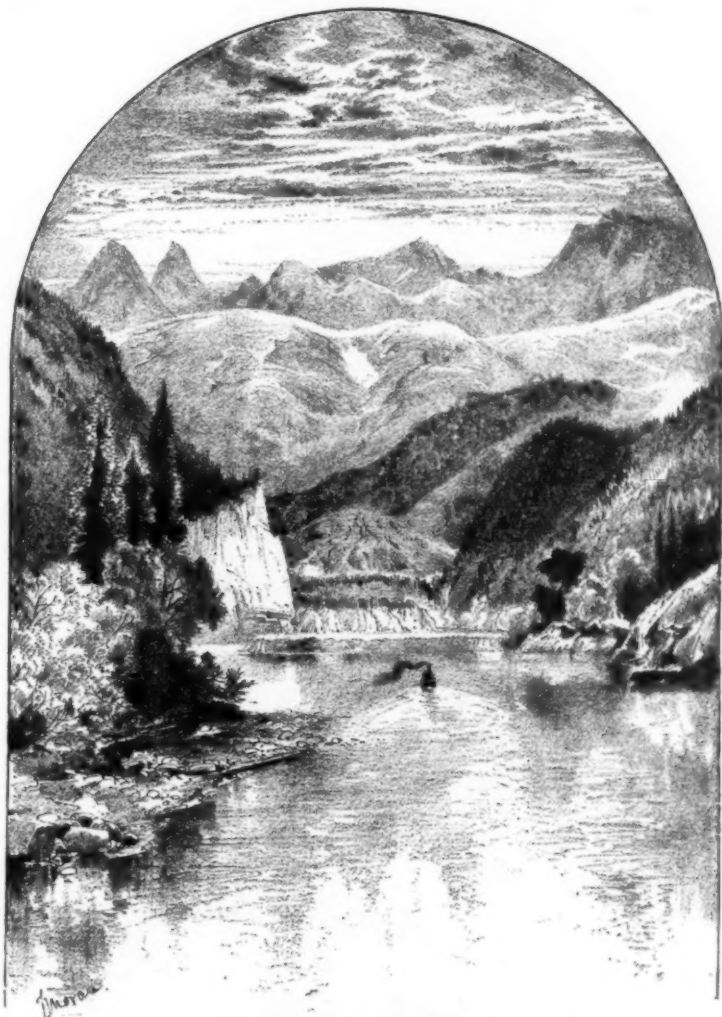
river of from six to seven hundred feet high and about seven miles wide. From where the pressure was removed, at the mouth of the gorge, great cracks and chasms showed themselves until, as the edge of the face was approached, the whole ice plain was



BABY GLACIER, FIVE MILES BELOW GREAT CAÑON, STICKEEN RIVER.

toward the river; immediately in front of us was the mountain-gorge, about two miles wide, through which it issued before spreading out into its fan-like shape which terminated in a perpendicular face next to the

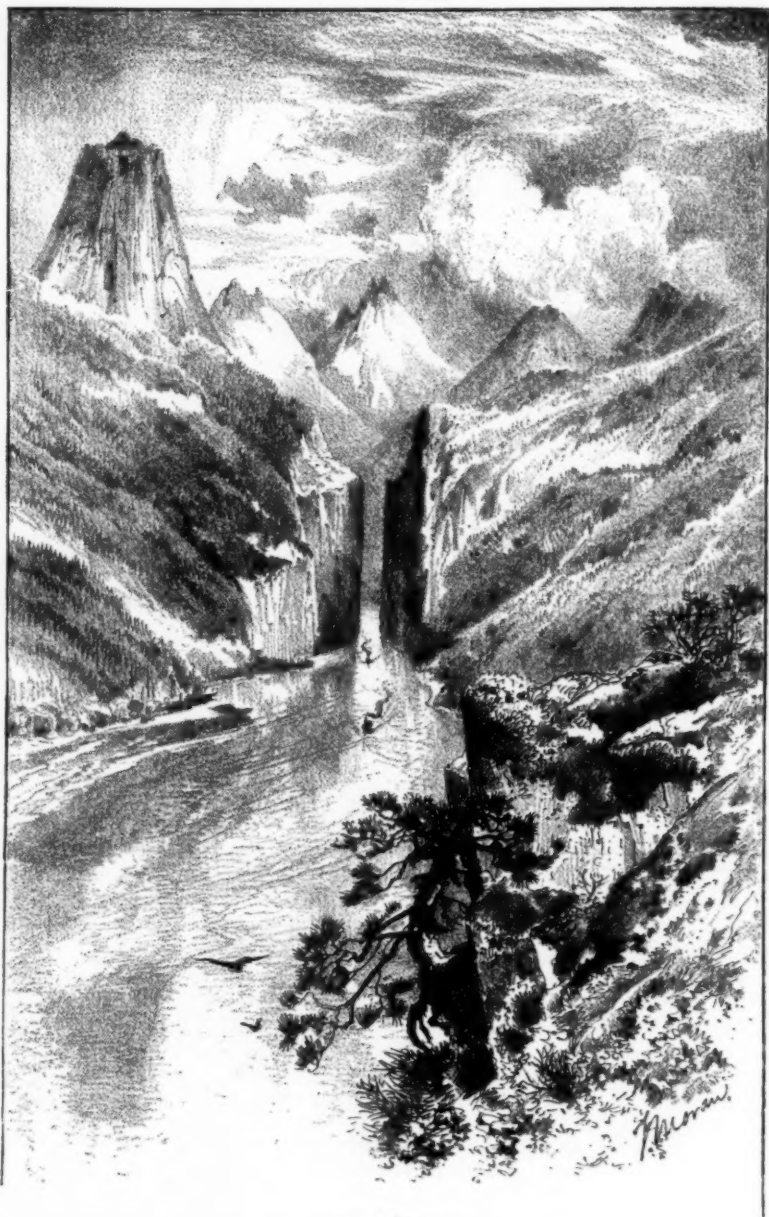
seen to be a net-work of cracks which appeared to run, with broken joints, to the very bottom of the glacier. As we looked into these fissures in the clear ice, from about one mile and a half distant, the pris-



VIEW FROM GLENORA, STICKEEN RIVER.

matic colors were superb. The surface of the ice has the appearance of being covered with snow, but the face of the precipice is all clear ice. The belt of timber, between the river-bank and the glacier, prevented us from seeing down to its base; but with the captain's promise in view, we made a hasty breakfast and immediately afterward the boat was loosened from its moorings and, running across, made a landing on the other bank. We were quickly ashore and started through the dense timber and undergrowth

belt, which occupies the space between the "moraine" at the foot of the glacier and the river. This belt seemed to us, from the deck, to be very narrow, but being in reality almost a quarter of a mile wide and the undergrowth being very dense, with swampy ground here and there, the traveling through it was extremely difficult. It was climbing over and creeping under obstacles the whole way, and while both hands were occupied in putting aside branches or in climbing over fallen timbers, the mosquitoes were



BIG CAÑON.

feasting on the tenderest parts of our faces or endeavoring to explore the hidden recesses of our ears. At last, however, with numerous falls and with scratched hands

and faces, we reached the great mass of moraine or ground-up rocks, which has been forced down in front of the "ice-plow" of the glacier. This is piled up in an im-

mense, irregular, tumulose mass one hundred feet high and about one-fourth of a mile wide, parallel to the whole length of the face of the glacier, and perfectly destitute of vegetable life. Up this we clambered and at last reached the top. Who can describe the sight which presented itself to our eyes? It was at once grand and terrible; for miles on either side of our standpoint stretched this perpendicular ice-cliff, towering above our heads, fissured and seamed with great cracks and chasms, in which such tints were seen as were never laid on painter's palette; here a block, as large as a church, split out from the face and just ready to fall, and then a rock, weighing tons, which had been brought down by the tedious but terribly irresistible movement of the glacier from the mountain-tops sixty miles away, caught in a crack and held there, as one would hold a nut between thumb and finger. We were about one-quarter of a mile distant from the face of the cliff; from the foot of the moraine next to the glacier an ice slope ascends, at an angle of from ten to fifteen degrees, which has been formed by the constant breaking off of immense blocks from the face. These fall in numberless pieces, melting and flowing down in the day-time, the water freezing again at night and gradually building up the slope solidly. The edge next to the moraine is quite thin, and the movement of the glacier pushing this plow ahead against it breaks up the edges in many places, forcing the pieces into miniature bridges which span, with their pointed arch, the tiny stream flowing between the ice-plow and the moraine, and emptying into the river miles above. After gazing at this wonder for a while from the top of the moraine, we went down its inside slope, and jumping the stream, found ourselves on the ice slope and on the back of our head simultaneously. From where we had first seen it the ascent looked perfectly easy, but when we all got upon it it was discovered that an epidemic of sitting down hard at intervals, and without due warning, had broken out in our party, and it was only by taking advantage of the pebbles imbedded here and there in the ice, that we could make any progress. Then, too, there were in the ice many water-washed holes of from two to four feet in diameter, which went down like wells to the ground beneath; and the idea of going far up the slope, slipping and coming down with the speed of a billiard ball to be fairly "pocketed" in one of these holes, deterred

us from making any experiments. Even here on the ice the mosquitoes were most annoying and kept us moving our arms about like the fans of a wind-mill, but the sight was so grand that we felt as if we could not tear ourselves away. There was something in this mass of ice that fascinated one by its immensity. Members of the party a few hundred yards away looked like insects, and nothing was great but the ice, and that was clear, beautiful, majestic and awful. No one seemed inclined to talk, and the stillness was only broken by murmurs of admiration and wonder. I cannot learn that the surface of this glacier has ever been explored. There is a story current, however, that two Russian officers from the garrison at Sitka, years ago made the attempt and were never heard from again, having probably become bewildered and lost in the labyrinth of chasms that can be so distinctly seen from the other bank of the river. The Indians say that at one time the glacier crossed the Stickeen, and that an old Indian and his wife paddled their canoe under it, through the ice caverns and gleaming passages that were worn by the current. While many pleasing thoughts stole upon us as we looked up at the great ice-cliff, a prolonged whistle from the boat recalling us did not sound unwelcome, and we girt our loins for another struggle with the chapparal. Getting to the top of the moraine, we turned to have a last look, and then plunged down the slope into the bush, and after a long struggle reached the landing with disordered dresses, hats awry, hands full of the thorns of the "Devil's Club,"—thoroughly tired, and thirsty enough to drink dry all the water-butts on the boat. We soon scrambled over the gang-plank, and the lines having been let go, were on our way again. The scenery continued grand, peak after peak shooting up, not in ranges, but singly, each timbered to the snow line, and then reaching up bare and gray to the very heavens. Here and there a small glacier, starting from near the peak, reached one of the rocky gulches, and as its foot approached the warmer air below it melted into a stream, looking tiny in the miles of distance, and dashed down to join the water of the main stream,—a full-grown river, as cold as the ice itself and as clear as crystal, its purity showing half-way across our river before mingling with its muddiness. We staggered along bravely, making but little headway against this boiling, whirling torrent of a river until, having been



under way for a few hours, it was discovered that the tubes in the boiler were leaking. Being almost abreast of the site of the old Hudson Bay fort, we ran in and tied up. As soon as the boat was quiet, off came great clouds of mosquitoes from the woods and thick bushes, and we were driven to the invention of all sorts of contrivances to keep from being literally eaten alive. I thought that I had been in mosquito countries before; but, bless you, I was a babe in mosquito experience. They were business fellows too; did not sing and enjoy themselves as others of their class do, but possibly, knowing that the boat would not tarry long, wasted none of their valuable time but attended strictly to blood-letting. From where we lay the bushes ran back in great luxuriance, and with a perfect evenness of height for about a half-mile, the sameness being broken by great lone pines, spruce and hemlock, with here and there a gaunt dead tree. Beyond this the larger timber grew thicker, and the bushes were lost; the pine-covered country became more broken until it suddenly reared itself boldly toward the sky. The trees became more and more scattered, until but a few detached ones were to be seen, and then up, up to a dizzy height, the bare gray rocks towered to the clouds. Away up on the first *mélange* of mountains a small glacier was visible, from under the foot of which a tiny cascade threw itself over the precipice, but it was miles away, and when it reached us, just astern of the boat, it was a roaring, tumbling brook. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the tubes having been repaired, the fires were started; the hand of the steam-gauge soon showed the requisite amount of steam, and casting off the lines we were under way, and in a few minutes rid of the mosquitoes. Then, in anticipation of the night and sleep to come, we went to our state-room, closed all of the avenues of retreat, and with a towel, slightly wet at one end to give it weight, passed half an hour in an indiscriminate slaughter of all of the little pests that had not been driven out by the draught of air through the boat. Leaving all closed we slipped out, with the satisfaction of knowing that we had purchased for ourselves undisturbed rest, as far as these little nuisances were concerned, and climbed up to the pilot-house, where all of the party had collected to enjoy the scenery. Every moment brought fresh beauties, fresh surprises; mountain towered above mountain,—there was no sameness, every turn brought

a picture characteristic in itself; the foreground the river, every inch of it covered with circular swirls as the water boiled up from the bottom in its rapid descent toward the ocean; now and then a great tree, shorn of its limbs and anchored to the bottom by its rock-laden roots and bowing and plunging in the torrent in its vain efforts to free itself; then the ragged banks, with their overhanging grasses, enormous ferns and the immense leaves of the "Devil's Club." The eye rested upon moss-covered boulders half concealed in the soil, and followed the straggling, far-reaching roots that dipped and withdrew their long arms as they struck the current; the many-colored greens of the willows, alders, cotton-woods, British Columbia pines, spruce, hemlock and balsam, melted into the haze of distance, where the brownish-green pines began to show on the mountain-sides; then up and up traveled the delighted vision until the line of timber ceased, and the variously tinted mosses gave their tone to the scene; beyond this were gray and red masses of pitiless rocks in countless shapes; over the shoulders of these, in the deep blue of the great distance, other and higher peaks miles upon miles away. It was a perfect pandemonium of mountains; patches of snow lay on the sides and in the great fissures of the highest. Scores of "baby glaciers" were in sight, and on every hand thread-like streams of water poured down from the melting snow, leaping at times over thousands of feet of precipice, their volume dispersed in cloud-like vapor long before the bottom was reached; we all gazed in silence, exclamations of wonder and admiration breaking from our lips at intervals as our advance opened to us a view which seemed grander than anything that we had seen before. Finally the captain, pointing in the direction, shouted "There's the Mud Glacier!" All eyes were turned in the direction indicated, and soon, away off to our left, over the trees, we caught sight of the face of a large glacier with a perpendicular bluff of ice, and immense heaps of lateral and terminal moraine. The trees soon hid it from view as we ran in under the bank to take advantage of an eddy, but running out again, further up, we brought it into full view about three miles away. This glacier is next in extent to the one visited by us in the morning, and as the river makes an enormous bend here, called the "Devil's Elbow," we were in sight of it for five hours, seeing it from all points; the flow of ice is from the mountains of the right bank, and

when one can first see it it sweeps out from a ravine which runs apparently parallel to the river, and then, turning at right angles, wends its difficult way through a cañon, directly toward us, always slightly descending as it advances until it reaches the mouth of the cañon, when it spreads out into the fan shape before alluded to, terminating abruptly in a precipice of ice some three hundred feet high; from this ice-face, back to where the glacier comes out of the cañon, the distance cannot be less than from seven to eight miles, and how much further it extends no one could tell us; its width, where it leaves the cañon, must be about one mile, while at its face it is about three. Its moraine is pushed out on each side and in front, and in one place on the side, it has surrounded a belt of timber, which, I am sure, must soon give way to the force of the moving ice. This is called the "Mud Glacier," from the fact of its surface being covered with sand and dirt blown upon it from the encroaching mountains by the fierce winter winds that here prevail; and in contradistinction to the Great Glacier, the surface of which is very pure. Our stock of wood being almost exhausted, we ran into one of the company's wood-yards to replenish. While the wood was being thrown aboard, the steward of the boat took a bucket and went up to the mouth of the stream that flows from beneath the glacier, and before we had completed the wooding returned with some of the most delicious water that I ever tasted,—as cold as the ice itself. We had postponed dinner until we should arrive at this place; our morning on the upper deck, where we had drunk in great draughts of fresh air, had given us all ravenous appetites, and we all blessed "old Uncle," the cook, as dish after dish of appetizing food made its appearance. The dinner was excellent, as were all of our meals while on the boat.

It was a long pull around the bend: an extraordinary circular sweep, with the face of the Mud Glacier for a center; once I lost sight of the ice, as we worked along, for some time, close in under the trees, and when it again made its appearance the boat had so changed her course, by reason of the course in the river, that I thought I had discovered a new field of ice, and so hailed it, much to the amusement of the captain. Thus we steamed on, always through the same sublime scenery, until we arrived, at ten o'clock, at the bend just below the "Big Cañon." It was still light, but some difficult

passages lay just ahead of us; and as full daylight, and plenty of it, is necessary in order to make the run, we went to the bank and in a few minutes were securely tied up under the lee of a point which juts out into the river just above us. Below, and midway in the river, there is a long, low sand island, and on the point of it, next to us, was encamped a party of Indians, with an enormous thirty-paddle canoe of solid cedar; it was a beautiful model, as are all of the canoes of these Indians. This, being an extraordinarily large one, had attracted my attention as it left Fort Wrangel, two days before we did, with a small American flag flying from a short staff, stuck in a hole made for it in the solid wood of the high stern. The Indians were cooking their supper on the sand, their canoe being pulled well up out of the water; they had evidently arrived but a short time before us. Night soon shut down, and after supper and a diversion of cards and music, we were quite ready to turn in; the fresh air and the excitement of sight-seeing had worn us all out, and we needed no opiate to send us off post-haste into the Land of Nod.

I was sleeping like a baby when the morning stir and the swash of the water against the cabin bulkheads, in deck-washing, awoke me, and I dressed and went on deck, where I learned that, on getting steam, it was discovered that the tubes were again leaking, and that it had been necessary to let the fires go out, so that the engineer might get at the tubes again; for every pound of steam is most valuable in stemming this powerful current, and the worst of our trip was to come. A movement among our Indian friends on the sand island now attracted our attention; they had their huge canoe in the water, their camp equipage all on board, and all but three of their party were seated. Of these three, two were at the bow and one at the stern, holding her in; the current from the point of land just above us ran directly across to the head of the island, and then swept along the side on which they were with great velocity,—so great that the water was banked up at least six inches in the swiftest of it, while between this elevation and the shore to which they were holding, there was a sufficient eddy to make her berth a comparatively easy one. We could hear nothing, of course, of their conversation; but, with our glasses upon them, we saw the steersman throw up his hand as a signal; the three men leap into the canoe; with one accord, the crew sprang to their paddles. The strug-

gle was to cross the swift current outside of the eddy. They took it quartering, with the paddles bending and springing to their limit, and the two steering paddles at the stern trying to hold them up to it. If any boat in the world could cross such a "mill-tail" that canoe, with her beautiful lines, ought to have done it; but her prow had hardly dipped into it before she was whirling down stream like a teetotum, and all control of her was lost until she had gone the whole length of the island, where the current seemed to have lost some of its power, or where it had been distributed over the width of the stream. They then took once more to their paddles, and, crossing the river diagonally, got under the lee of the same promontory that had sheltered us during the night. They passed us with a greeting of "Cla-how-ya?" (How are you?) and went around the point and out of sight.

At noon, the engineer reported that the tubes were again in good order, and that sufficient steam-power to send us ahead was to be had for the asking. The lines were cast off, the bell-signal made to the engineer to "open her out wide," and once more we were under way, enjoying every moment in the grandeur of the scenery; it was eternal change in eternal sameness; there were always mountains, always snow, always glaciers; but they were different mountains, different snow, different glaciers, and the constantly changing atmospheric effects, the great, sweeping shadows of clouds across the faces of the mountains, the variously tinted spray of the leaping cascades, all combined to make monotony impossible. And then, too, there was just sufficient sense of danger in the navigation of this tearing, boiling river to give a spice to the feast.

Three P. M. brought us up to the "Great Cañon," where the whole of this great river flows through a cleft in the mountains but fifty yards wide. One can readily imagine the force with which the mass of water tears through this cut; it is, as is said of "The Dalles" of the Columbia, a river set on edge. To go through it looks impossible; and, although but about two hundred yards in length, it seemed almost madness to subject the steamer to the strain incident to an attempt at a passage. The run through, however, is perfectly straight, and we could see the landscape beyond, beautifully framed by the sky, the water, and these eternal rocks. The signal was given for a full head of steam and at it we went! An involuntary shudder ran through us as the gray, rocky

faces shut us in; they seemed, as we got fairly under them, to incline from the perpendicular toward us, ready to fall and crush us to the bottom as a punishment for our temerity. The wheel threw the spray as high as the smoke-stack in its maddening whirl; every timber and brace groaned and creaked as the fearful rush of the waters struck the boat, but she lessened the distance inch by inch, until, in fifteen minutes from the time of entrance we were fairly through and looking back on another picture through the same frame of sky, rocks and water.

We soon came down to the jog-trot which we had maintained for the greater part of the distance from the mouth. From this point the mountains decrease in size very perceptibly; they would still be called grand, however, were they not in such contrast to those that we have left behind. At six P. M. we passed through "Clutchman's (Woman's) Cañon." It is smaller than the others and is so called because the navigation through it is so much less difficult that a woman can steer a canoe through it without trouble. We made but one bite at this cherry of a cañon and emerged at the other end to find a cherry that required a good deal of biting. The current was terribly swift and the boat hung and shivered like a living being, for a time scarcely seeming to move as we watched the trees upon the shore for parallax; but as we held our breath we saw that she did gradually climb the watery slope until at last we ran into a place that gave her a little rest, when she plucked up her courage and showed, by the more cheerful action of her machinery, that she still had ambition left for anything that the captain saw fit to put her at. And she had need for it all, for the "Grand Rapids," the bugbear of these river men, was ahead of us, and we were all looking out for the first glimpse of it with a curiosity not unmixed with anxiety. Early this year the *Glenora*, one of the opposition boats, took a strong sheer while trying to make this passage, struck a rock and knocked a hole in her side that a man could have crept through. There are several inches more of water, however, on the rapids, the captain tells us, than when the *Glenora* fiasco occurred; and as we have great faith in the skill of our friend at the wheel we await patiently our arrival. A sudden bend in the channel threw us out from the wooded point of a mountain declivity and there, right before us, rushed the rapid, foaming and leaping

in its wild descent. The river just above the top of this water-slope is contracted by the close encroachment of two of the mountains and spreading out below to about six times its width makes the greater part of it too shoal for the navigation of any boat that cannot be handled with ease on a heavy dew. Where we are to try it, however, the river, just after it passes the gorge, is met by an island which sends a fair portion of the water around a strong bend to the left, and although it looks no deeper than where one would ordinarily wade out, on a ripple, after trout, toward it the captain points the bow of his boat and at eight p. m. we are fairly upon it. The wheel seems to fly; its rapid motion appears to draw out what little water there is under us and the vessel settles down as if we were about to touch upon the bottom. Iron, steel and brain were pitted against the torrent; the hull springs and vibrates so that a mist seems to be in front of one's eyes as they are strained to take in any sign of a forward movement. The onward movement seems impossible; the desire to assist the boat by pushing against anything belonging to the fittings of the pilot-house and which is in the direction of the course becomes irresistible; she hangs, she recedes; the current is too strong for her! All turn to the captain with a look of appeal. He whirls the wheel over, and, trembling in every timber, she creeps diagonally across the torrent, and again, when quite in shore, obeys her wheel, turns her bow to the current and stops to take breath. If anything should give way now the result would be most disastrous. Again the wheel is pressed over and again she slowly obeys her propelling power, quartering the rapid and gaining perhaps one-quarter of her length in the right direction before the shore of the island brings her up. Thus, by successive tacks, we finally master the difficult passage and take at the top the first good breath that we have drawn for twenty minutes. A good thrower could cast a stone the length of the rapids and yet it is all that steel and steam can do to drive our light hull over it in the third of an hour.

The excitement of the Grand Rapids over, the *Beaver* was again jogging along comfortably, and with a nod of congratulation at the captain, we backed ourselves down the steep stair-way to the saloon deck. A glance through the forward cabin windows showed us that a bend in the river had brought in view a wooding station where

we were to tie up for the night. The captain soon dropped the boat in alongside of the bank as gingerly as if her hull were an egg-shell; we are made fast; the wheel ceased its crazy whirl, and the decks, which had vibrated throughout the long day in response to the "hog chains," became as quiet as the floors of an inland cottage. What a relief it was to both ears and nerves! The silence was in such contrast that the sound of one's voice was almost startling; that of the steward was, however, very soothing as he announced supper.

The country toward Glenora loses much of its wildness, the land rising in immense terraces for miles and miles back, where, in the great distance can be seen peaks, blue and indistinct, similar to those through which the river forces its way. Much placer gold mining has been done from time to time along the banks of the Stickeen and with some success; and this morning we have passed evidences of it in the dilapidated huts and half tumbled-down sluices; not one of these places is now in operation; the miners having pressed forward for their share in the greater discoveries of the Cassiar gold fields.

Four miles below Glenora we pass an Indian rancheria or settlement called Shakesville, consisting of two houses, constructed of logs set on end. One of these was roofed with enormous shingles called "shakes," and the other with large pieces of bark and pine-boughs. In front, and between them and the river, were drying-frames, on which were suspended quantities of salmon, which were being cured for winter's use; and hauled up on the bank were two large canoes, covered from stem to stern with mats made of plaited grass to protect them from the sun, while huddled together were a number of naked Indian children watching the passage of our boat. At half past seven A. M., we reached the Hudson Bay Company's trading post, one mile below Glenora. This post was established in 1874, when it was discovered that the old post, lower down the river, was within the boundary line of Alaska; the company has a substantial warehouse built upon the bank of the river, in which are stored the multifarious articles that are needed in trading for furs with the Indians of the interior, besides a large stock of goods necessary to the miners of Cassiar. Just across the river is another old mining sluice, abandoned and falling to pieces; the trough gaping wide open in many places, and the supporting trestle-work reeling about



in the drunkenest way possible, and looking for all the world like a "water-way" on a spree.

Soon after leaving the Hudson Bay post, we rounded the point of land on which the company's buildings are situated, and saw before us the town of Glenora, and at nine A. M., were lying broadside on the gently sloping sand-beach which forms its levee, with our hawsers made fast to the "snubbing-posts" ashore. As we were to remain here until the next morning, sight-seeing became the order of the day, and we all went ashore. The town is built on a low plateau that stretches back to the first bluff of the series of terraces which run like a huge staircase, to the distant mountains; this plateau is but a few hundred yards wide, and here are collected about fifteen log-houses and Indian huts; the houses are low and built of logs "chinked" with mud and moss, as a protection against the terrible winds of winter; they all face toward the river and have inclosed yards and vegetable gardens at their back; the front apartments are nearly all occupied as stores, the "living-rooms" being at the back; while one, a very low barn of a building, sports across its front an enormous sign of cotton drilling stretched on a frame, partially obscuring, with the lower part of its overgrown proportions, the tops of the windows and door. On this is painted, in a bold style of lettering, "Cosmopolitan Hotel." The English have a custom-house here which is presided over by a pleasant, hospitable gentleman, Mr. Hunter. Having called upon us, he invited us very cordially to make him a visit, and so, following in the wake of the ladies of our party, of whom he had taken possession, we soon found ourselves at his house, a neat little cottage with a trim walk bordered with shells, leading up to it. Although it was small, we found, upon entering, that it was filled with many comforts and elegancies. After a very pleasant chat, our host accompanied us on a tour of inspection of some of the gardens. Considering the latitude, 58° north, and the shortness of the growing season, we were very much astonished at the size and varieties of the vegetables raised: there were onions, cabbages, turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips and peas, and in full head, a patch of oats and another of the Mexican clover (alfalfa), as well as some of the common, hardier flowers,—and this in a country that has a summer of not more than three months, and where, in winter, the thermometer goes as low as 65° below zero.

One might think that the ground would be frozen so deep that the short summer would barely suffice to take the frost from it. The unloading of the boat made the levee very lively, and everybody seemed to be employed in some way or other. We were not only permitted to inspect the gardens and the exteriors of the houses, but were taken, by the main strength of kindly feeling into each and every family; the interiors were homely but comfortable, and if black with smoke, it only told of the cozy, roaring fires and the comfortable groups that sat around them during the imprisoning cold of the winter months. Sun-down saw us again assembled in the cabin of the boat, where we held quite a reception for our new friends ashore, who came off for a good talk about the doings of the outside world; old news to us was new to them; things that had been wonderful to us when they occurred, months ago, were to them a new wonder; but our budget was after a while emptied and turned inside out, and we then betook ourselves to music. Scotch, English, Irish, and American airs succeeded each other rapidly, and we sang and played on and on until we were aroused by the most unearthly, unmusical din ashore that I have ever heard, and with one accord we rushed out on the guards of the boat to find out what it meant. Lights were flashing about amid the din of beaten kettles and pans, the blowing of horns, the firing of guns and pistols and the howling and yelping of dogs. Some one suggested that it might be a "calathumpian serenade," and then it flashed upon us that Mr. Lovell was being made the recipient of a serenade in honor of the arrival of his wife, who came up with us, and that the inhabitants, in the absence of a brass band and the usual musical paraphernalia, had had recourse to their kitchen utensils. We stood upon the guards wondering how long Mr. Lovell could stand the din before he capitulated, and whether, when he did appear, his reception of his wife's admirers would be with a loaded shot-gun or outstretched, welcoming hands. Suddenly a light streamed through the opened door of the store upon bronzed faces and gleaming pans and kettles, and the figure of Mr. Lovell could be seen in strong relief against the light within, bidding the calathumpers, by a wave of his hand, to enter and partake of his hospitality. The closing door then shut the light in, and all was quiet.

By this time it was quite late, and our



guests gave us good-bye and God-speed, as we were to cast off our lines by early daylight, and, *D. V.*, to be in Fort Wrangel before night-fall.

The return trip was made at break-neck speed, necessarily. I was anxious to see every inch of it, and made my arrangements to be awakened early, and after a delightful night's rest turn out willingly when called. After a good dash into the cold water in my state-room, I got on deck at half-past four o'clock, just as the head-line had been cast off and the boat was swinging her bow out into the current. She spun to it like a top, the rushing stream caused her to "heel over" strongly as it struck her broadside on, and then, as her head pointed quartering down the river, the stern line was let go, and we shot away like an arrow from a bow, doing the distance to the Hudson Bay post, which took us twenty minutes in coming up, in three minutes; it was like flying. We passed over the Grand Rapids beautifully, but here there was such a pitch and roar of water that the wheel had to be reversed to keep the vessel from going too fast, the speed that she attained even then being exciting, to say the least. The steering of the boat in the descent of this river was something marvelous to me. She seemed to obey the will of the captain like a sentient being. Now she whirled suddenly, with her bow as a pivot, and now her bow swept through an arc with the stern as a center, always nearly striking an obstacle but always missing it. The steering wheel was being constantly whirled about, as, in the swiftness of our

course, object after object, in quick succession, arose before us. We flew past the mountains, which appeared to be engaged in a mad circular dance. Thus we sweep along until we arrive at the Great Cañon. The rush of waters through this cut seems terrible, but as there is an up-stream wind which, by its concentration in the narrow gorge, is in considerable force, the captain laid the boat directly across the stream, and the wind, acting on her broadside in a direction diametrically opposed to the current, we went through easily, without turning our wheel, but still with great velocity, having been fifteen minutes in making the passage on our way up, and but three minutes and fifty seconds in going down. Clearing the lower end, the captain swung her on her heel and away we went, right end on again. On and on we flew! Sand-bars with their piled-up logs, tumbling, foaming mountain torrents, baby glaciers, wooding stations, canoe loads of Indians working their way up, great mountain peaks, the Mud Glacier, and the old Hudson Bay post all are rapidly left behind until, at noon, we reached the Great Glacier, and passed its whole face in review as it lay like the Palisades of the Hudson done in ice. With a full wheel whirling behind us, we moved out of the mouth of the river into the slaty blue of the salt water around the Point, bringing the flag-staff of Fort Wrangel in sight, and at five thirty, *P. M.*, were heaving our lines to eager hands outstretched on the wharf to catch them, everybody there to meet us, and everybody well.

## ANEMONE.

A WIND-FLOWER by the mountain stream,  
Where April's wayward breezes blow,  
And still in sheltered hollows gleam  
The lingering drifts of snow,—

Whence art thou, frailest flower of spring?  
Did winds of heaven give thee birth?  
Too free, too airy-light a thing  
For any child of earth!

O palest of pale blossoms borne  
On timid April's virgin breast,  
Hast thou no flush of passion worn,  
No mortal bond confessed?

Thou mystic spirit of the wood,  
Why that ethereal grace that seems  
A vision of our actual good  
Linked with the land of dreams?

Thou didst not start from common ground,  
So tremulous on thy slender stem;  
Thy sisters may not clasp thee round,  
Who art not one with them.

Thy subtle charm is strangely given,  
My fancy will not let thee be,—  
Then poise not thus 'twixt earth and heaven,  
O white anemone!

## ADMONITION.

"How wrought I yesterday?" Small moment, now,  
 To question with vain tears, or bitter moan,  
 Since every word you wrote upon the sands  
 Of yesterday hath hardened into stone.

"How work to-morrow?" 'Tis a day unborn,  
 To scan whose formless features is not granted.  
 Ere the new morning dawns, soul, thou mayst wing  
 Thy flight beyond to-morrows, disenchanted.

"How shall I work to-day?" O, soul of mine!  
 To-day stands on her threshold, girt to lead  
 Thy feet to life immortal; strive with fear;  
 Deep pit-falls strew the way; take heed—take heed!

## FALCONBERG.\*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

## CHAPTER XX.

## HELGA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

It was the day for Helga's charitable society to meet. She had been busy since the early morning cutting pieces of flannel and cotton cloth, so that everything might be in order when Ingrid and Miss Ramsdale should come. In her half-rural retirement, she knew little of what went on about her, and having seen no visitors that day, she was as yet ignorant of the event which agitated the rest of the community. As the old Norwegian clock on the stairs struck three, Ingrid appeared at the door, looking a little paler than usual, and with eyes which showed marks of recent weeping.

"What is it, dear?" asked Helga, to whom such symptoms in her friend were in no way surprising. Some little thing had gone wrong, probably, and she should have to play her accustomed part as comforter.

"Isn't it dreadful?" exclaimed Ingrid, dropping down into a chair, and making no signs to remove her hat and cloak.

"What is dreadful, dear?"

"About Finnson. Haven't you heard?"

"Finnson!" cried Helga, with sudden alarm. "Has anything happened to him?" She well remembered Einar's deep dejection at their last meeting, and feared that he had laid violent hands on himself.

"Speak, Ingrid!" she gasped. "What is it?"

"What is it?" repeated Ingrid, in a tone of mingled indignation and sorrow. "Why,

it is this, that he is an escaped forger. His name isn't Finnson at all. It is a false name. He is a regular runaway criminal. Oh, dear! What will people think of me—I who have been so much with him. I never, never shall forgive him!" Here she broke down utterly, venting her small, selfish grief in vehement sobs, and hiding her face in her tiny, gloved hands.

But Helga had no sympathy to offer. She stood rigidly aloof, clutching with a convulsive grasp the chair against which she was leaning. Where everything was dark and bewildering, it seemed a relief to lay hold of some palpable thing to fix the wandering sense. A hundred half-formed impulses dashed through her head, but being based upon the belief in his guilt, were swiftly rejected as unworthy of her and of him. Whatever might be the proofs against him, her heart utterly refused to believe him guilty. Presently Miss Ramsdale entered, gay, alert, and eager as ever, but readily recognizing the source of Helga's and Ingrid's distress, she charitably forbore to introduce the topic which she was nevertheless itching to discuss.

"Oh, dear!" said Ingrid, rising from her stooping position with a petulant pout on her round, baby face. "There now! I have spoiled my new gloves by crying on them. And I have broken the feather on my hat, too," she added, carefully removing the latter article with an air which betrayed an intense consciousness of her back hair.

"Never mind, dear," said Ida Ramsdale, eager to manifest her sympathy. "You know

I have a knack for curing decrepit *chapeaux*. That feather can easily be amputated, and I will fix it for you in a minute. It will hardly be an inch shorter than it was before."

And so the gossip ran on pleasantly between these two airy-minded creatures, while they fitted shoulder-pieces, each using the other as a lay figure, stitching them together with pins, which you expected them every minute to swallow. For some instinctive reason, which they both felt to be imperative, they seldom appealed directly to Helga's verdict, but with consummate tact still guarded against the appearance of excluding her from their conversation. And Helga, feeling the futility of any effort to appear unconcerned, sat dumbly plying her needle, still crying out mentally against the social tyranny which compelled her to feign an interest in petty things while the supreme yearnings of her soul were crushed into rebellious silence. She seemed to see Einar's face lifted to her in mute, appealing misery, and her heart leaped out toward him with impetuous pity, longing to assure him in word and deed that even though all the world condemned him, she still believed him to have been upright and faithful. The three hours until supper seemed almost unending, and by the time the clock announced the welcome hour, she had wrought herself up into a state of nervous restlessness which threatened to break the bonds of conventional propriety. She managed to restrain herself, however, until the two girls had taken their leave, and even went through a feint of keeping her mother company at the tea-table. The old lady, who was not remarkable for acuteness of vision, and, moreover, accepted her daughter's strangeness as a long-established fact, no longer worth puzzling about, chatted incessantly about the folly of troubling one's self about other people's wants as long as one had a roof over one's own head, and clothes to cover one's back. Helga well knew that these remarks were always in order after the adjournment of the sewing society, or when she returned from a charitable errand, and she was now even less inclined than ever to rehearse her oft-repeated answers. Mrs. Raven was, in a general way, greatly impressed with her daughter's excellence, and although assuming an unsympathetic attitude toward her charities, nevertheless was fond of gossiping admiringly about them to neighbors and visitors. She stood, moreover, vaguely in awe of her, as weaker per-

sons are apt to do toward those of superior moral strength, and if she had any adverse criticism to offer, she never advanced it directly, but rather discoursed reprovingly about the follies of people in general. Even if their mutual relation had not in part outwardly defined their conduct toward each other, they had at least lived long enough together to avoid clashing; but the daughter's habitual independence of action was probably more than half due to the fact that she had never found sympathy at home.

When the brief meal was at an end, Helga rose with quiet resolution, put on her hat and shawl, and moved toward the door.

"I shall be gone for an hour or two, mother," said she; "and if I am not back by nine, you needn't sit up for me."

"Very well, child," responded Mrs. Raven whiningly. "You know best what you want. But if your poor brother had been alive, I shouldn't have to spend these long evenings alone."

Mrs. Raven might perhaps have forgotten that the lamented Gustav had never cheapened the value of his company by dispensing it too lavishly; but the halo which now surrounded his memory had caused this and many other failings to pass into the diametrically opposite virtues.

Helga gave her mother a regretful glance, then with an impulsive movement put her arms round her neck and kissed her wrinkled forehead. As she stepped out into the gathering dusk, the confused doubt and anguish of pain which had tortured her during the afternoon began slowly to give way to a serene trust in that Providence which she felt sure watched over his fate as well as hers, and would safely guide their feet out of that dark labyrinth in which their error and fatal blindness had so cruelly entangled them. She could not think of her own lot apart from his, and it was with a feeling akin to exultation that she rehearsed to herself Ingrid's unconscious confession, which had removed her last misgiving from her mind, giving her now the sole right to share his misery, and if he had erred (if so, she doubted not it was in a generous way), to lead him back to the path of righteousness. In the emptiness of her existence she had long yearned for some consecrating mission,—some noble sacrifice, to lift her life out of that narrow round of small needs and cares which drags the lives of most women so hopelessly earthward. She knew now that her prayer had been heard, and with this grand aim before her, she felt strong enough to defy the heart-

less judgment of the world, being conscious even of a fierce satisfaction in the anticipation of its condemnation.

Doctor Van Flint, who, by reason of an unusual accumulation of annoyances, was in an agitated frame of mind, was wandering about restlessly amid the scenes of his Arctic geography, when he saw a well-known form rising out of the dusk and rapidly approaching his front piazza. The fact that Einar had absented himself in an unaccountable fashion during the afternoon, and had not yet returned, had given him great uneasiness. The servant-maid had stated that she had seen him marching up across the fields toward the glen, which under ordinary circumstances would have been natural enough, but in the light of the events of the morning was not quite re-assuring. The appearance of Helga upon the scene was therefore a most welcome relief; if for no other reason, because her presumable anxiety about Einar would offer him an excuse for pouring out the tale of his woes. He was, indeed, too preoccupied with his forebodings to reflect that there was anything extraordinary in the fact of her visiting him alone at this hour of the day.

"Ah, Miss Helga," he cried, as soon as she came into view. "You are a veritable God-send, now as ever. How could you divine that, of all persons in the world, you were the one I especially wanted to see?"

"I came to ask you about Mr. Finnson," said Helga simply. "Is he here?"

"No; that is the very deuce of it," answered he, ruthlessly decapitating an aster which lifted its purple head above the grass-border. "I wish to heaven he was!"

"And do you know where he is?" asked the girl hurriedly, and with an undisguised anxiety which went to the doctor's heart.

"No, not exactly. He was seen this afternoon taking the road up toward the glen. To tell the truth, I feel greatly inclined to go in search of him."

"Oh, let me go with you!" she cried, with a sudden helpless energy. She had striven hard to keep her voice steady; but there was still an alarming quiver in it. Her former dread again came over her, and her confident strength was rapidly ebbing away.

"With all my heart," responded Van Flint cordially. "But I warn you the road is rough. Will you take my arm?"

She grasped his proffered arm with an alacrity which he was not slow to interpret; and without another word they walked toward the back gate, which opened upon a

broad stretch of field rising steeply toward the rocky elevation on the west.

The doctor had always cherished a most cordial regard for Helga, and had even at times persuaded himself that he was mildly in love with her. But, as he had never perceived in her any symptoms which his modest self-depreciation had permitted him to interpret as a response to his feelings, he had of late come to look upon his admiration of her as an amiable eccentricity, which, after all, was insufficient to found any serious relation upon. Moreover, he had persuaded himself that matrimony would present a formidable obstacle to the accomplishment of his one great aim in life—the completion of his "History of Icelandic Literature"; and he had never been able to make up his mind that even his affection for Helga was strong enough to reconcile him to such an interference. And I must do this generous scholar the justice to add that at this moment, in spite of his dangerous proximity to the object of his adoration, he was too sincerely alarmed about the fate of his friend to indulge in regretful reflections as to what might have been.

So they trudged bravely on, each too intensely absorbed in their common dread to find relief in its expression. For a word once spoken becomes, as it were, an independent existence—almost a reality, which, instead of easing the mind anxious for self-refutation, may rather deepen its dread.

The slim crescent of the moon floated along the eastern horizon, pouring forth no profusion of light, but still remotely pervading the atmosphere with its softly luminous presence. The larger planets shone with a misty halo, while the unseen myriads of the heavens were but indistinctly defined through the gauzy woof of cloud which radiated from the zenith downward like a vast aerial cobweb. The fields, already nipped by the autumn frost, showed a long, bleak stretch of neutral brown, shading, where a rising hillock caught the hazy moon-rays, into a ghostly, bloodless green.

After a steady march of half an hour, Helga and the doctor entered a broad ravine, which had always been one of Einar's favorite haunts. The still, bleak walls of rock rose in moonlit, misty silence on either hand, and somewhere beyond those dark recesses among the pines there was a sound of falling waters—not the strong, deafening boom of mighty liquid masses, but a subdued, rhythmic rush, like that of the wind through dense, leafy crowns. Down in the bottom of the

gorge the water broke into a pleasant, contented gurgle; but, suddenly checking its chatty mood, expanded into a dark pool, which cheated the eye with the suggestion of immeasurable depth. Here the beaten path came to an abrupt end, pointing by half a dozen vaguely defined trails into dusky jungles and copses. The wanderers paused and looked inquiringly at each other, doubtful whether to penetrate any further.

"Suppose I shout?" suggested the doctor.

"Wait a moment," demanded Helga, in a whisper. "Isn't that a man sitting on that stone on the other side of the pool?"

"To be sure," rejoined Van Flint joyously; then with a lusty shout: "Hallo, old boy! What the deuce are you sitting and moping over in that stone-heap for? What startling propensities you are daily developing! But if you wish to preserve your incognito, that white hat of yours is rather an injudicious article to wear."

There was a slight noise of rolling stones and creaking branches; then a voice came faintly across the water.

"Is it you, Doctor?"

"Who else should it be? Who but me, I should like to know, would start out on a wild-goose chase for you, at this time of night, with the danger of breaking every bone in his body? No, sir, don't delude yourself; such devotion abides nowhere but in me."

The doctor could afford to be jovial now; the sudden removal of the strain upon his mind made it rebound with excessive energy into its habitual humor. He turned a radiant face upon Helga, and gave her arm a little private pressure, implying a delicious sense of mutual understanding. She, however, was still quivering with agitation, and could make but a feeble response.

"I am sorry if you were anxious about me," the voice beyond the water continued. "I was hardly worth fretting about."

"That is a self-evident truth, my boy. Nevertheless, some people are so queerly constructed that they frequently do what is hardly worth the doing. But if you wouldn't mind the trouble, I should venture to suggest that you assume a more tangible existence, as soon as practicable. In my present mood voices from space and that sort of thing do not impress me pleasantly."

"I am coming. It is darker than I supposed. I shall be with you in a minute."

The stones rattled down over the slope once more and the leafless tops of the

underbrush swayed in the air. Helga clung with a desperate grasp to the doctor's arm, and clenched her teeth tightly as if by some physical exertion to master the tremor which was irresistibly stealing over her. There he stood, tall and beautiful as ever. On seeing her he fell back with a subdued exclamation, then again came forward and with a look of fervid gratitude seized the hand which was hanging listlessly at her side and held it long within his. She would fain have said something to explain the cause of her coming, but she felt sure that she would betray an emotion which in the doctor's presence would be embarrassing.

"Aha, you precious somnambulist," broke forth Van Flint, who for some reason thought it incumbent upon him to appear merrier than he felt. "With what feat of knight-errantry are you going to surprise us the next time? It would be desirable if you would give us notice beforehand, so that we may know what to expect. You seem surprised yourself, it appears. And well you may. Here Miss Helga and I have been risking our valuable lives merely for the sake of ascertaining whether we might still count you among the number of the living. With me, I confess, it was merely a statistical interest, as I shall have to report the condition of my household to the census-taker within a few days. As for Miss Helga, she will have to answer for herself."

"I am very, very sorry," murmured Einar, sadly.

"But since I have trudged this mile and a half at this time of night," the irrepressible doctor went on, "I want to repay myself by catching a glimpse of the falls by moonlight. I have heard people say that the effect is something quite unique. Miss Helga, I fear, is too tired to follow, and if she has no objection I will leave her here in your charge till I return."

And with this hollow device the doctor started off at a cheerful trot and vanished in the mist of the inner ravine. Helga and Einar stood for a while gazing at each other in amazed silence.

"It was very kind of you to come," he began at last with a slight embarrassment in his manner. "I have been thinking of you all day but I never dared to hope to see you again."

"I heard that they were unkind to you," she answered (strive as she might she could not raise her voice above a whisper). "I could not bear to think that you were un-



happy. I know they have been saying horrible things about you and that you must feel it very keenly. But I wish to tell you that whatever they say about you, you will still be the same to me,—I—I shall always believe in you."

There was a painful pause, during which the tumult of her heart became almost unbearable.

"But suppose I was not worthy of your trust?" came at last in a hoarse undertone.

"Oh, I will not believe it. I cannot believe it," she cried, as if determined to refute him in spite of himself. "I could not have trusted in you so long if I had not felt that you were good and true. Why do you say such dreadful things to me? It is not kind of you to treat me so."

She sank down upon the damp moss and hid her face in her hands.

"Ah, Mr. Finnson," she continued, struggling to smother the rising sobs. "There has been so little in my life worth believing in, and I cannot afford to lose my faith in you. But since you have yourself raised the doubt, which was so far from me a moment ago, you must now yourself dispel it. Tell me that your life has been pure and good, and that there is not a word of truth in what they have told me. You know I believe you. Only say it,—it is so easy for you to say it."

"O Helga," he broke forth, falling upon his knees before her, "I would give my life to say it. But I cannot."

"Oh, how cruel!" she murmured, while the sobs shook her stooping form.

There was something deeply moving in the sight of this calm, strong Helga weeping, and weeping for his sake. It stirred the deepest fibers within him,—moved him with sorrow, self-pity, remorse and still with an uncontrollable exultation in the assurance that she loved him. He could have thrown himself down at her feet and cried out against himself for having wrecked this one fair hope, this one inspiring purpose which still had made his life worth having. But now that the hope was irrevocably gone, now that she must despise him, and a life-long separation was inevitable, the impulse to justify himself in her sight rose above all other needs, and with renewed fervor his voice rose out of the moonlit dusk.

"It is this and this only, Helga, which has so long kept me away from you. I have suffered for your sake—ah, God only knows how I have suffered! I would not thrust my soiled life into yours which was

pure. And still what I did, though it may appear black now, was not the cunning, deliberate fraud that it has been represented to be, but a hasty, reckless choosing between two impending evils. I was weak—momentarily weak, and chose the greater evil instead of the lesser. I came here hoping by patient toil and honesty to blot out the stain upon my name, and a hundred times I resolved to reveal my past to you, but once you checked me yourself, and since then some fatal mischance always frustrated my purpose whenever it grew strong within me. And now, since we are once for all separated, I may at least speak to you without restraint, and you will not think me ungenerous for confessing the love which has been my hope and my life ever since the first moment I saw you in the church. It can bring me nothing now, except a deeper misery, a deeper consciousness of what I have lost. O Helga, if you had but known how I have loved you! Now, give me only your hand in parting. I must leave you here. The doctor will be back in a moment and I will go to meet him. And you will—not forgive me, no, I do not ask that—but you will not judge me as others do, not judge me harshly?"

She had risen and now stood tall and erect before him; the tears still glittered in her eyes, but he read no condemnation in them, but a tender affectionate appeal.

"I do not judge you, Einar," she said, in a passionate whisper as he seized both her hands. "I love you."

They stood long hand in hand, gazing at each other with tear-dimmed radiance; then he clasped her tenderly, reverently in his arms and their lips met tremblingly in the twilight. Thus they stood folded close in the first happy embrace, I know not how long.

"O Helga, darling," he cried suddenly, throwing his head back and clasping her face between his palms, "it is too terrible! To think that we must part after this!"

"No, Einar," she answered in a clear voice of decision. "We must not part. Why should you flee from your post? I too have strong shoulders, and if our life will be hard at first we can bear its burden together. You have not told me all yet; but my heart whispers to me what you have left untold. Better to face obloquy and live it down than to flee from it."

"Yes, be it so," he cried ardently. "I have strength enough now to meet whatever may be in store for me."

A loud cough with a palpably artificial quality in it was heard, and presently Van Flint was seen breaking his way through the underbrush with much panting and needless commotion. He held his hat and handkerchief in one hand and his spectacles in the other; the perspiration was pouring down from his bald scalp, drops of water gleamed in his bushy mustache and his coat had a broad rent across the shoulders.

"Ah," he sighed, fetching his breath from the bottom of his lungs and wiping his forehead. "The falls were deuced fine—really a sight for gods, I assure you. You don't know what you have missed, and it is well for you that you never will know. Really," he added with increased fervor, as an incredulous smile stole over Helga's countenance, "I am in dead earnest. It *was* a glorious sight."

The doctor continued with a sort of vindictive energy, which after all was not without a small grain of private amusement, to describe in detail the beauty of the waterfall, determined to establish the fact that his expedition had been a success, whatever they might choose to think about it.

An hour later they were all snugly seated in the tobacco-scented Icelandic study (though out of consideration for Helga the smoking was temporarily suspended) and the host heard with much heart-felt and heartily expressed satisfaction of the little drama which had been enacted during his ramble in quest of romantic sensations. He, of course, feigned unbounded surprise, which he felt to be consistent with the demands of etiquette, this latter institution having, as he thought, been framed with a punctilious regard for the foibles of the feminine character. When the lovers had departed, however, and an exquisitely flavored Havana had attuned his mind to reverie, he could not help feeling slightly vexed at his own generosity; no tragic attitudes, no romantic regret, not to speak of despair. He had evidently not the stuff for a lover in him, not even for an unhappy one.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

#### VOX POPULI.

THE elections passed off without dramatic incidents. The enthusiastic torch-light processions of the past week with their glaring transparencies and promiscuous cheering from a Babylonian confusion of throats seemed a thing of remote antiquity, and the

impartial rain, descended in a cold drizzling spray alike upon righteous Republicans and unrighteous Democrats. There was an occasional enlivening of public sentiment whenever fresh bulletins were displayed at "The Citizen" or "The Banner" office, the contradictory statements of which, if they served no other purpose, at least stimulated the betting which was understood to be very animated in the bar-rooms of the Franklin and the Hancock hotels. There were also later in the afternoon the usual rumors of Democratic corruption, of which, however, nothing more definite could be ascertained than that the chairman of the state committee had telegraphed somewhere that five hundred votes "would settle it," and that an obscure Irishman had called at Norderud's house to inform him that he had sixteen friends who entertained conscientious doubts regarding the merits of the contesting candidates. There was the usual number of partisans of Utopian schemes who hung about the polls, button-holing unsophisticated voters and trying to enlist their sympathies for impossible candidates and still more impossible reforms. There were the ardent neophyte voter with ready-made convictions who deemed the exercise of his civic rights a great and glorious privilege, the pessimistic citizen who believed that the country was going to the dogs—voted a mixed ticket and held it to be a cheap privilege to choose between two evils; the apathetic voter who would have stayed at home and had yielded only to the importunities of partisans and the offer of a free ride, and at last the political manager and wire-puller who besieged the polls from dawn till sunset, thrusting his ticket into your hand and overwhelming you with a deluge of arguments if you appeared for a moment to be doubtful in your choice.

The doctor and Norderud spent the entire day at the office, sending and receiving frequent dispatches to and from their agent at the Republican head-quarters, mostly, as it appeared, of a highly encouraging nature. In spite of this, however, they were both far from merry as they walked home together after the closing of the polls; and Norderud could not refrain from expressing his serious misgivings. He had somehow a kind of feeling that it was going all wrong, he said, but even the worst might be good for something, and after all there was no use in whining. And the next morning when the result became generally known these gloomy forebodings were verified.

Although victorious in the town the Republican ticket had been beaten in the county by a paltry majority of two hundred and sixty. "The Democratic Banner" had its reward.

This fresh disappointment mixed a strong dose of myrrh in Einar's cup of gladness. He was sitting in Mrs. Raven's quaint, rose-scented parlor when the vexatious news was announced to him. The old lady, who felt herself powerless against Helga's placid determination, had turned to him as her last refuge, overwhelming him with blessings, threats and tearful entreaties. But when all appeals to his emotions had proved futile she suddenly bethought herself of a stratagem, and plunged once more into the debate with renewed vigor.

"It is perfectly preposterous for you to think of marrying now, Mr. Falconberg," she said, wiping a tear from a corner of her eye and assuming a severe air of business. "Helga knows no more of housekeeping than the man in the moon, and it will take at least one year if not two to make a decent housewife out of her. Why, she hardly knows the difference between a pie and a pudding. It was only the other day she was going to make pea soup, and instead of keeping the peas (it was hard Russian peas) in water overnight, she waited until the water was boiling and then she stood with a big ladle and stirred and wondered why the peas wouldn't sink. And after two hours of boiling they of course still floated and were as hard as shot. And I nearly broke my poor teeth to pieces in trying to chew them. Now there, Mr. Falconberg, what would you do with a wife like that? It would be a fine household you two would keep together."

"Ah, never mind, Mrs. Raven," answered Einar, smiling with a happy unconcern. "I am quite ready to assume the risk."

"Oh Mr. Falconberg!" resumed the mother, forced once more into pleading, "if you would only be reasonable now and listen to one who is older and knows better than you do. She is such a headstrong child, though it is her own mother that says it, and I have said to her time and again, 'Child, I have said, 'there isn't the man in the world that will put up with the sort of thing that I have to put up with every blessed day of my life.' And you know, Mr. Falconberg,—you have seen enough of the world to know that that isn't the sort of girl to make a comfortable wife for any man to have."

Einar, who was getting a little nervous under this steady bombardment with small missiles, rose from his seat, went to the open piano and began to play an air softly with one hand.

"You know I don't want to be rude to you, Mr. Falconberg," continued Mrs. Raven in a slightly irritated voice and abruptly changing her tactics, "but if you will allow me to say so, you aren't exactly the sort of husband either that I had expected for my Helga. You must remember she is the daughter of a royal Norwegian official and her blood —"

"Mrs. Raven," interrupted Einar, suddenly turning his full, luminous gaze upon the small shrunken face of his interlocutor, "I have not thought of contradicting you on that point. I have not pleaded merit. I have only pleaded my love for her and her generous and faithful devotion to me. And there is something inexorable in such a love, against which your small utilitarian arguments will always remain powerless. I am sorry that we have grieved you, but I can only say that as long as your daughter remains steadfast in her resolve, I shall remain steadfast in mine."

Thus the interview ended, and Mrs. Raven, greatly impressed by the sudden peremptoriness of his manner, left the room with the consoling reflection, that a genuine Falconberg, even though he was no better than he should be, was at all events preferable as a son-in-law to an obscure nobody, whose only distinction lay in the unvarying rectitude of his life. Her experience with her own husband and son, neither of whom had been what you might call a pattern of virtue, had disposed her to be as indulgent toward the foibles of men as she was rigorous toward those of her own sex. Men's lives were so much broader and more complex and their temptations so manifold. It was after all quite excusable in this handsome young fellow with his blue blood and aristocratic manners to fall in love with her Helga, while the latter's devotion for him could only be viewed in the light of an unmitigated folly.

As Einar returned home in time for dinner he found Norderud and the doctor seated together in the study. They both looked prodigiously serious, but he could discover no trace of anger or vexation in the features of the defeated candidate.

"Do I interrupt you?" he asked, pausing at the door, with a questioning glance at the doctor.

"No, no," protested both. "Come in." Einar flung himself down on the sofa, and became absorbed in the contemplation of his boots.

"Finsson," began Norderud with gruff friendliness, "or rather Falconberg, I should say, we are both in the same boat, it seems, and it would be folly for one to try to throw the other overboard. The doctor and I have been talking over your case, and it isn't as bad as it looked to me at first. If I was rather rough on you, you had better not think any more about it. We shall go on with 'The Citizen' as before, and if you care to stay, I shall be glad to have you. You will have to harden your skin, my boy, for you may have to bear some hard hits, at first. But that will blow over, as everything else, and if we all pull together, we shall get into smooth water by and by. What do you say, old fellow? Is it a bargain?"

Einar sat for some minutes struggling with his emotion. He had never fathomed the royal nobility of soul that hid itself behind that rough, weather-beaten countenance. He had never realized so keenly the far-reaching power of his own guilt, had never felt such utter unworthiness in the presence of any mortal man. With a blush of shame burning upon his cheeks, he lifted his head and saw that faint, lovable smile of Norderud's playing about the corners of his mouth. Van Flint was trying hard to look unconscious, as if this business concerned him no more than the man in the moon; but his transparent mask never lent itself readily to such experiments, and a triumphant smile (at first resolutely hidden under his mustache) gradually conquered the neutral territory, until his whole face beamed with pleasure.

"I will make no speeches to you, Mr. Norderud," said Einar, no longer pretending to disguise the fact that he was choking. "But here is my hand. If my friendship and my gratitude are worth anything, they are yours, as long as there is any breath left in me."

"Our friend, the doctor, is a great magician," answered Norderud, inclosing the proffered hand in his cordial grasp. "I have always told him that it was a pity he didn't go to Congress, where his bewildering eloquence might tell on the affairs of the nation, instead of getting moldy by being buried in books where it will have to wait for years before it will reach the light of day."

Einar, who fully understood the drift of this allusion, seized Van Flint's hand and shook it heartily.

"You have been too good to me," he murmured and hurried out of the room.

"I wonder what they mean to do with themselves when they get married," resumed the farmer after a pause. "I understand the young lady is in a great hurry."

"Yes, it must be admitted, she has rather high-strung notions about what she conceives to be her duty. She is determined to have a taste of martyrdom, and I believe she would be sadly disappointed if she should find her married life all smooth sailing. If she marries Falconberg now when his stock is rather at a heavy discount, she may safely count on a few severe snubs on his account, and I know she will accept them with sublime ecstasy. However, it is hardly fair in me to talk about her in that way. I never pretended to deny that she is a most marvelous woman—a miracle of strength, purity and unselfishness. I only mean to say that her ardor has its ludicrous side. I have had some compunctions of conscience both on your account and my own, that we didn't throw Falconberg overboard for her gratification. That would have mixed a larger share of adversity into their matrimonial lot, which I am afraid will now be too pitifully prosperous to call forth all the magnificent wealth of self-abnegation and sacrifice which she has so long been storing."

Norderud sat for a while musing.

"I have been wondering," he said, "whether it would not do to enlarge the cottage and make some timely repairs and then give them the rent of it; or perhaps add the amount to Falconberg's salary. But," he went on with a gesture of comic despair, "that vixen of an old woman would never in the world consent to being made comfortable. I have tried it time and again and she always throws up her hands and screams at me as if I had come to rob her or set the house on fire. She is very much like an imprudent old hen we used to have who persisted in roosting at midwinter in an apple-tree, where she would be sure to freeze to death if she was let alone. But if you tried to take her down and put her into a snug coop, she would scream and kick and scratch as if the very devil was in her."

The subject of this criticism would no doubt have been shocked out of her senses if Norderud's estimate of her character had

ever reached her ears. But she felt too securely lodged on her social eminence to suspect the presence of irrelevant reflections in the minds of those whom she honored with her acquaintance. This evening, however, when the supper table was cleared and the precious silver safely locked up in its hiding-place, her mind was invaded by a strong temptation to pay an unannounced visit to Dr. Van Flint. Helga, who accepted this proposition as a sign that her mother was relenting, lost no time in carrying it into effect, and thus it happened that Einar found himself face to face with his future mother-in-law in the Icelandic study, placidly discussing with her the arrangements about to be made for the approaching wedding. Van Flint, who always treated the old lady with punctilious gallantry, was profuse in his apologies for the all-pervading odor of tobacco, the confusion of books and newspapers and in fact every appointment about his house that might be displeasing to the refined tastes of a lady of distinction. He thereupon beguiled Helga into a debate on the disadvantages of universal suffrage, choosing his arguments chiefly from the events of the campaign which had just closed with such a disastrous result.

While the doctor was yielding to the fascination of listening to Helga's voice, it suddenly occurred to him that he was neglecting his duties as host. The twilight was deepening and her fair face was growing indistinct. He rang for the servant, excused himself and went out to close the shutters. As he opened the door a confused murmur of voices mingled with a discordant noise of metallic instruments reached him from without. The tumult was coming nearer and loud angry voices were now distinctly heard. He stood for a moment peering through the dusk; a dark mass stretching from the garden gate down the length of the street was pushing up toward the house. A tremendous noise of tin pans, kettles and fish-horns suddenly shook the air followed by a hideous chorus of howls and groans. Van Flint slammed the blinds together, sprang in through the door and turned the key. Mrs. Raven rushed toward him white with terror.

"Merciful God!" she gasped, "what is it? Oh, help us, Doctor! Protect us!"

"Be quiet, my dear madam," implored the doctor, though his voice had a tremor in it which was far from re-assuring. "Be kind enough to follow me upstairs into my

aunt's bedroom. She is down at Norderud's to-night, I regret to say. Miss Helga, come. There is no time to be lost."

The host supported Mrs. Raven's trembling form, conducting her up the winding stairs and Einar followed quietly with Helga.

"I am sorry on your account, Doctor," he said, "that this should happen. I am afraid they will ruin your garden."

"My garden!" cried the doctor, in a tone half way between irritation and amazement. "My dear boy, it is not me they are after. It is you. I knew this abnormal quiet must hide some nefarious scheme. But it is not too late yet. You may easily get out without being seen on the back side of the house, and then there is only a few rods to the woods."

"And you think I would leave you here alone with the ladies? No, sir; if it is me they are after, they shall find me."

The shouting and blowing of kettles and horns were now heard right under the windows, and calls for "Finnson" became audible above the confused intermingling of sounds.

"There are several hundred of them," whispered Van Flint, peering through the shutters. "Let me go out on the balcony and speak to them."

"Not while I am alive," cried Einar, seizing his friend by the shoulders and forcibly detaining him. "I am not afraid of——"

A stone, hurled from below, dashed against the blind, and the glass of the window, splintered by the shock, fell in jingling fragments on the floor. Mrs. Raven gave a frightened scream and buried her face in the pillows of the bed where she was sitting. In the twinkling of an eye Einar had raised the window, torn the shutter open and rushed out on the balcony. Helga, to whom this movement was unexpected, was about to follow, but Van Flint caught her in his arms and held her back.

"Oh that this misery should come upon us!" moaned Mrs. Raven.

"Fellow-citizens," Einar was heard shouting, and the noise without momentarily subsided.

"You lost us the election by your d——d fooling," cried a rough voice in Norwegian.

"Quiet!" roared another. "Let him speak."

"Fellow-citizens," began Einar again, and his clear, strong tenor rose distinctly above the tumult below. "Listen to me for



a moment. I know you are angry with me, and you have a right to be."

"Well said, young chap!" some one interrupted again in Norwegian. "He isn't a sneak, anyway."

"I should like to tell you the history of my life that you may yourselves judge of the wrong I have done. You have already heard one side. Now it is only fair that you should hear the other. My father, Bishop Falconberg, was a stern man who valued his fair name above all other things. I was young, and like many another young man I made debt. A Jew bought up all claims upon me and while my father was away, gave me the choice between imprisonment (for you know in Norway people may be imprisoned for debt) and immediate payment. I called upon all my friends to advance me the money, but they all failed me. Then in my desperation to avoid disgrace I did what I have since so deeply regretted. I wrote my father's name on a check and procured the money I needed at the bank. My father would himself have paid my debts rather than suffer his name to be disgraced. Mind you, I do not excuse what I did. I only wish you to know exactly what happened. Then after long wanderings I came here. I longed for a quiet life and useful occupation. I yearned to rebuild my fair name. If I had come and said to you: 'I am a forger from Norway. Please trust me and give me employment,' who would have offered me his hand for a welcome, who would have dared to repose confidence in me?"

"Hear, hear! he is right," cried a voice with a friendlier intonation. "Three cheers for Falconberg!"

The call was but feebly responded to, and Einar continued:

"The way I chose was, perhaps, not the right way, and I regret now, on Mr. Nordrud's account and for your sakes, that I preferred concealment to an open avowal of my past. My life among you during these years has been a life of toil, and if I am deprived of the labor in the pursuit of which happiness has, as it were, overtaken me unawares, I shall have nothing left worthy of a thought. If you cherish hostile intentions against me, then, indulge them if you see fit. Here I stand before you. I shall not try to escape. Away from here, with a long and dreary prospect of a roaming and futile existence—ah! I would rather die here, and die by your hands. I did ruin the election for you;

take your revenge, if you like. And now I have told you all without restraint, not because I cared to exculpate myself, but because I felt the need of speaking. I have been silent too long."

Einar had spoken under an impulse too strong to be repressed by any reflection regarding the nature of his audience. It had not occurred to him that that boisterous crowd, as it stood there before him, unindividualized, a mere dark, undulating mass of humanity, possibly intent upon mischief, was hardly the proper tribunal to appeal to for a vindication of his honor. To him, it somehow represented the large, half-abstract public which he was conscious of having wronged, and in spite of what he had said (and as he himself believed with perfect sincerity), now that he had regained his hold upon life, the need to vindicate himself had grown strong within him. Moreover, a Norwegian mob, even at the worst, is never a formidable affair; and the present one was really quite accidental in its origin. A dozen young fellows, who were rather envious of his good luck in winning, while on the brink of disgrace, the fairest maiden in the town, had assembled in the square with the harmless purpose of giving him a cat-concert. The professional loafers, who were always abundant at that time of the day and eager for any kind of sport, had made common cause with them, and as the company proceeded up Main and Elm streets with jingling of bells, blowing of horns and clanking of pans and kettles, it found its size every moment increasing, like a snow-ball that grows as it rolls. I believe the prevalent emotion in the crowd at the time when Einar had finished speaking was surprise at the dignity with which they had been treated, and having suddenly become impressed with a sense of their own respectability, their original mission was temporarily lost sight of, and the American part of their nature asserted itself in loud demands for more speeches. The doctor was vociferously called for, and at last was forced to respond. In a very neat and well-turned little speech, he supplied much that Einar had left unsaid, and at the outset put the assembly in good humor by addressing it as "My invisible friends," and threatening to commence a suit against the youth of Hardanger in general for the damage done to his flower-beds. When his eloquence had at last exhausted itself, the crowd made its retreat in quite an orderly manner, giving from the

street, as a sort of after-thought, three cheers for the editor, and for the doctor three times three.

An hour later, when Mrs. Raven had recovered from the effects of the shock, the doctor bade his guests good-night, and Einar escorted them home.

Helga, although she had preserved an outward calm, had taken an intense part in the occurrences of the night, and when her mother had entered the house she still lingered with her lover on the piazza, being conscious of that after-quiver of excitement which somehow makes one loth to part without having gathered (as by a *finale* in music) all the tumultuous emotions into a closing harmony. As she was about to speak, footsteps were heard approaching, and presently the tall, clumsy shape of Amund Norderud was seen outlined against the sky. He paused at the gate, struck a match on the sole of his boot, and looked at his watch. Under the strong illumination, his square Norse face, with its pathetic dullness, started suddenly out of the dusk which hovered like a misty aureola about it.

Helga, without knowing why, clung more closely to Einar's side.

After a brief deliberation, Amund opened the gate, and advanced to where the lovers sat hidden in the shadow of the dead Virginia creepers, the skeletons of which were still clambering over the pillars of the porch.

"Good evening, Amund," came the girl's voice out of the dusk.

Amund started back a couple of steps, but collected himself and advanced once more.

"I only came—to congratulate you," he said (faltering a little), in his slow, heavy bass. "I called once before, but you were not at home."

"Thank you, Amund," she answered, cordially, and with her usual impulsiveness, stretching out both her hands toward him.

"I have known that this was coming—for a good while," he said, parenthetically, with a glance at Einar, who had also risen to offer his hand.

"You have been more sagacious than I, then," responded the latter. "I should have been a happier man than I have been if I had had any premonition of what was in store for me. I suppose other folks see those things better than one's self."

"Very likely."

Helga blushed in the dark, but said nothing.

"If I had seen you when I called first,"

resumed Amund, after a pause, "you wouldn't have had any of those disturbances you have had over at the doctor's."

"I am much obliged on Helga's account, for your kind intentions," Einar answered, with a tinge of that patronage in his voice which a happy lover, however deep his pity may be, cannot help feeling for an unsuccessful rival.

"I suppose I mustn't call you Helga any more, now that you are engaged."

The words were thrown out at random into the air, but were evidently meant for Helga.

"Oh yes, indeed, Amund," she responded warmly. "We are old friends, you know, and shall always remain so."

Einar, I regret to say, was not quite generous enough to feel unalloyed pleasure at this reply, but he knew his jealousy to be absurd, and determined to conquer it.

The gate creaked on its rusty hinges, and Amund's heavy footsteps died away into the night.

"Tell me one thing, Einar," began Helga, nestling confidently against him. "I know it is foolish to ask, but you will allow me to be foolish for once. Have you ever loved any woman before you loved me?"

"Never," he replied, with warm emphasis. "How could I, Helga?"

"I don't know, dear. But I thought men usually did—love several times. It was a mere silly vow I once made that I would never marry a man to whom I could not be the first and the last. It is such a dear thought to a woman, you know, that the man she loves is as single-minded—as free from blighting experiences—as she is herself. I suppose it is hardly any merit in a woman like me, who has never been much sought by men. A life like mine, I am afraid, is a fertile soil for impracticable ideals. But," she added, with sudden ardor, "I cling to them still, and it makes me so happy to think that they are, after all, capable of realization."

"Ah, dearest," he murmured, sadly, "do not shame me, now when you know what I am, and—what I have been."

"And why," she asked, with as near an approach to archness as a woman of her type is capable of, "do you not ask me whether I ever loved any one before I met you?"

"Because I know that you never did."

"It is true," she answered, groping in the dark for his hand, till it lay within her own. "I have had my foolish school-girl admirations, but I never loved any one but you."

## CHAPTER XXII.

## CONCLUSION.

THREE years have passed over Hardanger, —slow and uneventful, as the years are apt to be in a Western community which has more than half emerged from barbarism, and is well advanced toward what in the West is called civilization. Outwardly the years have brought very few changes, and the town is yet very much what it was before,—a planless, cuttle-fish-like accumulation of brick and wooden houses, the ramifications of which now hold the whole hill-side, from the forest to the lake, in a somewhat loose and listless embrace. Like every Western town with metropolitan ambitions, Hardanger continues to draw large drafts on the future, and its hopefulness finds expression in a certain speculative ardor in business circles, and in an exorbitant over-valuation of the real estate in the immediate vicinity of the town.

"The Citizen," which has been laboring faithfully for the quelling of the violent partisanships excited by the war, is enjoying a moderate prosperity, and has recently become a daily. Its editor, whose gentle, lovable nature, no less than his sagacity and rhetorical brilliancy, has gained him a wide popularity in social circles, still manages to wield a very weighty influence in public affairs, although he has hitherto stood rigidly aloof from all degrading political affiliations. Every one is ready to admit that it is chiefly owing to his admirable conduct in the late campaign, that Norderud has just succeeded in obliterating the memory of his defeat, and has been returned to the state senate by a very respectable majority. No one dares breathe a suspicion against Einar Falconberg's fair name now.

His old enemy, "The Banner," has gone where all good Americans go—to Paris, where Mr. George Washington Bingham has established some new agency, and, I believe, writes occasional correspondences to leading Democratic journals. A less pugnacious successor, called "The Democratic Thunderclap," occupies the old offices of "The Banner," on the further side of the square.

As for "The Citizen," I would not, of course, assert that it gives universal satisfaction. It would be worth very little if it did. There are, even among the Norwegians, certain constitutional pessimists who look back in mournful retrospect to its early days, and declare with a sigh that "it is not what

it used to be." But it is worthy of notice that these gentlemen are the very ones who, in those days, most vigorously espoused the pastor's cause, and, in spite of their incapacity for sarcasm, attempted to be humorous at Einar's and Norderud's expense.

It was the day after the election. In the parlor of what was formerly the Raven cottage, Einar and his wife were sitting. It was the after-supper hour—the delicious *dolce far niente* hour of the day. The parlor, although still glorying in some quaint Norwegian features, was no longer what it was of old. Some large bay-windows projected on the south and west sides (her oriels, as Mrs. Falconberg is fond of calling them), breaking somewhat the rigid monotony of outline; an open fire-place had been substituted for the old Norse five-storied monster; the territory on the wall formerly occupied by portraits of the royal family had, to the great grief of Mrs. Raven's loyal heart, been invaded by Italian madonnas, chubby-faced angels, and other unevangelical creatures. Helga, who is now the mother of a boy two years old,—the exact counterpart, as she frequently insists, of one of Correggio's cherubs, minus the bassoon,—has changed but little since the days of her girlhood. Her fair face has still the same maidenly freshness as of old, with perhaps that slight softening of expression and contour which the superadded dignity of happy motherhood gives even to the plainest woman. The education of her son is at present her enthusiasm,—the all-absorbing topic of interest and conversation. Her eagerness to perfect herself in this difficult art had led her to the study of Froebel, Pestalozzi, and other educational philosophers, and she bears with the patience of superior knowledge the banter of her husband, who pretends that he is unable to understand what relation these ponderous tomes can have to that tiny fragment of humanity, whose attention seems to be chiefly divided between feeding and sleeping. But Helga thinks she can well afford to be forbearing, because she is profoundly convinced that the right is on her side. She discusses with great gravity the future career of the marvelous boy, quite unconscious that her zeal has any humorous side to it. And Einar, if he were to be candid, would have to admit that, in spite of his occasional ridicule, he is not without sympathy with her folly. In fact, he is secretly of the opinion (and I believe he has confessed it to his friend the doctor), that the fantastic streaks in his wife's nature and the ardor she expends in doing

little things make her tenfold more lovable in his sight, and, moreover, touches with a poetic flush the many humdrum cares which marriage inevitably brings. The most serious difficulty they ever had was occasioned by her enthusiasm for phonetic spelling, which his philological learning led him to oppose with a tinge of asperity. On that question, however, she at length accepted his authority, or yielded to argument. Her present rapturous devotion to the kindergarten system he looks upon as comparatively harmless, and allows her to experiment with the babies of the neighborhood to her heart's content.

If Mrs. Raven's opinion is to be relied on, Helga is as yet hardly an expert in house-keeping. She is too much inclined to take a theoretic view of what she dignifies with the title of "the culinary science," and although her Graham gems and roast beef are above criticism, her more ambitious efforts often come dangerously near being downright failures. In her boldly experimental dishes she has, however, an unerring test by which she may judge whether they are successful or not. If Einar displays an abnormal appetite, and with a suspiciously innocent face demands a second plateful, she knows at once that something is wrong. And in the little *tête-à-tête* in the library which invariably follows, he ignominiously confesses his duplicity, and is, in return, initiated into the mystery of the culinary process; and even if, in spite of this explanation, the dish remains a failure, he generously allows the undeniable beauty of the principle to atone for the meanness of the result.

Helga has often admitted to her husband that the happiness she has found in her mar-

riage with him differed widely in kind, though not in degree, from what she pictured to herself in the ardor of her girlish inexperience. And on this November afternoon, when the deputation of citizens who had come to thank him for his independent attitude in the campaign had departed, she had seated herself on a low stool at his side, trifling with his watch-chain, as her habit was whenever she meant to coax him into compromising confessions.

"Einar," she said, lifting her eyes, still radiant with triumph, to his, "do you remember my saying to you, two years ago, that if you had been instrumental in Mr. Norderud's defeat, you were also strong enough to help him to a victory, which would be so much the sweeter for the taste he had had of defeat?"

"No, really, dear," he answered, with an amused expression. "I don't remember that you ever told me so."

"If I didn't, I at least *meant* to do it," she responded energetically, "I am sure, I anticipated in my thought all that has happened to-day."

Helga, like many a woman whose inner life moves with exceptional intensity, was frequently subject to illusions of this kind, believing that she had heard or said what, rising in her own mind, had impressed itself vividly upon her thought.

"I suppose I ought not to object to your magnifying my share in the victory, darling," he said, stooping over her and gazing at her with eyes full of affectionate pride. "But your own share in it is greater than mine."

"My share? I don't understand."

"Very likely. I mean that a great love is strong to save."

THE END.

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## THE NEW MOON.

WHAT gold-hued shallop in the western skies  
Sinks to the distant hills when day has fled?  
It is the new moon; and to paradise  
It bears, with bellying sails, the last month, dead!

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## A JOURNEY TO A POLITICAL CONVENTION.

It was on the afternoon of a Saturday in June that I started from Jersey City with a dozen of my acquaintances, to see a convention which was to be held at Cincinnati. We had a neat and commodious sleeping-car, which was all our own, and we were not so many but that each man might have a window and two or three seats to himself. Cincinnati would be reached by the evening of the next day. The company numbered some of my best friends. For a good part of the way to Philadelphia the colors of sunset remained in the west. A beautiful light lingered on the rich and level meadows of New Jersey. When one is setting out for any distant place, the senses are apt to be awake. After leaving Philadelphia the beds were soon put up. I got into mine and lay awake waiting for Harrisburg, thinking that I might there catch sight of the Susquehanna, which is nowhere more beautiful than just before that town. I suppose I must have been on the lookout for Harrisburg before we had come within sixty miles of it. The moonlight without was almost like day. Every shadow which fell upon the window I supposed was Harrisburg. I often put aside the curtain, and only to see a ridiculous white shed, which stared at me a moment, and vanished. The splendor of the night gave to the shabby houses so common by the side of railroads in this country, a look of helpless absurdity, like that of sleep-walkers in dishabille. But those noble barns, which slept on the knolls in the deep pastures of Lancaster County, were not absurd, nor the villages, half a mile off, with a dozen red cottages, twice as many apple-trees, and a single rustic turret. I had been long asleep, when I was awakened by the creaking and slow turning of the wheels of the train, and I knew that we had passed Harrisburg and were crossing the Susquehanna just where the Juniata meets it. I looked out, and there lay the river, spreading its broad mirror to the moon. It lay as I had seen it ten years before, as it had lain through all these years, in which my eyes had been occupied with meaner objects.

The stream had come down from a region which had been at one time very well known to me. Sweeping the tall grasses of its bottom, it had flowed downward from the harvest fields of Lycoming and perhaps had

passed that day by sun-down the rose-embowered porches of Northumberland. The Susquehanna is a peculiar river. It is very wide and yet so shallow as to be of little use for navigation. But it is a great stream for flat-bottomed boats, and for long, dark and sounding bridges. These bridges are of wood and are usually black from the rains and the weather. They are very long and are nearly all closed in. Sometimes they are in the form of a bow, the rude stone piers upon which they rest emerging much farther from the surface in the middle of the river than near the shore. These bridges climb along the summits of the piles on which they rest in an often broken curve, or I should rather say, in a polygonal line. They look as if they had been jammed upward by the rising of the middle piers; and this gives them a rickety tenuity which is extremely graceful. Other bridges are straight. I say that they are all closed, and so indeed they appear from the outside, but once within them and they often seem to be very open. The planks gape, giving glimpses of the green water and the dripping rocks underneath. It is from this cause perhaps that the horses as they stumble through them wander from side to side, their hoofs making an unsteady yet deliberate thunder. The cobwebbed roofs are sprinkled with spaces of the blue sky. Through a plank on the upper side, half torn away, you look out into the light-hearted ether and upon the mottled bosom of the stream and see, a morning solitude in which no step of man frightens yonder eagle from the dead branch of that tree by the river-side.

I say that the stream is mottled; this is because the stream is so shallow and the surface takes color from its many depths. It is, I suppose, because of the spots upon the water that the river, to one standing on the bank, appears to wheel; it seems to be revolving about your feet as a center with a radius of its own width. I believe that all streams appear to wheel in this way, but I have never seen the illusion so strong as on the Susquehanna; as the waters swing under the bridges, the bridges appear always to be either moving or just on the point of moving.

The upper Susquehanna is a region which I have not traversed in many years.



But I never, in going southward, cross the river at its mouth, where you look out upon the wide Chesapeake, without remembering that it flows from a land and a people which I once knew and loved. I remember a certain window upon a hill behind a village. I could not from this window see the river, because the village intervened between it and the Susquehanna, but in May I looked over a bower of apple-blossoms straight into the vernal bosom of the mountain opposite. I remember Northumberland, which is one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Here the two branches of the Susquehanna join, the one flowing from the fertile plains at the foot of Bald Eagle Range, the other from the far-famed region of Wyoming. At Northumberland there are islands in the middle of both the north and west branches, and these are joined to the banks by bridges. The walk from bank to bank is not a long one. I remember once walking the distance from bank to bank, late on a peaceful afternoon in June. The sun did not set in the west that day, but all over the land. The air was filled with an ample and brilliant light, and the sky sprinkled with wreaths of roseate clouds. I took that walk amid a bower of color. I followed the road along one of the islands, which seemed to me wonderfully wide, passing a gate-keeper's cottage, and stopping upon the bridge to look down where the water lay under rosy and ethereal vapors and clouds of sunset. I saw this Eden but a single time. It was a scene of light, beauty, and peace, which I can but faintly recall.

But I forget that I am on my way to Cincinnati. I passed that night the country of the Juniata, but on my return saw that verdant and undulating region refreshed by recent rains, the streams all full and the land lying deep-green under a darkened sky. When I rose the next morning the train was already descending the western declivities of the Alleghany Mountains. It proved to be a very hot day. All day long we journeyed through a vast mass of hot and sultry atmosphere. The pores of the cars, it seemed, must ooze under the weather. The train had gone but a few miles of our journey across the valley, when a little stream started up by the side of us and dogged our footsteps nearly the whole of the day. It ran not a dozen paces distant under my window, and was always there. Now and then taking for a moment a reluctant circle about the feet of the wooded

hills, it was soon back again, glittering steadily under my eyes, racing the faster the faster we rushed, and, the more insupportable the hour, spreading the cooler and shallower its web of waters among the stones.

The scenery of southern Ohio was very peculiar and to me very interesting. A forest without underbrush is almost unknown in New England. But as one passes the skirts of these Ohio woods there are no shrubs or bushes to conceal the trunks of the trees. The eye sees far in among their straight and clean ranks until the curious gaze is baffled by the uncertain and ever-vanishing images of the densely peopled interiors. This absence of underbrush gives to the forests a park-like appearance. I have never known any scenery so classical as the glades which border the forests of Ohio and Indiana. Here are scattered great trees with tall trunks. Here the May-apples line the blue-grass. The young Hoosier, in some hour of noonday ennui, when the fruit of the papaw has failed to afford pleasure and occupation, walking among the May-apples, has found on the green stem of one of these weeds a ripe apple, which, on tasting he discovers to be the most paradisiac surprise which he has ever taken in his mouth. He carries on his palate and in his fancy the memory of this elysian refreshment for a whole year. The next spring he sees in the same spot a thousand May-apple blossoms and he thinks that in the summer there will be a thousand May-apples. But when summer comes he finds that in a whole field of plants there is not a single apple. These glades in which the blue-grass is strewn with the May-apples, are, I say, the only spots known to me which my fancy has been able to people with the figures of the old mythology. The young men and women in the many colleges and seminaries of this region write poems and compositions upon the gods and goddesses of Greece, and when, on holidays, they go nutting and picnicing, perhaps carry with them into the woods these ancient stories. The glades are filled with deep shadows and abundant sunlight; the blue-grass sown not too thickly with the trunks of mighty trees might indeed have offered a tender carpet to the foot of Diana.

It was Sunday and the bells were ringing as we went along. Everywhere we saw the evidences of thrift and comfort. Great factories and the immense chimneys of furnaces lined the road. Many a cottage

with red roses before the door and white palings, it was easy to think to be the home of virtue and refinement. Here and there a new and smart dwelling with a fountain and a graven image or two in the garden bespoke the advancing fortunes of some energetic artisan. The farm-houses seemed to be larger and neater than those in the east. During the afternoon we fell in with the Little Miami, which we had on one side or another for the rest of our journey. We passed canoes steered by a girl and paddled by a young man in the bow. In other boats a man and wife and two or three children, out for an afternoon's pleasure, sat watching us until we were whirled beyond their horizon. In the midst of a clear and brilliant sunset we passed a pretty village which is on this river. The people were sitting out in the gardens before their porches or had left their Sunday evening tea-tables to run to the windows to look at us. The sight of such a fine people as we passed all along the road was most consoling to a man bound upon a patriotic mission. I looked eagerly at every face asking: "Are you a competent democrat?" There was hardly one which did not seem to me that of a man who might be a worthy member of a great progressive democracy. I have often thought that everything in this country seems to wear a vulgar air except the people. The boys who sold pop-corn, the men who stood on the platforms as we passed, all appeared to me to be promising and worthy democrats. On the other hand the varieties of the people on the train, being mostly politicians bound to Cincinnati, did not seem to me to be so nice-looking; these persons appeared to my prejudiced eyes to have very impudently mistaken their vocation. I listened to one of them who talked in a very loud and boastful strain. When asked if he thought that that result of the convention which he wished for would really happen, he said: "I don't think anything about it; I know it." This way of speaking I have observed to be very common among American politicians. An energetic prophecy is thought to assist its own fulfillment. Of course, the result which this politician prophesied did not happen.

Political conventions in this country are often held in very hot weather. They crowd to their utmost the towns in which they assemble. The rooms of the hotels have each three beds. The stranger who goes to look on and who is not likely to have ordered his room many weeks before

must usually be content with a top room on the inside. The air is stifling, so that it would be hard to sleep if he were alone; but as the other occupants, in the choice of whom he will not be likely to have a voice, have their own hours, even such sleep as the heat and the close air will leave him will be much broken in upon. The guests, as the phrase is (though in what sense a man is a guest who pays for his entertainment it would be hard to find out), dine almost by platoons. The food is, of course, bad. But were the discomforts infinitely greater than they are,—and the only serious one is that of having to get on with very little sleep,—a great political convention, even to the man who has seen it many times, is a sight which makes it well worth while to put up with them. One sees in the throngs which fill the towns many of the virtues and talents of a successful democracy. One sees also very clearly those peculiarities of our society by which a small minority of the people, totally unfit for the business of governing, are able to have their own way in the face of the public will. If the public attention were always very much awake and greatly in earnest, no doubt the people who rule these conventions would be compelled to obey it. But the public attention is rarely awake, while the persons who control these conventions are sleepless. We talk a great deal of the apathy of our people with regard to political matters; but the public attention has been awake several times within the last few years, or, what would be esteemed awake in some countries. But it is necessary here to feed the public attention upon ozone to bring it to any such condition of vitality as will impress the politicians. Before starting for Cincinnati, we had thought, the country being surely our way of thinking, that the ideas to which we were attached were of some consequence. But the journey taught us our mistake. Even before reaching the town, in our conversations on the way with various persons, we came upon indications which were like the weeds and floating branches seen by Columbus before he sighted the continent. But we were no sooner in Cincinnati than we discovered that our patriotic ideas were of no account at all. The members of the convention had come to make such a president as suited themselves, not to confer as to that one who should be the best or with whom the country would be best satisfied. When any one of them was spoken to concerning the need of better government and better

men in office, the reply was either an impassive stare or a nod of the head which showed that your remarks had not made much impression. There really appeared to be a feeling among them that it was an impertinence on the part of the country and of the press to have an opinion on a subject which was entirely their matter. What was still more singular was the indifference with which they listened to fears concerning the success before the people of the candidates whom they most favored. It was not because they doubted the truth of your vaticinations that they were indifferent, but because they were reckless concerning the matter and did not appear to care whether they were true or not. Their affections and their interests were on the side of one candidate and they were very willing that their party might run its chance of defeat, if at the same time their candidate might have his chance of success. The selfishness of the persons to whom such a grave task had been assigned was perfectly evident; there was no thought of disguising it and no pretense to any higher intentions. I heard "hifalutin" and demagogical talk only in the convention. But the halls and parlors of the hotel were full of people in a perfectly cool frame of mind. Most of them were in such complete ignorance as to what the result of the raffle would be that they hardly thought worth while to hazard a guess. They stood about under a great deal of red and white bunting adorned with the portraits of candidates and the coats-of-arms of the various states; drank lemonade supplied by the committees and continually mopped their brows. Our American politicians are always being introduced to one another. These people were very profuse in their introductions. "Governor, let me introduce to you Colonel —," and similar expressions were constantly heard. Some of them were "very happy" and "delighted," but the greater part did not seem to know one another after the ceremony any better than before. Particular halls and parlors were taken by certain states. The names of the states were over the doors. Alabama was just opposite Minnesota. Men carrying in their minds and recollections widely separate climes and landscapes, jostled one another and conversed in the same language. The looks of all these people were very much the same. A historical writer in describing some great gathering of ancient times can write in this fashion: "There was the rude

Acarnanian, his tunic scarce reaching to his knees; thither came the swart Lydian, his belt," etc. But the constantly increasing homogeneity of the country permits here very little diversity of speech, manners or dress. Here and there was a man from New York or Boston whose frock coat had caught a reflection of the latest rays of Poole. But most of the people wore the "ordinary dress" of an American citizen. There was the rich farmer's shiny broadcloth; there was the gray coat, of a peculiar wooden cut, of the young master of the village store, who last week had retailed eggs and dry goods over the counter of his most familiar bazaar, and who next week would recount in the same place the news of the convention to his customers. The traveler in this country, however, must expect small amusement from picturesque diversity of attire among our people.

Still there was something very interesting to the imagination in the diversities of home and landscape which this crowd represented. But it was when they were gathered together into the great hall of the convention that they looked most like a mirror, a distorted mirror, of our vast land. I obtained one of the stage tickets, and from an elevation behind the platform, in company with some six hundred "distinguished persons," was able to look over the whole assemblage. On the morning of the opening of the convention, I came in from the stage entrance, and at the first sight of the hall felt that pleasurable surprise and elation with which one suddenly sees a vast building filled with a moving throng. The festooned flags and the other highly colored devices about the platform were very agreeable to the eye. The cheap and flimsy character of the decorations was most expressive of the short-lived uses for which they had been put up. You perceived that long before the bunting would be soiled or the evergreens faded, the public act for which the throng had been brought together would have been performed. The event concerning which we wondered and conversed so much, and scrutinized so intently every indication of the oracles, would be an old and stale story in every part of the land before these flags could be put away, this platform pulled down, and these wreaths thrown into the street. The crowd in the body of the hall were standing when I came in. There was a loud murmur of conversation and an incessant moving of fans. When the chairman's gavel had been

long going on the desk, they began to compose themselves leisurely, almost tardily, into their seats; yet they were soon seated. This steady confidence in its capacity to perform that for which it had been convened was one of the most interesting and imposing traits of the great body. There was no need to be in a hurry. Each hour had its special business. To-day a few well-understood steps would be taken, to-morrow a few more. A vote might be reached by to-morrow night, perhaps not till Friday, perhaps not even till Saturday. In due time, a candidate for president would be nominated, and then everybody would go home. But the convention was never so imposing as when the throng sat, black and silent, not a seat unfilled in all the countless and crowded rows, watchful and studiously attentive. In the midst of each group of delegates a staff had been set up, to the top of which was attached a placard bearing the name of their state. This array of pasteboard set on sticks gave one a sense of the great area which the assembly covered, and produced a strong effect upon the imagination and the sympathy. But the convention exhibited the homogeneity of the people of this country,—the “solidarity,” as the learned express it, rather than their diversity. It is true one or two of the orators proclaimed their localities in a decided and original manner. A little fellow from North Carolina who had mounted a chair and wildly waved a paper at the president, on being recognized ascended the platform and in a piercing voice announced to the convention that he was from “the tar-heeled state.” He had black trowsers and the long-tailed broadcloth coat, which, in old days in the South, was considered the most elegant and correct dress possible for a young man. He had also, I think, a green necktie. Another delegate from the far South nominated Mr. Stewart L. Woodford for vice-president, in the name of “the land of the magnolia and the mocking-bird.” But the aspect of the convention demonstrated that one race had filled and subdued the entire country. It was plain that the Yankee could whittle the palm quite as well as the pine. As I looked over the assembly I compared the predictions of Hamilton concerning the relations of the states to the country at large with the spectacle before me. Hamilton expected that the state governments would intercept and take to themselves the regard of the people; that they would shut out

from the view of the people the government at the Capital; that the idea of the central power would be remote and vague, and the idea of the state near and distinct. How plainly do these prognostications bring up before us the changes of ninety years! How like the composition of a school girl do the theories, concerning the future condition of society, of the most intelligent statesmen appear when compared with that subsequent spectacle which progress, necessity and accident have prepared. Hamilton could not foresee the time when a message could be made to travel the distance to the Pacific Ocean faster than the sun; when Cincinnati and St. Louis would be chosen as places for conventions because of their being in the center of population; when the distance from New York to Cincinnati would be twenty-four hours; when everybody would travel, and pretty much everybody would emigrate. Could Hamilton have seen the Centennial, we can imagine him seeking in the mind of each of the millions who visited the Vienna Bakery that clear sentiment of allegiance to his native or adopted state which he predicted must exist. Looking over the heads of the convention it was plain that though the members of that assembly were seated by states and voted by states, the states were to them mere governments on paper or instruments of utility. It was plain that the feeling toward the state among these people was at the most nothing more than that toward the region which afforded them a home; it was merely the inevitable preference of men for their own place. Such a sentiment as Hamilton had anticipated did not at all exist; the solidarity of the people had been accomplished. There was in this crowd a sense of one country, and a sense, not equally strong, it is true, but still sufficiently strong, of one government. In order not to be misunderstood, I should here say that there never was a time when the necessity of local self-government and the necessity of leaving to the states the control of their own internal affairs, were plainer than now. The states, though no longer the objects of a sentiment of patriotic regard, are still, and must continue to be, necessary instruments of utility and convenience.

I have said that you heard very little demagogical talk among the groups around the hotels, nor was there much to be heard in the convention. The convention evidently had such a poor opinion of the notions regarding the need of greater purity and



intelligence in government and such an accurate appreciation of their present weakness that they did not think it worth while to simulate them. The members of the convention who really favored these ideas were but a handful. The great mass had come there with no other intention but to push the fortunes of this or that leader, or to secure for themselves the best possible terms in case a failure should make a compromise necessary. What was the good of pretending to sentiments which were not respected and would certainly not win? I heard one despicable speech delivered by a man not a member of the convention, who had been called out to entertain the assemblage while the committees were preparing the resolutions. He was a dark, full-blooded person, with a powerful voice. At intervals during this man's speech his face would become a deep blue, his limbs would tremble violently and his obese form would quiver as if galvanized. His speech made me think of what sportsmen say of the song of the black-cock. This bird has three distinct notes in the song which he utters as a challenge to his rivals. He constantly repeats these, standing in the early morning, among his hens, under a fir-tree on an Alpine height. It is while he delivers the last of these notes that the hunter must take aim, for during its utterance his rage and passion are so great that he hears or sees nothing. His body trembles violently; froth issues from his beak; his eyes are covered with the nictitating and glittering membrane. I thought of this bird while this orator was speaking. But the black-cock is a noble creature, which, the hour before sunrise, sings its song of love and defiance, in a dark and snowy field among the highest Alps. At an hour and place when there was so much opportunity for wise counsel and patriotic eloquence, this demagogue shouted his false and empty words over the heads of the convention. An upright and cultivated citizen spoke immediately after. There was such evident purity of purpose, generosity and love of country in what he said, his address showed such an amiable contrast with the low views of certain other persons, that the eyes of many of the audience rested on him with peculiar kindness.

This convention was much like other political conventions held in this country. It may be well, therefore, to sum up the truth with regard to it, in a paragraph. It might, perhaps, seem rash so to treat an institution of such influence. But these conventions

are none the more respectable, their manner of proceeding none the less unreasonable and unscrupulous because they control the country. It was plain that most of the members of this convention should have had no place in it. It was plain that the convention performed foolish and unreasonable acts, and that its manner of conducting business was, in various respects, foolish and unreasonable. Office-holders should have had no place in it. In any well-arranged government, no office-holder is permitted to take part in political movements. An office-holder of course desires to keep the office which he has, or to get a better one. When permitted to be a politician, he works for that candidate from whom he has the greatest expectations. The success of his candidate being to him a matter of bread and butter, he works with greater assiduity, and at a greater advantage than any man whose intentions are merely those of a lover of his country, and a friend of progress. Office-holders thus find it easy to thwart the people in the primary meetings, and to send office-holders to the state conventions, who in their turn send office-holders to the national conventions. Were the office-holders kept from meddling with the business of politics, there would be none to thwart the wishes or inclinations of the public in primary meetings and conventions, unless it would be the office-seekers, and a stable civil service would take away from these the hope of reward which makes the motive of their interference. When a reasonable and decent civil service shall have been long enough established, the country will, no doubt, have got control of the conventions, or will have put in the place of them better means of bringing its aid to bear upon the administration of public affairs.

There were, besides, many other persons in this convention who should have had no part in it, because they were too ignorant and were possessed of too limited abilities to assist in the deliberations of a body having such important duties to perform. Do we think every man able to build a bridge? Why, then, should every man be able to govern a country? Many of these people would have been well enough if they had kept to such work as nature had intended them for. They became mischievous when, without any authority except that which accident and the inattention and helplessness of the country had given them, they assumed a part beyond their knowledge and abilities. The convention did very foolish and unrea-



sonable things. The gravest question of the time—one which affected seriously the moral welfare of forty millions of people, the honor of the nation before the world, the future of the country and the future of democracy—was settled scarcely more reasonably than if half a dozen paper slips had been put into a hat and shaken. It was a return to the foolish processes which made Presidents of Polk and Pierce. This plan indeed gave us Lincoln, and events have proved that the choice made at Cincinnati was a fortunate one, but fortune, and not the convention, is entitled to the credit of it. The convention's general manner of conducting business was unreasonable. It was certainly unreasonable if they considered themselves the responsible agents of the country. It was, perhaps, not so unreasonable if they were there merely to hurry through the job which would best suit themselves. A convention is supposed to be a deliberative body. There was indeed some deliberation, but it was altogether concerning unimportant matters. Not the least

deliberation was permitted with regard to the great act for which the convention had been called together. There was not the least opportunity for an interchange of "views," in case any one present had any. Had any speaker wished to give his reasons why it would be more difficult than at any previous time for the party to carry the election, and therefore why a certain course of action should be pursued, there would have been no opportunity to give them. Had there been such an opportunity, I doubt if any one would have dared to say such things. He would have made the convention angry, and the minority to which he belonged would have considered him a marplot and a busybody. No one seemed to represent himself. The convention was, of course, a very powerful body; it could well afford to smile in contempt upon opinions such as these, but these opinions are nevertheless true, and he can have little hope of his country who does not expect them to prevail.

### JOHN ERICSSON.

By the roadside in a mountain hamlet near the iron-works of Langbanshyttan, Central Sweden, stands a pyramid of iron cast from ore dug from the adjacent mines and set upon a base of granite quarried from the hills which overlook the valley. Upon the face of this monument appears this legend:

IN A MINER'S HUT AT LANGBANSHYTTAN WERE  
BORN THE TWO BROTHERS

NILS ERICSSON, JANUARY 31ST, 1802,

AND

JOHN ERICSSON, JULY 31ST, 1803,

BOTH OF WHOM HAVE SERVED AND HONORED  
THEIR NATIVE LAND.

THEIR WAY THROUGH WORK TO KNOWLEDGE  
AND LASTING FAME IS OPEN FOR EVERY  
SWEDISH YOUTH.

The monument is placed at the turn of the road which leads to the village school-house, and, as if to point the "Swedish youth" to the first step in his progress toward "knowledge and lasting fame," it bears upon its reverse side this inscription:

THE WAY TO THE SCHOOL-HOUSE OF  
LANGBANSHYTTAN.

Nils Ericsson was a man of unusual ability, and deservedly held high position in

Sweden as engineer of the canals and railroads of the kingdom, but his reputation is a local one; the name of his brother is familiar to all who have any knowledge of the progress of engineering science during the past half century. The two brothers were sons of Olof Ericsson, a Swedish miner. What is known of him and his wife, the mother of Nils and John, shows that the Ericssons come of no ordinary stock. The father-in-law of Olof was a man of property, but the transmitted property went no further, disappearing in unfortunate investments in silver mines. Thus it happened that to the grandsons fell the fortunate inheritance of poverty, and among John's earliest recollections is that of the seizure of the household effects by the remorseless hands of the sheriff. This occurred when he was five years of age. The wife of Olof was a woman of intelligence and refined tastes, and was intimately acquainted with the light literature of the time.

The early years of John Ericsson were spent among the hardy and industrious people who bring forth from the mines of Nordmark, Faberg, Persberg, and Langban more than one-fifth of the iron ore mined in Sweden. These iron mines are situated in

the beautiful province of Wermland, in Central Sweden, midway between the capitals of the sister kingdoms of Sweden and Norway. In one of the many valleys formed by the sloping mountains of this beautiful region, John Ericsson was born. The inspiration of his genius was found, however, not in the varied scenery of its rocky forests and its glistening lakes, but in the hard, practical life of a people who hide themselves away from the sunlight that they may do their appropriate work in an age of iron and steam. Among the earliest sounds that greeted his ears was the clash of the rude machinery with which the miners worked; among his earliest playthings were miniature machines and tools of his own contrivance. Before he was eleven years old, during the winter of 1813, John had produced a saw-mill of ingenious construction, and had planned a pumping engine designed to clear the mines of water. The frame of the saw-mill was of wood; the saw-blade was made from a watch-spring, and the crank which actuated it was cast from a broken tin spoon. A file, borrowed from a neighboring blacksmith, to cut the saw-teeth, a gimlet, and the ubiquitous jack-knife, were the only tools available for this work.

A much more ambitious undertaking was the pumping engine. The year before, when only nine years of age, young Ericsson had made the acquaintance of drawing instruments in one of the draught offices of the grand ship canal of Sweden, and learned how these instruments were used to lay out the work of construction in advance. Meanwhile, his father had removed to the depths of a pine forest where he selected the timber for the lock-gates of the canal. In this wilderness, a quill and a pencil were the boy's utmost resources in the way of drawing tools. Like Crusoe on his island, he had to begin at the beginning. He made compasses of birch-wood with needles inserted in the ends of the legs. A pair of steel tweezers, obtained from his mother's dressing-case, were converted into a drawing pen, and the same good mother was persuaded, after much entreaty, to allow her sable cloak to be robbed of hair enough to provide material for two small brushes with which to apply the coloring at that time deemed essential in all mechanical drawings. The pumping engine was to be operated by a wind-mill, and here the youthful inventor was at fault. He had heard much about a wind-mill but had never seen one.

Following, as well as he could, the description of those who had had the happiness to view this wonderful machine, he succeeded in constructing on paper the mechanism connecting the crank of the wind-mill shaft with the pump levers, but how to turn the mill to the changing wind he could not divine. Fortunately, John's father made a visit to the wind-mill, and, in describing what he had seen, spoke of a "ball and socket joint." The hint was sufficient; the boy rushed to his drawing table and had soon added a ball and socket joint where the connecting-rod from the driving crank joined the pump lever. With the execution of this drawing began John Ericsson's mechanical career. The plan conceived and executed under such discouraging circumstances by a mere child attracted the attention of Admiral Count Platen, the President of the Gotha Ship Canal, on which Ericsson's father was employed, and one of Sweden's great men. "Continue as you have begun and you will one day produce something extraordinary," prophesied the count of his young *protégé*. Richly has the prophecy been fulfilled.

Ericsson was appointed a cadet in the Swedish corps of mechanical engineers when he was twelve years old, was soon after promoted to *nivelleur* (leveler), and at the age of thirteen was put in charge of a section of the ship canal over which his friend, the count, presided. Six hundred of the royal troops, at work upon this section, looked for directions in their daily work to this child, among whose necessary attendants was one who followed after him with the stool upon which he stood to raise himself to the height of his leveling instruments. The amusements of this boy-engineer are indicated by his possession at the age of fifteen of a portfolio of drawings, made in his leisure moments, giving maps of the most important parts of the grand canal, three hundred miles in length, and showing all the machinery and implements used in its construction. Many important works upon this canal, which opens an inland channel across Sweden from the Baltic to the North Sea, were constructed from drawings made by Ericsson at an age when he might rather have been expected to be found playing foot-ball.

His precocity was not due to any forcing process: it was the normal and healthy development of a mind with which the comprehension of mechanical principles is as instinctive as the perception of the harmonies of color and form to Raphael, or those of

musical expression to Beethoven. This quality of Ericsson's mind is shown by the fact that, when a little later on, he was required to pass an examination in geometry, it was discovered that he was so complete a master of geometrical principles, that he could, without having seen them, repeat all correctly written demonstrations of the textbooks.

It is in this instinctive quality of his mind that we find, not only the secret of the extraordinary success that has attended Ericsson's career of over sixty years as an engineer, but the explanation of many of the difficulties with which he has contended through life. His own mind reaches its conclusions by processes which make him utterly impatient of the slower methods of others; and it has been upon others, and they in authority, that he has had to depend for the opportunity to work out his engineering conceptions; conceptions which have associated his name with more great and revolutionary changes in the departments of naval and mechanical engineering, than are to be ascribed to any other living man. Indeed, Ericsson is so removed from his fellows by the very singularity of his genius for mechanics, that few are aware that he is at the head of his profession—a position to which his works justly entitle him. Though he has given abundant evidence of his ability to influence men, when he seeks to do so, he has succeeded by pure force of intellect and never by courting the arts of popularity. He seeks no one, and those who cannot come to him must be content to pass him by, for no king demands more implicit acquiescence in his authority than he does in the authority of his engineering dicta. Are lesser men slow to perceive, his spirit is not that of the school-master, patient in elucidation, and he leaves them to their ignorance. He has not been, therefore, an easy man for boards and authorities to deal with. They would rather any other man than Ericsson should be the author of the revolutionary ideas he forces them to adopt; and the brains which are large enough to comprehend his ideas in the beginning are few.

It has been his mission in more than one instance to outrage all precedent, to violate all doctrine, and especially in the department of naval warfare, to compel a complete reversal of existing methods. He obliged naval officers to descend from the dignity of their quarter-decks, and go to sea "in a cheese box on a raft"; he persisted in making the propeller a success when the

entire board of the British Admiralty, First Lord and all, had demonstrated that it would be impossible to steer a vessel propelled by a screw applied at the stern. He has been the Jonah, crying through the streets of the great city of existing establishments, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." We doubt not that those whose peace he has disturbed have wished him where Jonah was—in the whale's belly.

Captain Ericsson has lived to be nearly seventy-six years of age; but for this fortunate longevity he could not have witnessed the success of his chief inventions. When he had already passed his half century, his "new system of naval warfare" was first presented to the Emperor Napoleon III. in a letter dated New York, Sept. 26, 1854, and it was not until 1862 that the encounter between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimack* in Hampton Roads compelled the navies of the world to adopt one of the leading features of this system which so shocked conservatism. Some of its suggestions are yet awaiting recognition; but its author's career is not yet ended. Sixty-four years have passed since he entered the service of Bernadotte, afterward King Charles John XIV. of Sweden, and this two-thirds of a century has been full of labor and of accomplishment: yet this man, who "by reason of strength" has reached those years which should be "labor and sorrow," asks no odds of younger men. He is still able to devote to his professional work twelve hours a day and that for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

It was in 1811, the year that Bernadotte became regent of Sweden, that Ericsson made the first scale drawing at the drawing office of the Gotha Ship Canal. In 1815 he made the drawing of the famous Sunderland iron bridge, which his friend Count Platen for years after delighted in showing to visitors. His occupation during the last twenty years has been chiefly sedentary; that he continues able to do as much work at the drawing board as any man, young or old, is due to the fact that he has, for the last thirty-six years of his life certainly, been absolutely faithful to the same correct rules of living which prolonged Bryant's capacity for work to his eighty-fourth year. Like Bryant, as described by his friend Bigelow, his health responds so faithfully to his inexorable loyalty to the principles he has adopted, as to go very far toward justifying Buffon's theory that "the normal life of man is a hundred years, and that it is due, not

to the use but the abuse of his organization if he finds an earlier grave."

Ericsson's career in his native Sweden, though brief, was brilliant. From the position of an engineer upon the Gotha Canal he passed to that of an officer in the army of Sweden, whence comes his title of "Captain." The men under the charge of the young *nivelleur* were soldiers, and the work on the canal was in control of officers of the army, with whom he was brought into daily association. The natural result followed: the young engineer aspired to be a soldier. In spite of the indignant protests of Count Platen, who seems to have understood his genius better than the headstrong youth himself, Ericsson entered the military service as ensign, possibly intending to thus fulfill the parting injunction of the count to "go to the devil." Promotion to a lieutenancy speedily followed; the skill displayed in a map presented to the king as a specimen of Ericsson's ability having secured the reconsideration of an appointment which had been rejected because of the temporary disgrace of the officer recommending it, Colonel Baron Koskull. The appointments of government surveyors being offered soon after to competitive examination among the officers of the army, Ericsson hastened to Stockholm from his station in the northern highlands and entered the lists. As might be expected, after his experience upon the canal, he easily bore away a prize from the examination. Detailed maps of fifty square miles of Swedish territory, still on file at Stockholm, attest his skill and industry in this new employment. Though his work as a surveyor exceeded that of any of his fellows, his energies were not satisfied. He sought an outlet for his superfluous activity in preparing the drawings and engraving the sixty-four large plates for a work illustrating the Gotha Canal. Here his facility of invention was shown by the construction of a machine engraver, with which eighteen copper plates, each of 300 superficial inches, were completed by his own hand within a year. The work stopped with these. The principal reason for not completing the remaining forty-eight plates, which had been purchased, was the important fact that, so rapidly did mechanical improvements succeed each other at that particular period that before the work could have been finished, many plates would have proved worthless.

From engraving, young Ericsson turned his

attention to experiments with flame as a means of developing mechanical power. The interest in these experiments shown by his immediate superior in the army, and the encouragement received from him, led to the invention of a flame engine. One was built which worked up to ten horse power. Its success turned Ericsson's thoughts in a new direction, and he obtained leave of absence to visit England, where he sought a larger field for the introduction of his invention. *En route* to London, he spent a week at Stockholm and participated in the festivities that attended the birth, May 3d, 1826, of a prince, afterward Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway. Once in England, he remained there. His resignation from the army was accepted after some delay, but most reluctantly, and not until he had received his promotion to captain.

Though Ericsson has never returned to his native country it has always retained the first place in his affection and has received substantial tokens of his regard. The motive machinery of the first fifteen-inch Swedish gun-boat was, for example, built by Ericsson at his own cost and presented by him to the Swedish Government as the model for the machinery of a fleet of gun-boats of a novel design, to be maneuvered by hand independently of steam, and carrying stationary turrets. Sweden in her turn has delighted to honor her distinguished son. Various Swedish orders and decorations have been conferred upon him and, besides the monument to the brothers Ericsson referred to above, a special one was erected in 1867 in honor of John Ericsson alone. This monument is a simple granite shaft, eighteen feet high, standing directly in front of the miner's cottage once occupied by Olof Ericsson. It bears this inscription in golden letters:

JOHN ERICSSON

WAS BORN HERE IN 1803.

On the day of its dedication, Tuesday, September 3d, 1867, work was suspended in the mines and iron furnaces, and from all directions the workmen gathered around the house in which John Ericsson first saw the light, the cottage now occupied by the inspector of the local mines. The lakes swarmed with row-boats crowded with passengers; the pathways were filled with foot travelers and the steamers abandoned their customary work of towing coal barges and carried peasants in their holiday garb to celebrate the "gala-day of the Swedish miner's son," famous in two hemispheres.

The band of the "Philipstad Volunteer Riflemen" played the familiar Wermeland air of *Hell dig du höga Nord!* (Hail to thee, thou high North!) The volunteer riflemen blazed with their muskets, and the earth quaked with a subterranean explosion in the Langban mine as the veil fell from the monument, wreathed with garlands of *Erica vulgaris* in full bloom. "Our famous poet, A. A. Afzelius," described "the light fairies protectingly hovering above the cradle of the infant John, and Verdandi, Scandinavia's fair and gracious Norna, born in Valhalla," spinning silk and gold about it. The chief engineer of the mining district, A. Sjögren, from a tribune adorned with flowers delivered the dedication address, and a dinner followed with speeches from persons more accustomed than Mr. Sjögren to large audiences. Dr. Pallin from Philipstad, who proposed the health of John Ericsson, reminded his hearers that seven cities in Greece contended for the honor of being Homer's birth-place. "In those times," said Dr. Pallin, "parish register and certificate of baptism did not exist as at present. We are, of course, enabled to do our work more surely; yet to guard against all accidents we have here placed a record of baptism in behalf of John Ericsson, weighing 80,000 pounds, which cannot easily be rubbed out."

The monument stands on an isthmus between two lakes where it looks out on one side to the bluish mountains, casting their shadows in the waters, and on the other side over a fine cultivated valley surrounded by green hills.

Transferred to England in 1826, Ericsson carried thither little besides his inventive brain, his youthful enthusiasm and determined purpose, and a capacity for work which was in itself genius. Fortune did not attend his efforts to introduce his flame engine; the sea-coal of England was a very different fuel from the pine shavings with which the flame engine had hitherto been fed, and it did not take kindly to its new diet. The coal produced so intense a heat as to burn out its viscera, so to speak: that is, to destroy its working parts. An entirely new series of experiments had to be undertaken. They resulted finally in the completion of an engine which was patented and sold to John Braithwaite. Further experiments, requiring time and money, were needed and some means had to be sought for turning the young engineer's abilities to more speedy account. The records of the

London Patent Office show how rapidly his inventions succeeded each other, and a list of his engineering works during the thirteen years he spent in England, bears testimony to his achievements. Among these works were a pumping engine on a new principle; engines with surface condensers and no smoke-stack, blowers supplying the draught, applied to the steamship *Victory* in 1828; and an engine consisting of a hollow drum which was rotated by the admission of steam, and continued to rotate for some hours after shutting off the steam, at the rate of 900 feet per second at the circumference, or the speed of London moving around the axis of the globe. Apparatus for making salt from brine; mechanism for propelling boats on canals; a variety of motors actuated by steam or hot air; a hydrostatic weighing machine to which the Society of Arts awarded a prize; an instrument now in extensive use for taking soundings independently of the length of the lead line; a file-cutting machine, and various others, are included in this list to the extent of some fourteen patented inventions and forty machines, all novel in design.

On board the *Victory*, the principle of condensing steam and returning the fresh water to the boiler, was first practically applied to navigation, and in the steam vessel *Corsair*, built at Liverpool in 1832, first appeared the centrifugal fan blowers now in use in most of the steam vessels in the United States. In a steam-engine erected on the Regent's Canal Basin in 1834 by Ericsson, steam was first super-heated, and in the *King William* and *Adelaide*, locomotives, 1830, the link motion for reversing steam-engines was first used, the so-called Stevenson link being a modification of this, the original link motion.

Besides all these, Ericsson at this period first introduced into a locomotive built by him the principle of artificial draft, to which we are primarily indebted for the development of our modern railway system. In 1829 the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad offered a prize of £500 for the best locomotive capable of fulfilling certain stipulations. It is well known that this prize was taken by Robert Stephenson with the *Rocket* planned by his father George; it is not so well known that Stephenson's sharpest competitor in this contest was John Ericsson. Four locomotives entered the contest, and according to the London "Times" of fifty years ago—October 8th, 1829—the speed of the others "was far exceeded by that of Messrs.



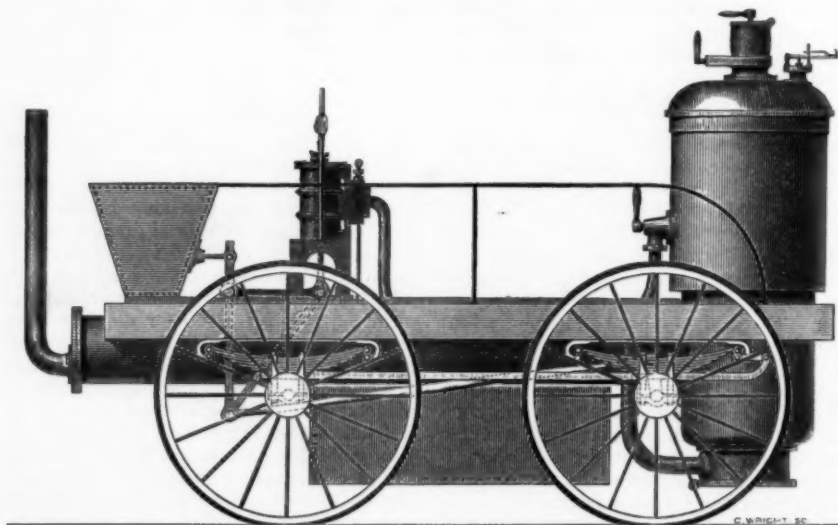
Braithwaite and Ericsson's beautiful engine from London,"—the *Novelty*. This was John Braithwaite, to whose pecuniary assistance Ericsson was greatly indebted in bringing out his inventions at this period. The "Times" continues: "It was the lightest and most elegant carriage on the road yesterday, and the velocity with which it moved surprised and amazed every beholder. It shot along the line at the amazing rate of *thirty* miles an hour. It seemed indeed to fly, presenting one of the most sublime spectacles of human ingenuity and human daring the world ever beheld."

The "Times" might well expend its rhetoric on the *Novelty*. On the issue of that trial turned the future of the railroad system of England. The railroad directors asked for only ten miles an hour; Ericsson gave them thirty. Astonishment for the moment silenced the multitude who watched the experiment, and then their excitement found vent in wild hurrahs. Within an hour, the shares of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad leaped up ten per cent., and the young engineer might well have considered his fortune made. But disappointment awaited him, although he had beaten his rival ten miles an hour. In spite of much adverse criticism, the judges determined to make traction power, rather than speed, the critical test, and the prize was awarded to Stephenson's *Rocket*, which drew seventeen

tons for seventy miles, at the rate of  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. Stephenson's engine weighed 4 tons 3 cwt., Ericsson's but 2 tons 15 cwt. Ericsson was not aware that a prize had been offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway until seven weeks before the day of trial; but the *Novelty* was promptly on the ground on the appointed day. In this brief time all the plans of the unique machine had been made and the work executed,—a feat probably never surpassed, and rendered more remarkable as the structure was pronounced superior in point of finish and proportion to all the competing engines. It is not true, as has been asserted, that the *Novelty* broke down, the only accident that occurred being the splitting of a leather diaphragm of the blowing machine, and the giving out of some pipe joints, which were readily screwed up.

As to the principle of artificial draught, Ericsson was undoubtedly the first to demonstrate the fallacy of the accepted doctrine that a certain extent of surface exposed to fire was necessary for the generation of a given quantity of steam.

The compactness of construction which followed this demonstration led to the employment of steam in ways not before deemed possible; as for example in the steam fire-engine, with which Ericsson astonished London upon the occasion of the burning of the Argyle Rooms in 1829,



LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE "NOVELTY," CONSTRUCTED 1825.

"when for the first time fire was extinguished by the mechanical power of fire." A larger engine of costly workmanship, built for the King of Prussia, by Ericsson and Braithwaite, soon after rendered important service in saving valuable buildings at a fire

engines. The working model of a caloric engine of five-horse power speedily attracted the attention of scientific London. Sir Richard Phillips, author of the "Dictionary of the Arts of Life and of Civilization," Dr. Andrew Ure, Professor Faraday, and others



JOHN ERICSSON.

in Berlin. A third was built for the Liverpool Docks in 1830. In January, 1840, the Mechanic's Institute of New York offered its great gold medal for the best plan of a steam fire-engine, and the prize was awarded to John Ericsson.

In 1833, Ericsson first brought to public notice his caloric engine. In this he sought to develop the theory which has given principal direction to the studies of his lifetime, viz.: that heat is an agent which undergoes no change, and that only a small portion of it disappears in exerting the mechanical force developed by our steam-

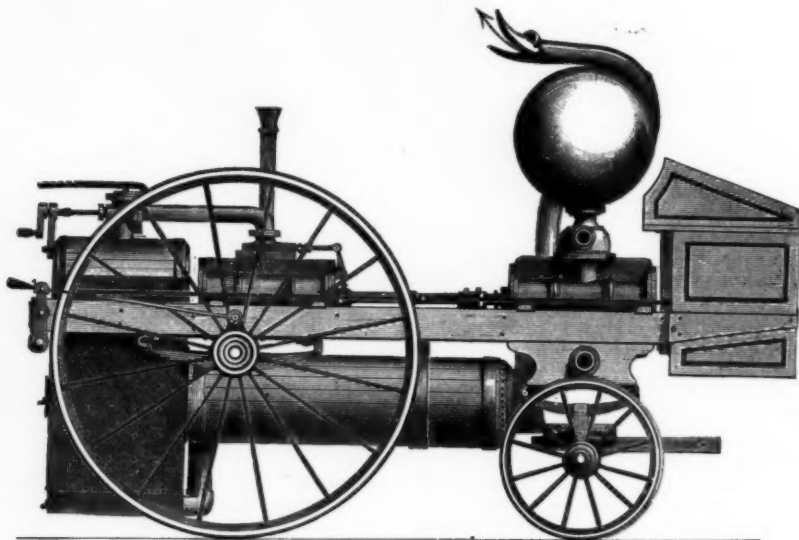
of like authority, at first gave it their approval. Brunel, the engineer and constructor of the abortive Thames Tunnel, visited the caloric engine with the English Secretary of the Home Department. He set his face against it at once, and a controversy with him, into which Ericsson was necessarily drawn, intensified this prejudice. Faraday, who had been announced to deliver a lecture on the new motor, in the theater of the Royal Institution, disappointed both his audience and the inventor by his inability at the last moment to explain the engine. Practical difficulties, relating to durability, in

the meantime developed themselves, and the invention was laid aside, after one farther attempt in an engine of larger size. The endeavor to perfect this motive power was renewed when Ericsson removed to this country in 1839. Several caloric engines were built in succession, each larger than the other. Finally, an experimental engine was produced in 1851, which seemed to be a solution of the problem, and the caloric ship *Ericsson*, a vessel of 260 feet in length, was built at great expense. The result of the experiment is best told in Ericsson's own words: "The ship after completion made a successful trip from New York to Washington and back, during the winter season; but the average speed at sea proving insufficient for commercial purposes, the owners, with regret, acceded to my proposition to remove the costly machinery, although it had proved perfect as a mechanical combination. The resources of modern engineering having been exhausted in producing the motors of the caloric ship, the important question has forever been set at rest, can heated air, as a mechanical motor, compete on a large scale with steam? The commercial world is indebted to Amer-

been encouraged to renew his efforts to perfect the steam-engine without fear of rivalry from a motor depending on the dilation of atmospheric air by heat."

Although Ericsson thus gracefully withdrew this invention from the field of marine engineering, it does not follow that he abandoned it altogether. On the contrary, for the production of a small amount of power under special circumstances, the caloric engine has proved of great service. Improvements in the steam-engine have diminished its value, but it is still indispensable where water cannot be obtained; as for instance in generating the power needed in several of our light-houses. The thirty years of attention devoted to this engine has not been without purpose, and its designer has the credit of succeeding in large measure, in a field where many other experimenters have failed entirely, so far as producing practical results is concerned. At its annual meeting, June 10, 1862, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences passed this vote:

"Voted, that the Rumford premium be awarded to John Ericsson for his improvements in the management of heat, particularly as shown in his caloric engine of 1858."



STEAM FIRE-ENGINE, DESIGNED 1840.

ican enterprise—to New York enterprise—for having settled a question of such vital importance. The marine engineer has thus

Gold and silver medals were prepared in accordance with the statutes of the Academy and presented by Professor Horsford, this

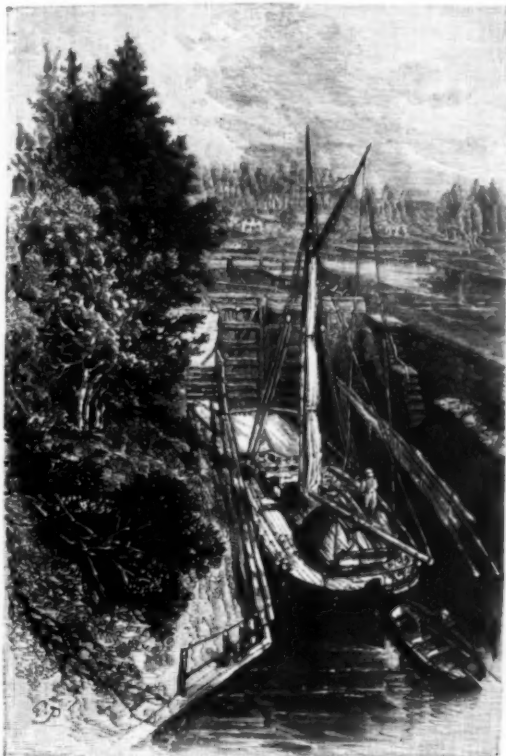
being the second occasion on which the Rumford medal has been bestowed in this country; the first medal having been given to Robert Hare for his invention of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe.

No man has accomplished more with steam than Ericsson; yet he has never altogether abandoned his early idea of employing heat directly as a means of generating mechanical power. The flame engine is among the curiosities of the past; the caloric engine, though a mechanical success, —over 3,000 of them having been built—has not accomplished all that was intended. From the attempts to find a substitute for, or an auxiliary of, steam, in heat artificially produced, Ericsson has turned his attention to the problem of making direct use of the enormous dynamic force stored up in the sun's rays. Not that he expects or intends to supplant steam within its natural domain where the solar energy gathered during the carboniferous period is available for use; but over a large portion of the earth's surface the use of steam is impossible, neither fuel nor water being obtainable. It is in precisely this region that the radiant heat of the sun is the most intense and constant. Now, this heat is wasted, neither producing nor sustaining life, converting what might be some of the fairest portions of the earth's surface into desolate wastes.

"There is a rainless region," says Ericsson, "extending from the north-western coast of Africa to Mongolia, 9,000 miles in length, and nearly 1,000 miles wide. Besides the North African deserts, this region includes the southern coast of the Mediterranean, east of the gulf of Cabes, Upper Egypt, the eastern and part of the western coast of the Red Sea, part of Syria, the eastern part of the countries watered by the Euphrates and Tigris, Eastern Arabia, the greater part of Persia, the extreme western part of China, Thibet, and lastly, Mongolia. In the western hemisphere, Lower California, the table-land of Mexico and Guatemala, and the west coast of South America, for a distance of more than 2,000 miles, suffer from continuous radiant heat."

To make the enormous, and as yet un-

used, dynamic force of this radiant heat available for man's use is the problem to which Ericsson is principally devoting the



LOCKS OF THE GRAND SHIP CANAL OF SWEDEN.

remaining years of his long and useful life. It is in a lofty spirit that he has approached the solution of this great problem. An inventor of less noble instincts might well have his imagination fired by the prospect of adding so enormously to the sum of human capacity, until the idea of mere personal advantage should lose itself in the grander one of public benefaction. Ericsson has resolved in advance that he will make use of the laws for the protection of inventors only to secure to the public what he intends to offer as his free gift to the race. It is a gift for the future, for, as we have said, he does not imagine that his invention can be made available in competition with machinery using wood and coal. But where or when artificial fuel is not to be obtained his solar engine will, he

believes, open new possibilities to human achievement. To any one who will pay the price, he is prepared even now to furnish a solar engine of one hundred horse power. But the apparatus required to gather and concentrate the sun's radiant heat is too expensive to make the engine an economical one, and new conditions must arise before it will be required. Yet the solar engine is, its designer declares, a mechanical success and it needs only such a combination of wood and metal as he shall suggest to make at least possible such a transformation of the now waste portions of the earth's surface that the prophecy shall be fulfilled, and "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The work of training the forces of nature to man's service is to continue until the sun, from whose dread presence he now hides himself away, shall become the slave to till his fields and transform into a fruitful garden "the plain which from its bed rejecteth every plant;" propelling for him the machinery which is to introduce a new, and it may be an even more varied and complex, civilization than we have yet seen, combining the warm fancy of the East with the practical accomplishment of the West. We are merely to follow Emerson's advice to "hitch our wagon to the stars," and Ericsson is to be the Vulcan who is to forge the coupling.

An important computation is made by Ericsson of the mechanical power that would result from utilizing the solar heat on a strip of land a single mile in width along the rainless western coast of America, the southern coast of the Mediterranean, the Nile, the Tigris and Euphrates, the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea,—an aggregate length of land far exceeding 8,000 miles, accessible by water communication. Such a strip, 8,000 miles in length and one mile wide, covers 223,000,000,000 of square feet. As it has been practically established that one hundred square feet will suffice to produce one horse power by the sun's radiant heat, we learn that over 22,000,000 solar engines equal to 100 horse power could be kept in operation nine hours a day by utilizing only the heat now wasted on the assumed small fraction of land extending along some of the water-fronts of the sunburnt regions of the earth.

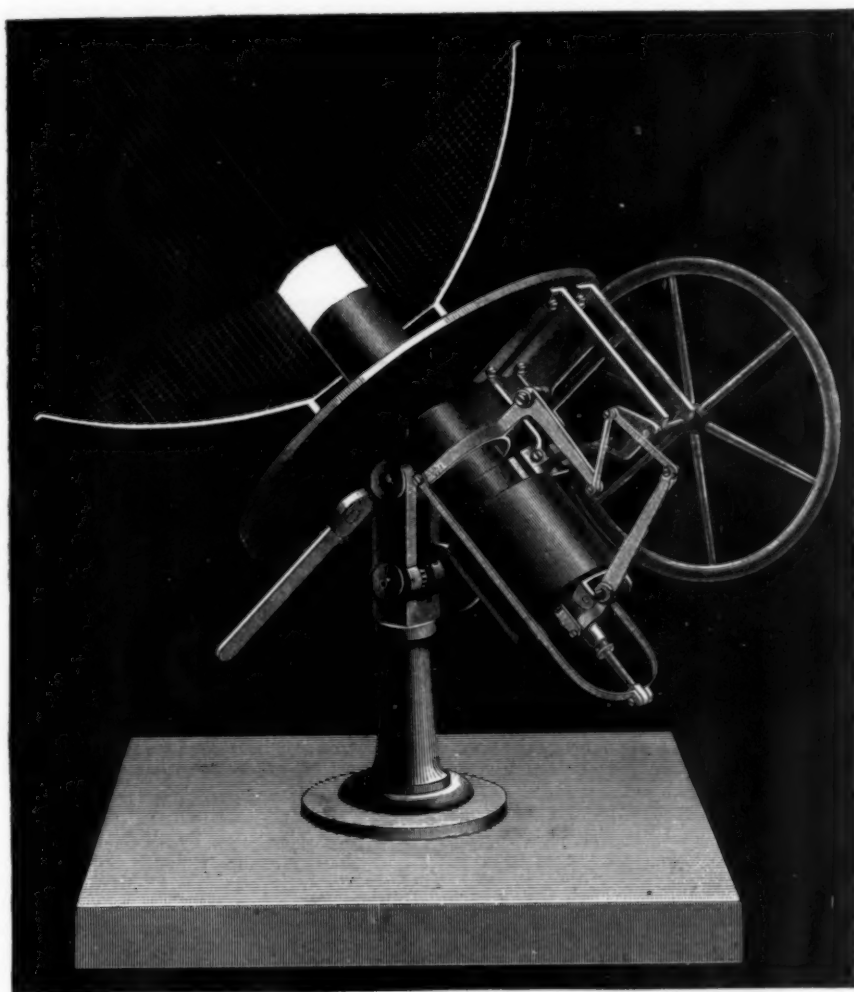
"Due consideration," it is added, "cannot fail to convince us that the rapid exhaustion of the European coal-fields will soon cause great changes with reference to international relations, in favor of those countries which are in possession of continuous sun-power.

Upper Egypt, for instance, will, in the course of a few centuries, derive signal advantage and attain a high political position on account of her perpetual sunshine and the consequent command of unlimited motive force. The time will come when Europe must stop her mills for want of coal. Upper Egypt then, with her unceasing sun-power, will invite the European manufacturer to remove his machinery and erect his mills on the firm ground along the sides of the alluvial plain of the Nile, where an amount of motive power may be obtained many times greater than that now employed by all the manufactories of Europe."

The invention of the solar engine is only an incident of the thorough investigation into the constitution of the sun, to which Ericsson has devoted years of his later life. In this investigation, his unbounded experience as a mechanical constructor has enabled him readily to design the apparatus required for his investigations and experiments, nearly all of which is novel. To begin with, the ordinary thermometer is useless for observations on solar heat. Mercury transmits heat from particle to particle too slowly to give a sufficiently rapid indication; and while one-half of the bulb of the thermometer is exposed to the sun's rays and receives heat from them, the other half in the shade, radiates this heat into space. For the mercury thermometer Ericsson has substituted the "barometric actinometer," in which heat is measured by the expansion of air in a bulb inclosed in a receiver from which the air is exhausted. With this instrument the sun's altitude and the intensity of its radiant heat can be observed simultaneously. Meteorologists will do well, we are told, "to adopt such an instrument in all important observations, since its simultaneous indications of solar intensity and zenith distance enable them to determine the relative amount of vapor present in the atmosphere with a degree of precision probably unattainable by any other means." Again, the accepted theories as to the reflective power of metals had to be set aside and an entirely new series of experiments has re-arranged the metals as follows, in the order of their power to reflect radiant heat: silver 1.000, brass .885, nickel .786, steel .709. On the authority of Laprovostaye and Desains, physicists who followed the thermo-electric method which Ericsson rejects, the relation of silver to brass is given as 1.000 to .978.

These are only illustrations, for it would





SOLAR ENGINE ACTUATED BY ATMOSPHERIC AIR WITHOUT THE INTERVENTION OF STEAM.

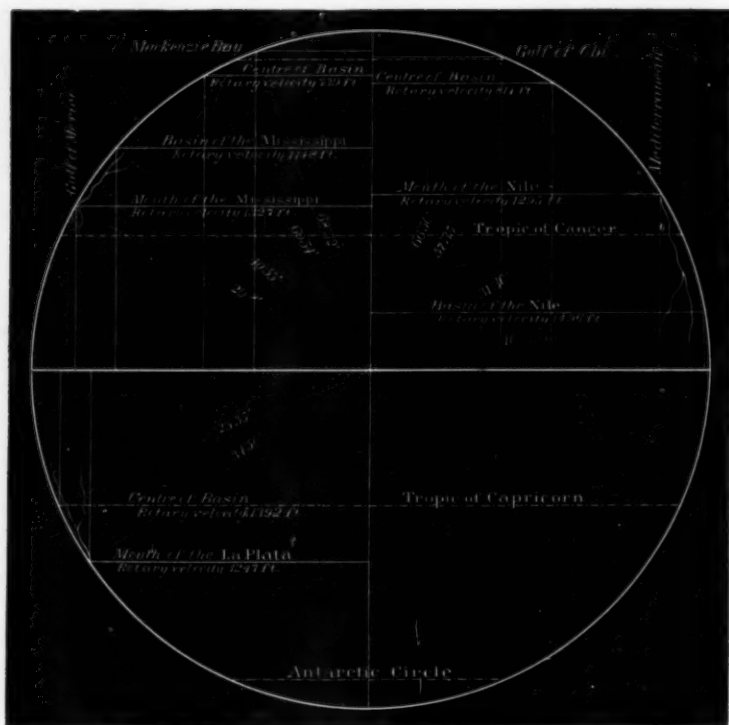
require a separate article to even indicate the results at which Ericsson has arrived, or to describe the novel methods of investigation pursued by him. He has demonstrated, among other things, that the polar and equatorial regions of the solar disk transmit radiant heat of equal intensity to the earth and that the sun emits heat of equal energy in all directions. Secchi attempted to dispute the accuracy of Ericsson's investigations of the intensity transmitted to the earth from various points of the solar disk, but he signally failed, as the readers of "Nature" are

aware. The instrument constructed by Ericsson to solve the problem which the Italian astronomer had in vain grappled with for twenty years, is probably one of the most remarkable known to physical science.

In connection with his study of solar heat Ericsson has made some remarkable computations of the influences at work tending to retard the rotary motion of the earth. "That the hand and intellect of man," he says, "have caused a disturbance of the earth's center of gyration will be deemed a startling

assertion, yet it cannot be controverted in view of the following facts. The millions of tons of matter contained in the pyramids, removed to a greater distance from the axis of rotation by the muscular exertion of the ancient Egyptians, disturbed the previous balance of the rotating mass, causing a tendency to check the earth's rotary velocity and to increase the length of day. Nor can it be questioned that if London had not been built, and if the building materials of Paris yet remained in the catacombs, the

transfer of matter under consideration. A first-class modern city contains upward of a hundred thousand houses; each house contains on an average four hundred tons of mineral matter; hence the total weight of brick, earth or stone, removed from below the surface, exceeds forty million tons,—a mere fraction compared with the weight of the whole of human habitations and other structures raised above the surface of the earth, chiefly by muscular effort. Let us add the weight of material raised from mines



GEOMETRICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE EARTH FOR DETERMINING THE EFFECT PRODUCED ON ITS AXIAL ROTATION BY PRECIPITATION AND THE FLOW OF RIVER WATER.

sun would rise earlier than it now does, though the difference would be small beyond computation. The aggregate of the weight removed from below, and piled above the crust of the globe by the hand of man, is, however, so great that figures are competent to express the extent of the consequent retardation of the axial rotation, while the divisions of our common instruments for measuring distances are sufficiently minute to indicate the expansion of the earth's circular gyration, caused by the

to an increased distance from the axis of rotation by animate exertion, and by mechanical force controlled by intellect."

A more important calculation is that concerning the retarding influence exerted upon the earth by the flow of rivers. Taking the surveys of the Mississippi by Generals Humphreys and Abbot, of the engineer corps of the army, as the basis of computation, Ericsson undertakes to show the extent of the retarding influence produced by the solid and sedimentary matter detached by the

abrasion of rain-water, and afterward conveyed by the currents of rivers nearer the equator, thus farther from the axis of rotation. The Mississippi alone it appears retards the rotation of the earth  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of a second in a century. "Independent of the counteracting force of the tidal wave (hitherto greatly overestimated), the retarding energy called forth by the evaporation within the tropics and the consequent condensation and precipitation in the temperate zones, fully account for the retardation of the rotary velocity—twelve seconds in a century—inferred from the apparent acceleration of the moon's mean motion."

This barely indicates the character of Ericsson's investigations, in the course of which he has expended not only many years of labor, but large sums of money upon the apparatus needed for them. This apparatus, it is interesting to know, is to be presented to the Smithsonian Institute.

Let us return to Ericsson's practical works. Merely to enumerate them with the briefest possible description would occupy a volume. We have before us such a volume, one of 600 liberal quarto pages letter-press, and 67 pages of illustrations, half of which is occupied with the mere description of his engineering constructions since he came to the United States.\* It is true that this includes the experimental apparatus to which we have referred, but it also includes a description of the various naval inventions and improvements in the machinery of war upon which Ericsson's later reputation is based, and which have made his name famous the world over.

Preliminary to these inventions, and even more important, was the introduction of the screw propeller, which we owe to Ericsson, and which has, during the past half-century, completely transformed the mercantile as well as the naval marine. The princi-

ple of the propeller is the substitution of oblique for direct action. Observation of the movement of birds and fishes had convinced Ericsson early in his career that the secret of rapid motion was in this oblique action, and it became his study to apply this conception to mechanics. His demonstrations pointed out that the reciprocating motion in the bird and fish must in machinery give place to a rotary motion better adapted to muscles and integuments of steel and iron. The construction of a model boat two feet long followed. To this two screw propellers revolving in contrary directions on a common center were attached. This boat was launched in the circular basin of a London bath-house and connected by a movable radial tube with a boiler placed by the side of the basin. The steam being turned on, the model screws revolved upon their common center, and the hoped-for result followed; the little craft sped around the circular basin at a speed which was calculated at six miles an hour. The problem was solved, and the inventor was justified in anticipating that transformation of the navies of the world which has followed. By adopting nature's method of producing locomotion by oblique action, he had not only secured a new means of propelling the vessels which navigate the seas, but had provided a means of locomotion for those aeronauts of the "near future," which, in the fancy of our charming poet-philosopher Stedman, have already superseded the clumsy craft that swim the lower seas. Ericsson found, as Mr. Stedman undoubtedly expects to find and will find, that it is easier to satisfy one's self than it is to convince others of the value of original ideas. With what must have since seemed to him very like temerity, he attacked the enemy of prejudice in its stronghold, and endeavored to persuade the most potent lords of the British Admiralty to adopt his invention. He built a boat eight feet by forty, of three feet draught, armed with two propellers of five feet three inches diameter. These carried her through the water at the rate of ten miles an hour, or seven miles an hour towing a schooner of 140 tons burthen. Having with this vessel accomplished the feat of towing the American packet-ship *Toronto* at the rate of five miles an hour, Ericsson invited the Admiralty to a test which seemed conclusive. Steaming up to Somerset House with his little vessel, he took the Admiralty barge in tow and started ahead with her, to the wonder of the watermen,

\* Contributions to the Centennial Exhibition. By John Ericsson, LL.D.; Honorary Doctor of Philosophy of the Royal University of Lund; Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Stockholm; Member of the Royal Academy of Military Sciences of Sweden; Honorary Member of the Royal Scientific Society of Upsala, and member of various other scientific institutions in Europe and America; Knight Commander with the grand cross of the Order of Nordstjernan; Knight Commander of Dannebrog, first class; Knight Commander of Isabel la Católica; Knight Commander of Sanct Olaf; and Knight of the Order of Vasa. New York: printed for the Author at the "Nation" Press. 1876.



PROPELLER VESSEL "FRANCIS B. OGDEN" TOWING THE ADMIRALTY BARGE ON THE THAMES, 1837.

who could make nothing of the novel craft with no apparent means of propulsion. But the British Admiralty had sat on too many a promising invention to be so readily convinced by the mere evidence of their senses. With a consideration which did credit to their humanity, they forbore to crush the hopeful inventor with the proclamation of their wise conclusions. It was not until some time after that he learned incidentally, when the after-dinner conversation of a member of the Admiralty Board

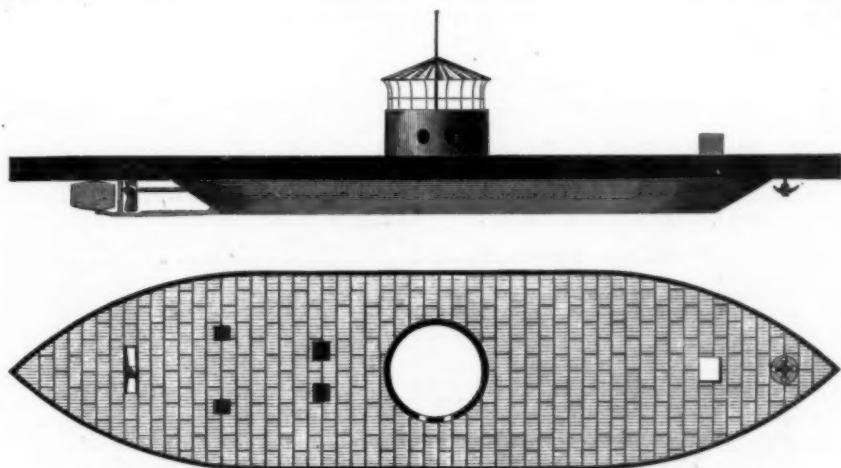
was repeated to him, that the verdict stood thus:

"Even if the propeller had the power of propelling a vessel, it would be found altogether useless in practice, because the power being applied to the stern, it would be absolutely impossible to make the vessel steer."

That bit of oracular wisdom cost England Ericsson and gave him to America! We were fortunate in having as our consul at Liverpool at that day, Mr. Francis B. Ogden, a pioneer in steam navigation on



SIDE ELEVATION AND TRANSVERSE SECTION OF A COMBINED CUPOLA AND TORPEDO VESSEL, DESIGNED 1854.



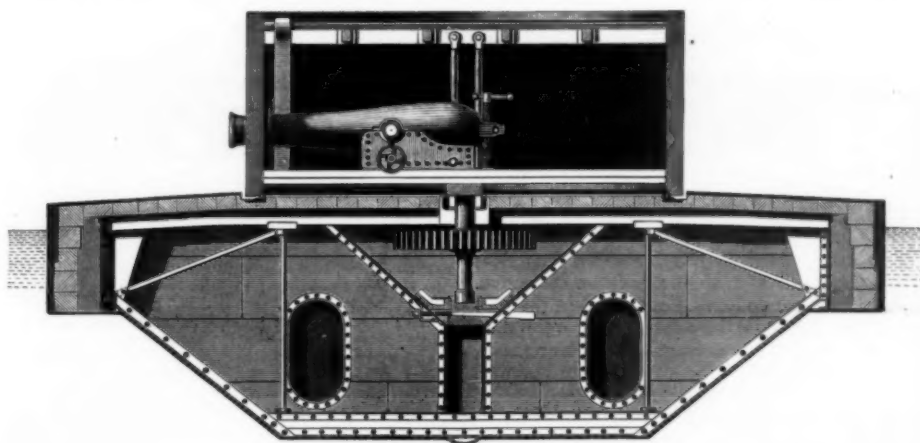
SIDE ELEVATION AND DECK PLAN OF THE "MONITOR."

the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. He appreciated the invention, and through him Ericsson was introduced to another American, Captain, afterward Commodore, Robert F. Stockton of the United States Navy. Captain Stockton was a naval officer, but he did not take his nautical wisdom in such "solid chunks" as the British Admiralty. Seeing with him was believing, and when he returned from a trip on Ericsson's boat, the *Francis B. Ogden*, he at once exclaimed, "I do not want the opinions of your scientific men; what I have seen this day satisfies me." Even before the vessel had completed her trip with Stockton on board,

Ericsson received from him an order for two iron boats on the same plan as the *Ogden*. These boats Stockton's wealth enabled him to build at his own expense.

"We'll make your name ring on the Delaware as soon as we get the propeller there," declared the hearty sailor in an enthusiastic speech at the dinner following the day's excursion in the *Ogden*.

Confiding in Stockton's assurances that the United States would try the propeller on a large scale, Ericsson closed his engagement in England in 1839, and embarked for the United States. Determined to make good his assurances, Stockton besieged the



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE "MONITOR" THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE TURRET.



authorities at Washington for permission to build a steamer from Ericsson's designs and under his own superintendence. Two years' delay and a change of administration intervened between his first attempt and the accomplishment of his purpose. The vessel ordered was the *Princeton*. She was completed in 1844, and under the date of February 20th of that year, John Quincy Adams made the following entry in his diary:

"The House of Representatives yesterday adjourned over until to-morrow on the motion of Isaac E. Holmes, member from South Carolina, for the avowed purpose of enabling the members to visit the *Princeton*, a war steamer and sailing vessel combined, with the steam machinery of Ericsson's propellers, all within the hull of the vessel and below the water-line, and carrying twenty-four forty-two pound carronades and on her main deck two enormous wrought-iron cannon, with barrels of fourteen inches diameter, chargeable with 40 lbs. of powder, and discharging a ball of 225 lbs. weight. This vessel, a gimcrack of sundry other inventions of Captain Stockton himself, was built under his directions, and is commanded by him. She was ordered round here to be exhibited to the President and heads of the executive departments, and to the members of both Houses of Congress, to fire their souls with patriotic ardor for a naval war."

From the launching of "this gimcrack of sundry inventions" dates modern naval warfare under steam; it was the beginning of a new era in the warfare of the ocean. It was a revolution of incalculable importance, and one that has changed the construction of the fleets of the whole world. The semi-cylindric engine of Ericsson's designing developed the power of corresponding British marine engines with one-eighth of their bulk, and this engine was placed with its boilers four feet below the water-line, out of the way of shot and shell, against which the engines and boilers of foreign steamers had no protection. The furnaces and flues were arranged to burn anthracite as well as bituminous coal, and with a great saving of fuel. A telescopic smoke-stack replaced the tall pipe which formed so conspicuous a target for shot and shell, and which could not be carried away without deranging the draught. Centrifugal blowers in the hold, worked by separate small engines, secured sufficient draught to the engines of the *Princeton*. All of these contrivances as well as the propeller, it should be remembered, were then radical and novel features in a war vessel, familiar as they are now to every one who has been aboard such a ship.

As the first steamship ever built with machinery protected from shot by being placed below the water-line, the *Princeton* was the

pioneer in modern naval construction. Nor was this all:

"By the application of the various arts to the purposes of war on board of the *Princeton*," says Captain Stockton, in his report to the Navy Department, "it is believed that the art of gunnery for sea-service has, for the first time, been reduced to something like mathematical certainty. The distance to which the guns can throw their shot at every necessary angle of elevation has been ascertained by a series of careful experiments. The distance from the ship to any object is readily ascertained with an instrument on board, contrived for that purpose, by an observation which it requires but an instant to make, and by inspection without calculation. By self-acting locks, the guns can be fired accurately at the necessary elevation, no matter what the motion of the ship may be." The self-acting lock, referred to by Captain Stockton, was offered to the English in 1828, but was employed for the first time on the *Princeton*, and has since been in common use on naval vessels. The committee of the American Institute said of the *Princeton*:

"Your committee take leave to present the *Princeton* as every way worthy the highest honors of the Institute. She is a sublime conception, most successfully realized,—an effort of genius skillfully executed,—a grand unique combination, honorable to the country, as creditable to all engaged upon her. Nothing in the history of mechanics surpasses the inventive genius of Captain Ericsson, unless it be the moral daring of Captain Stockton, in the adoption of so many novelties at one time."

The sad story of the public exhibition of the *Princeton* at Washington, after a successful trial-trip, is told in another entry in Mr. Adams's diary, under date of February 28, 1844.

"I went into the chamber of the Committee of Manufactures, and wrote there till six. Dined with Mr. Grinnell and Mr. Winthrop; Mr. Pakenham (the new British minister), and his secretary, Mr. Bidwell, were there. While we were at dinner, John Barney burst into the chamber, rushed up to General Scott, and told him, with groans, that the President wished to see him; that the great gun on board the *Princeton*, the 'Peace-maker,' had burst, and killed the Secretary of State, Upshur, the Secretary of the Navy, T. W. Gilmer, Captain Beverly Kennon, Virgil Maxey, a Colonel Gardiner of New York, and a colored servant of the President, and desperately wounded several of the crew. General Scott soon left the table; Mr. Webster shortly after; also Senator Bayard. I came home before ten in the evening.

"29th.—At the House, immediately after the read-

ing of the journal, a message was received from the President announcing the lamentable catastrophe of yesterday, bewailing the loss of his two secretaries, with others, and hoping that Congress will not be discouraged by this accident from going on to build more and larger war-steamers than the *Princeton*."

So tragic an introduction was not needed to direct public attention to the *Princeton*. As Senator Mallory, of Florida, said from his seat in Congress in May, 1858, "This vessel is the foundation of our present steam marine,—is the foundation of the steam marine of the whole world." Ericsson had placed the United States at the head of naval powers in the application of steam power to warfare. What was the reward a grateful country bestowed upon him for this service? He had made the experiment of the *Princeton* at a great cost to himself, and two years of concentrated effort had been devoted to the service of the government. For his time, labor, and necessary expenditures he rendered a modest bill of \$15,000, leaving the question of what—if anything—should be charged for his patent rights, entirely to the discretion and generosity of the government.

This bill was paid at once, of course? Not at all. The present Congress is not the originator of those peculiar economies which consist in making use of sovereign power to treat just claims with sovereign contempt. Ericsson's bill was refused payment by the Navy Department, as was perhaps unavoidable, because of its limited discretion. He went to Congress; a dozen years passed without the slightest progress toward payment. A Court of Claims was at length established, and before this he finally obtained a hearing. A unanimous decree was rendered in his favor by the three judges, Gilchrist, Scarborough, and Blackford. From the Court of Claims, his account was returned to Congress for the passage of the necessary appropriation; there it has ever since remained. Not even the brilliant services which Captain Ericsson has rendered the country while this claim has been pending, have been able to secure its payment. He is an engineer, but not a lobbyist; and this tells the story of his disappointment. Were there any dispute as to the validity of the claim, there might be some show of justice or reason in the delay; but there is none. The American Congress will not appropriate the money to pay it, and that is all. It is said to be the nature of republics to be ungrateful; but must they also be dishonest?

It may be as well to dispose here of the disagreeable subject of Ericsson's treatment by the government, by adding that, for the inestimable service rendered it by over-persuading it to accept the *Monitor*, he has been similarly rewarded. Fifty thousand dollars could be found to pay for some worthless invention which it was supposed might be made use of on the monitors; but not a dollar has ever gone to the designer of the vessel itself. The only pecuniary recognition of his services was in giving him a contract to build six of a fleet of monitors at a price which compelled the contractors for the other vessels of the same class to go to Congress for relief.

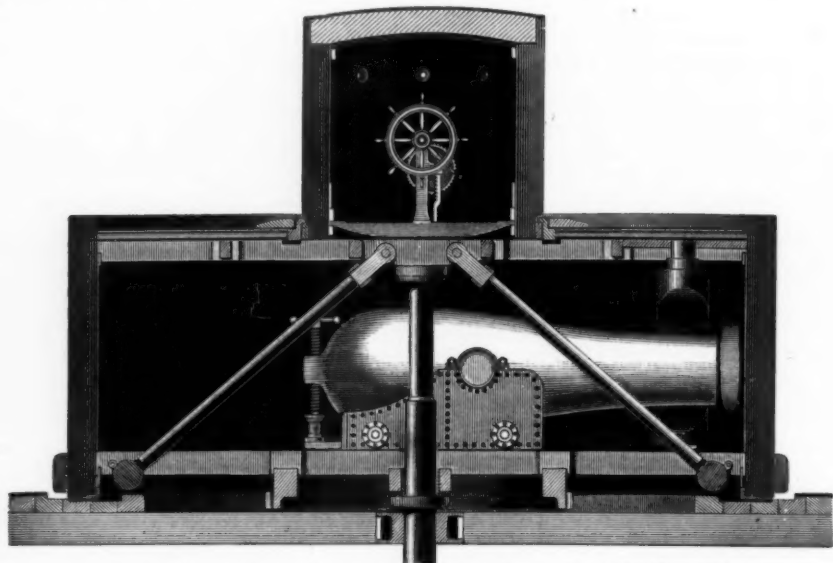
Whether or not Ericsson can, in a strict sense, have been said to have "invented" the screw, which was first introduced into naval constructions by the *Princeton*, there can be no question of the truth of the remark made by the London "Mechanics' Magazine," twelve years ago, that "the undivided honors of having built the first practical screw steamer, the first screw war ship, the first cupola (turret) vessel, belong to John Ericsson. That the screw propeller has been applied to vessels of war is due to the lessons, or rather warnings, that were wafted over the Atlantic. About a year after the launching of the *Princeton*, we got our *Rattler*."

Various nationalities claim the honor of the invention of the screw. At Trieste and at Vienna stand statues erected to Joseph Ressel, on whose behalf the Austrians lay claim to the invention, and patents for some sort of a screw date back as far as 1794. The late "Commodore" Stevens, of New Jersey, is included among the claimants, he having, it is said by Professor Thurston, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, built and worked a propeller in Hoboken in 1812. Leaving the champions of these various aspirants to dispute among themselves, I assert that there can be no reasonable question that, for the practical introduction of the screw propeller as a means of locomotion, we are indebted to John Ericsson.

Ericsson's transfer to the United States was worth a fleet to us, not only at the time, but again, at a more critical period of our history, when he placed us once more in the van of naval progress. No American, from whichever side of the border line he viewed the contest, can forget that dramatic scene when the little *Monitor* made its first appearance in Hampton Roads, on the eighth of March, 1862. The incidents of that mem-

orable contest, in which she took such timely part, have been too frequently told to be repeated here. There is a chapter of her preliminary history not so familiar. In the glamour of his final success, the story of

here included not only the *Monitor*, but also movable torpedoes and a shell not subject to any rotation in the direction of its course, and so contrived as to explode with "infallible certainty at the instant of contact."



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF PILOT-HOUSE AND TURRET. "PASSAIC" CLASS OF MONITORS.

Ericsson's endeavor to secure the adoption of his revolutionary idea for a war vessel was easily forgotten.

The suggestion of the *Monitor* was, as before stated, first made in a communication from Captain Ericsson to Napoleon III. This communication, dated "New York, Sept. 1854," contained a description of an iron-clad cupola vessel which was substantially the *Monitor* as finally built. This will be seen from the comparison of the designs which precede (pages 848, 849 and 852), the first representing the drawing sent to the emperor and the others monitors actually in the service of our government. That this novel suggestion for a war vessel did not escape the emperor's personal attention is shown by the letter of acknowledgment from General Favre, who wrote: "The emperor has himself examined with the greatest care the new system of naval attack which you have communicated to him. S. M. charges me with the honor of informing you that he has found your ideas very ingenious and worthy of the celebrated name of their author."

The new system of naval attack referred to

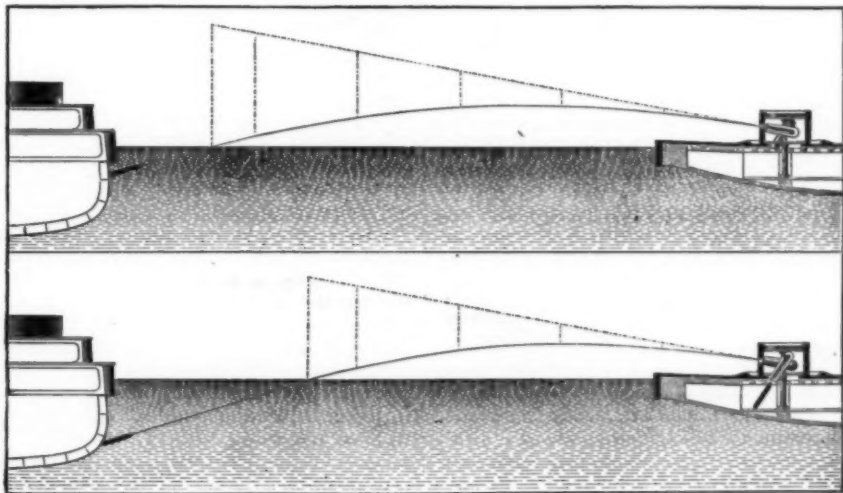
These latter ideas have only within the last year reached their development and have not yet been tested in actual warfare.

For eight years the idea of the *Monitor* awaited its opportunity. That opportunity came when the necessities of war led to the organization at the Navy Department of a board to determine upon designs for iron-clads. This board consisted of Commodores Joseph Smith, Hiram Paulding and Charles H. Davis. The last survivor of this board, Hiram Paulding, has died within the year. Of this board Commodore Smith was president. With his previous experience of the waste of time and patience required to accomplish anything at Washington, Captain Ericsson, who is not, it must be said, like the man Moses, "exceeding meek," would not himself go to the capital to secure attention to his ideas. There were, associated with him, three men of practical experience, great energy and wealth, who had become interested in the *Monitor* and were determined that it should have a trial. One of these was Mr. C. S. Bushnell, of Connecticut. He went to Washington, but failed in the attempt to persuade the iron-clad board that the designer

of the *Princeton* was worthy of a hearing. Nothing remained except to induce Ericsson to visit Washington in person and plead his own cause, with that rude but forcible eloquence which has seldom failed him in an emergency. To move him was only less difficult than to convince the Navy Department without him. At last a subterfuge was adopted. Ericsson was given to understand that Mr. Bushnell's reception at Washington had been satisfactory and that nothing remained but for him to go on and complete the details of a contract for one of his vessels. Presenting himself before the board, what was his astonishment to find that he was not only an unexpected but apparently an unwelcome visitor. It was evident that the board were asking themselves what could have brought him there. He was not left long in doubt as to the meaning of this reception. To his indignation, as well as his astonishment, he was informed that the plan of a vessel submitted by him had already been rejected. The first impulse was to withdraw at once. Mastering his anger, however, he stopped to inquire the reason for the determination of the board. The vessel had not sufficient stability, Commodore Smith explained; in

peculiarity which it has in common with the raft it resembles—its inability to upset. In a most earnest and lucid argument, Captain Ericsson proceeded to explain this. Perceiving that his explanation had its effect, and his blood being well warmed by this time, he ended by declaring to the board with great earnestness: "Gentlemen, after what I have said, I consider it to be your duty to the country to give me an order to build the vessel before I leave this room."

Withdrawing to one corner, the board consulted together and invited Captain Ericsson to call again at one o'clock. Promptly at the hour named he appeared at the Navy Department. In the board-room he found Commodore Paulding alone. The commodore received him in the most friendly manner, invited him into his private office and asked that he would repeat the explanation of the morning as to the stability of the vessel. Between the two interviews, Ericsson had found time to make at his hotel a diagram presenting the question of stability in a form easily understood. With this diagram, he repeated his previous demonstration. Commodore, afterward Admiral, Paulding was thoroughly convinced, and with a frankness which did him great

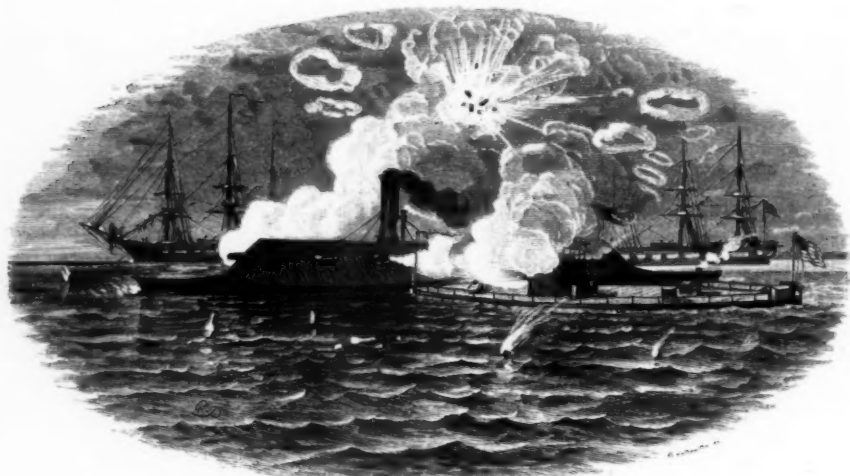


NEW SYSTEM OF NAVAL ATTACK.

fact, it would upset and place her crew in the inconvenient and undesirable position of submarine divers. Now if there is anything which especially distinguishes the *Monitor*, with its low free-board, it is the

credit, said: "Sir, I have learnt more about the stability of a vessel from what you have now said than all I knew before."

This interview ended with a request to call again at three o'clock. Calling at three,



FIGHT BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMACK" IN HAMPTON ROADS, MARCH 9, 1862.

Ericsson was at once invited to pass into the room of Secretary Welles. Here, without farther parley, the secretary informed him that the board now reported favorably upon his plan of a vessel, and wished him to return to New York and commence work upon it at once. The contract would be sent on for signature. Before this contract was received, the keel-plates for the first *Monitor* had passed through the rolling-mill. When the contract came, it was found to contain a stipulation that Ericsson had not expected. If the vessel proved vulnerable, the money advanced by the Navy Department from time to time was to be refunded. Such a guarantee was, perhaps, needed to restrain within limits too enthusiastic inventors, but it was certainly a hard condition, and one which Ericsson, after his experience with the *Princeton*, would not have been disposed to accept, had he known of it in advance.

Thus it happened that the vessel which saved the honor of the government, perhaps changed the issue of the war, belonged, not to the government, but to a private individual, and one who, patriotism apart, had good reason to feel anything but well-disposed toward that government. The last installment of money had not been paid on the *Monitor* when she fought her battle with the *Merrimack*; and had this vessel, hastily put together in one hundred days, failed to stand the crucial test to which she was on the instant hurried, not only would this last

payment have been withheld but the payments previously made would also have been demanded back.

The spirit shown by Captain Ericsson under these circumstances was displayed in his reply to the resolutions of the New York Chamber of Commerce. These resolutions asked "such suitable return for his services as will evince the gratitude of the nation." Captain Ericsson answered: "All the remuneration I desire for the *Monitor* I get out of the construction of it. It is all-sufficient." The grateful nation took him at his word and saved its money to expend on bounty-jumpers and shoddy contractors who were not so easily satisfied.

The results obtained in that contest in Hampton Roads would, as Captain Ericsson contends, have been still greater had his suggestion as to the armament of the vessel been listened to. He urged that he should be allowed to build twelve-inch guns for her instead of the eleven-inch. With a smile of superior knowledge he was told that larger guns were not needed. He asked that he might be allowed to use thirty pounds of powder instead of the service charge of fifteen pounds, but he could not obtain the consent of the Chief of Ordnance, Captain Wise. Thus the *Merrimack* might, as he thinks, have been sunk side by side with the *Cumberland* with a single well-directed shot from a gun of heavier caliber fired with a maximum charge of powder. It is to be remembered, however, that the



possibilities of heavy ordnance were only then beginning to be understood and are yet in process of development. At all events, the *Merrimack* was sufficiently damaged to have no further relish for an encounter with the *Monitor*. She never ventured on another assault and soon after ended her days less nobly than she might have done by becoming a *felo de se*.

The monitors were speedily adopted by Ericsson's native country, Sweden, by Norway, and by Russia. England, with stubborn incredulity, long refused to believe that there was anything worthy of acceptance in this latest Yankee notion. It was not until the double-turreted monitor *Miantonomah* presented herself in English waters, in the summer of 1866,—more than four years after the appearance of the original *Monitor* in Hampton Roads,—that British public opinion finally yielded. Then something like a panic seized upon it. "The plain truth is," exclaimed the "Times," "the United States alone, among the nations of the earth, have an iron-clad fleet worthy of the name." The appearance of the *Miantonomah* was described "as a portentous spectacle." "Round the fearful invention," as the unhappy Englishmen were told, "were moored scores of big ships, forming a considerable portion of the navy of that great maritime power, and there was not one of them that the foreigner could not have sent to the bottom in five minutes, had his mind not been peaceful. There was not one of these big ships that could have avenged the loss of its companions, or saved itself from a like fate. In fact, the wolf was in the fold, and the whole flock was at its mercy."

An English naval officer, Captain Cowper Coles, sought to establish a claim for priority of invention over Ericsson, asserting that his experience in the Baltic and Black seas, in 1855, during the Crimean war, had suggested to him the idea of protecting guns by a stationary shield or cupola, of which he had a rough model made at the time. But Ericsson's letter to the Emperor Napoleon, in which the plan of the *Monitor* was presented in detail, was dated "September, 1854," and that plan included something more than a stationary shield or cupola—the idea of a vessel with sides protected against shot by being submerged in the water, thus securing protection and buoyancy at once. After much persistence, Captain Coles succeeded in persuading the Admiralty to build a vessel on his plan. She was finished,

manned, equipped, and sent to sea with her designer on board. Off Cape Finisterre, Spain, she upset on the night of September 6th, 1870, and went to the bottom with Captain Coles and a British crew of over 500 men.

Thus ended the last chapter in the discussion between Cowper Coles and John Ericsson as to the comparative value of their two systems. Aside from the constructor's fatal error as to stability, which cost England the lives of so many seamen, Cowper Coles's high-side iron-clad was a feeble groping and experimental step in an old path. The *Monitor*, on the contrary, leaped with one bound wholly beyond the beaten track of naval architecture, and in so doing vaulted the obstacles which beset the path of the old model. It was at once audacious and revolutionary in its design, and admitted of no compromise or tinkering, such as Cowper Coles attempted at the cost of his life.

At present, Captain Ericsson's time is chiefly devoted to the introduction of his new system of submarine attack. Having shown the naval world how to build armored vessels uniting maximum resistance with maximum stability afloat, he is now proposing to show them how to abolish iron-clads altogether. Indeed, it is a growing conviction with many other thoughtful observers that the day of iron-clads is fast passing; that the increasing resources of attack will have much the same effect upon armored vessels that the introduction of gunpowder had upon armored men. Again Captain Ericsson leads the advance, and with his torpedo, *Destroyer*, emphasizes the warning he gave to foreign navies with his *Monitor*, which, as he stated at the time, in explanation of the name, would be to the Lords of the Admiralty a monitor "suggesting doubts as to the propriety of completing their four steel ships, at three and a half millions apiece."

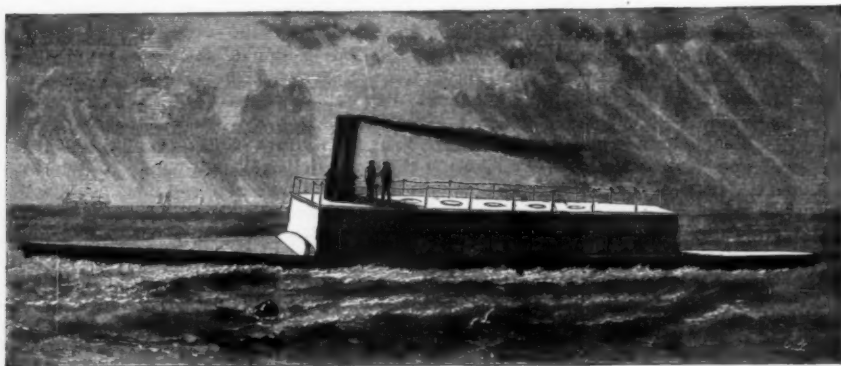
The *Destroyer*, a vessel built at Captain Ericsson's own expense, costing about fifty thousand dollars, is now complete and ready for service. The object of its construction is to overcome the existing defect in movable torpedoes,—the difficulty of guiding them. It is this that has rendered the famous Whitehead torpedo, upon which England has expended so much money, practically worthless. On several occasions it has had opportunity to show its quality, notably during the Russo-Turkish war, and in an isolated contest last year between the English *Shah* and



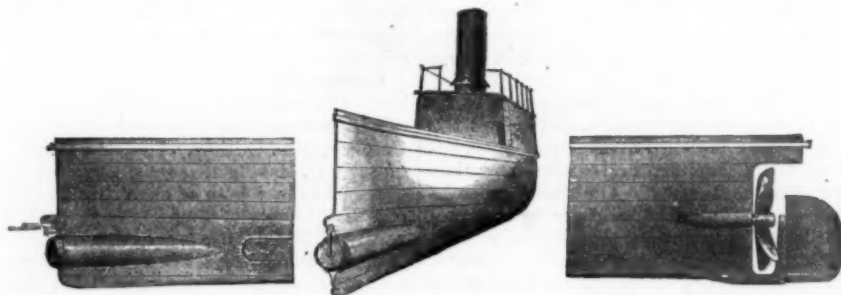
MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" IN A STORM.

the Peruvian *Huascar*, in South American waters. The fact that the much-vaunted Whitehead has thus far accomplished nothing, is one not to be explained away by the admirers of this system of torpedo attack. Its fatal defects are that it cannot be turned from the direction in which it is once started, and that its propulsive force is so slight that light netting surrounding a vessel is sufficient to stop its progress. Its course is marked, too, by bubbles of air at the surface of the sea, which give warning of its approach, and enable a vessel to steer clear of it, as was done in the case of the *Huascar*, which escaped the attack of the Whitehead sent out by the *Shah*. The *Destroyer*,

instead of being an automaton torpedo left to its own uncertain guidance, is a swift iron-clad vessel, manned and directed by a sufficient crew, and excelling in speed any of the heavy armored vessels afloat. It does not seek concealment, but trusts to its invulnerability and speed. Both ends are alike, so that, having discharged the torpedo, the *Destroyer* is able to steam away at full speed by simply reversing its engines. The torpedo with which it is provided has none of the internal mechanism that has proved so delicate and untrustworthy in other torpedoes. Ericsson's torpedo, in reality a submarine projectile, is discharged from the bow of the vessel by means of compressed



SIDE ELEVATION OF THE "DESTROYER" IN FIGHTING TRIM.



BOW OF THE "DESTROYER," THE TORPEDO TUBE OPEN FOR ATTACK.

EXTERNAL APPEARANCE, THE TORPEDO TUBE BEING CLOSED.

SIDE ELEVATION OF THE STERN, SHOWING PROPELLER, RUDDER AND ONE OF THE HYDRAULIC STEERING CYLINDERS.

air. As it weighs 1,400 pounds and has an initial velocity of 164 knots an hour, its momentum is such that it is not easy to see what outer defenses can protect a vessel from being hit by the projectile torpedo. The nozzle of the projectile carries a heavy charge of dynamite, to be exploded by concussion, but so arranged that it requires the resistance of a ship's side to fire the charge. The *Destroyer* is yet in the stage of experiment, except with its designer, who regards it as in all respects *un fait accompli*. Its preliminary trials for speed have been very satisfactory, so far as the intention of the designer is concerned, which was to produce a vessel excelling in speed existing iron-clads. The unimpaired vigor of body and mind which distinguishes Captain Ericsson at the age of seventy-six is illustrated by the fact that all the working drawings of the *Destroyer* have been made, as is customary with him, by his own hand, his assistant merely tracing these drawings for the use of the workman.

When we remember that John Ericsson was a competitor with Stephenson in that far-away period when the steam locomotive made its first essays in England, we realize the impossibility of giving any adequate idea of such a career as his within the limits of a magazine article. No more has been undertaken here than the briefest possible description of works the value and importance of which are most readily understood. Although these works are usually referred to as inventions, it should be remembered that Captain Ericsson objects, and with reason, to the title of inventor, a designation more properly belonging to men endowed with fertile genius but lacking rudimental knowledge, and in most cases ignorant of the first principle of mechanics. Ericsson's knowledge, on the contrary, embraces the

entire range of mechanical philosophy. He is also a profound geometrician, and possesses greater practical experience as a mechanical constructor than any living man. In classical signification, as well as in popular use, the word inventor conveys too, the idea of merely coming upon a thing, of happy conceit rather than of rigid reasoning from cause to effect. Ericsson's results, on the contrary, have been accomplished through a mastery of physical science which entitles him to rank as unquestionably the foremost engineer of our time. Let who can dispute with him this title!

Of the purely personal history of a man like Captain Ericsson who devotes to labor all the time not occupied with eating and sleeping, little is to be told. No one could more completely identify himself with his works; and this man, whose name is intimately associated with the world's most vital material interests, is as far removed from its every-day concerns as the hermit in his cell. His whole thought is absorbed with his scientific and mechanical studies, and he never leaves the roomy old house in Beach street, New York, which is at once his dormitory and his work-shop, except it be for exercise or on some imperative errand of business. Social recreation he has none. He accepts no invitations and gives none; his only visitors are those who have business with him. His time is divided according to rigid rules, which make the most of the twenty-four hours. Among the machinery which he has studied to some purpose is that through which his mental operations are conducted, and he has, as we have said, shown himself able to devote himself to sedentary work for twelve hours a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, for certainly thirty years together, with scarcely the loss of a day. This is explained by

the fact that, since he was forty years of age, Captain Ericsson has followed the most exacting rules of temperance in eating as well as in drinking.

One day with him is like another, so far as its routine is concerned, and this is the routine: he is called at twenty minutes before seven, summer and winter, and rises punctually at seven. On rising, he rubs his skin thoroughly with dry towels, previous to a vigorous scouring with cold water, crushed ice being added to the water in summer. Gymnastic exercises follow before dressing. At nine o'clock a frugal breakfast is taken, consisting of eggs, tea, and coarse brown bread. At half past four he dines, the dinner never varying from chops or steak, a few vegetables, and brown bread and tea again. With the exception of tea, his only beverage is ice-water, and this is partaken of without stint. Tobacco is never touched in any form, and no dissipation whatever in the way of eating and drinking is allowed under any circumstances to vary this anchorite routine.

The hours from dinner-time until ten at night are usually devoted to work, and from ten until twelve Captain Ericsson seeks exercise in the open air. During working hours his time is divided irregularly between the drawing-table and the writing-desk. The day's labors conclude with a record of its events in a diary, which has one page devoted to each day, never more and never less. This diary is written chiefly in Swedish, and has now reached its fifty-seventh volume, amounting altogether to over 14,000 pages, indicating a period of about thirty-nine years. Not a day has been omitted in this period, excepting about twenty days during the latter part of 1856, when Captain Ericsson met with an accident which deprived him of a finger on his right hand, crushed by machinery. It may be added that his bedroom windows are never wholly closed, even during the severest weather, he having mathematically demonstrated for himself that direct communication should exist between the inner and the outer air, "to the extent of a sectional area of fifty square inches." The hall windows of his house are open, too, winter and summer, and none but open grate fires are allowed. Insomnia never troubles him, for he falls asleep as soon as his head touches the pillow. His appetite and digestion are always good, and he has not lost a meal in ten years. What an ex-

ample to the men who imagine that it is hard work that is killing them is this career of unremitting industry!

Captain Ericsson is a widower and is childless. His family ties are through the children of his brother Nils, and those of his sister Caroline, Mrs. Odhner, who died at the age of seventy, leaving two sons, Emanuel and Claes Theodor; both of these sons took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Upsala, the latter carrying off the highest honors of this celebrated university,—no light distinction considering that Upsala has 1,300 students, the *élite* of the Swedish youth. Claes Theodor Odhner is now professor of history in the University of Lund and has published several historical works, the latest of which has attracted much attention. Emanuel died several years ago.

Nils Ericsson, John's elder brother, although a powerful man, physically as well as mentally, died at the age of sixty-nine, from the effects of a severe surgical operation. He was ennobled at an early age, and in due time by royal favor became a baron. It is to his genius and enterprise that Sweden owes her system of state railroads, located with chief regard to strategical purposes, Nils Ericsson being colonel of engineers, as well as chief of the Swedish state railways. On the completion of the western branch of these railways the grand cross of the order of Vasa, set in diamonds, was presented to him by King Charles XV. The road on the eastern side of Sweden he did not live to see completed. Colonel Ericsson had three sons by his wife, Countess Wilhelmina Schwerin, John, Charles and Verner, and one daughter, Hedda, married to Count Axel Mörner. John and Charles entered the Swedish army at an early age, and the latter, led by a spirit of adventure, obtained leave of absence and went to Africa, joining a regiment of French Zouaves about embarking for Mexico. From Mexico he returned bearing the cross of the Legion of Honor and the scars of nine wounds. Soon after his return he was elected a member of the Swedish Diet, in which his father and brothers already occupied seats. The unusual spectacle was thus presented of a father and three sons of the Ericsson family being at one time members of the national legislature.

From this it would appear that the genius of John Ericsson is no abnormal growth, but the healthy product of a rare stock which has in him reached its best development.

THE TENDENCY OF MODERN THOUGHT AS SEEN IN  
ROMANISM AND RATIONALISM.

ROMANISM and rationalism are both of them large subjects. One might better attempt to write a volume on each of them than a brief paper on the two. To touch upon both in the same essay indicates at once its purpose, which is to fasten upon that feature which is common to both systems and to examine it as an index to the tendency of modern thought.

But have they even one point in common? That is the first question, and to answer it requires a brief survey of their respective developments up to their present status. For they would usually be classed, if classed together at all, as action and reaction; as opposite poles of thought having nothing in common, and suggestive of each other only by contrast; associated solely by that extreme difference by which heat and cold, storm and calm recall each other.

Looked at on the surface they appear to be direct opposites. The one claims to be the ultimate form of faith. The other is regarded as the last result of unbelief. The one is still building costly cathedrals for the worship of those who deny reason and rest solely in authority. The other recognizes worship only to criticise it, and resists and resents all authority save the authority of reason. One cries, Give up your private judgment; the other cries, Give up everything else. The one claims to represent God; the other that God cannot be represented, and may not exist at all. The general verdict would therefore be that the only point of contact between the two is the common battle-ground, where they stand defiant of each other and sworn foes.

The fact is, however, that they are in their separate departments both illustrations and exponents of one and the same tendency in modern thought. The one claims to interpret the religious nature irrespective of science, and the other to elucidate science to the exclusion of religion. But there is a oneness of method in both when we carefully scrutinize what each assumes to do and to deny. A glance at their present respective attitudes, and a rapid survey of the steps by which they have gained them will make this point clear.

Both subjects have at different times presented different aspects to men. Let us first glance at Romanism. It has been

variously sought for the sake of its doctrine in reaction from the rigor of Calvinistic theology or for its aesthetic completeness in contrast with Puritan iconoclasm. It has attracted men and women by the pliant force of its varied discipline, as affording refuge to many weary, and new fields of action to many ardent, souls. It has fascinated a St. Francis Xavier and a St. Thomas Aquinas alike. It has charmed the politician by its power over the world, and the recluse by its separation from the world. In the long course of its history, in triumph and depression, it has presented almost every aspect of moving power. By command, by entreaty, by tenderness of appeal, by the menace of assured position, it has alternately awed, won, fascinated or terrified the world into compliance with its demands and submission to its authority.

In the present age, however, the secret of its magnetism has been the question of its authority. The drift toward it has been impelled by its doctrine of the Church. It is to-day not so much what it teaches as that it teaches with a claim to infallible authority, that leads men to enter it. Various subsidiary motives may have mingled largely in producing the convictions of many, but the general characteristics of the tendency of modern thought to Romanism are, I think, best illustrated and embodied in the history of that remarkable man, John Henry Newman, as disclosed in the "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*." In reading those fascinating pages, it is apparent that his longing after Catholic antiquity must logically lead him to submission to the Roman See, because that longing was but a search for a visible absolute authority. Antiquity was not sought as a guide to the present by an investigation of the great underlying principles of the past in order to discover their real power and apply them in new forms to new conditions. It was not studied to gain the key by which to explain present uses or abuses. It was ransacked in order to display its antique garments and ancient manners afresh and establish them as the one absolute pattern of all true ecclesiastical life. The effort was to reproduce a patristic or a mediæval atmosphere, as essential to all true spiritual breathing. An escape was sought from the confusion of modern controversy by claim-



ing as an absolute standard the attainment of a former age. Doctor Newman and his chosen coadjutors seemed to say of God's truth what Job said in his perplexity of God: "Behold I go forwards, but He is not there; on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him." But they reserved one point of vision, and, more fortunate than Job, cried: "Behold if I go backward, I shall perceive Him there." The infallible church, the point of rest, was now placed on the borders of the fourth century, now in that of the eighth, again within the limits of the twelfth. But though men might re-issue the old coin with a certified impress and date as the only genuine metal, it would not circulate as a medium of theological thought in a new and different age from that of its original issue. An anachronism cannot survive. Chain armor, however tempered, cannot resist the impact of minie bullets; no more could an ancient dialectic meet the wants of modern inquiry. Men found that by seeking refuge in the impregnable castles of the Nicene or Ante-Tridentine age, they were not entering modern life with power, but it was passing them unheeding by, just as the trade and travel of modern life pour along the Rhine with a curious and half respectful gaze at the crumbling castles which crown its heights: abodes and fortresses which men enjoy as ruins, but with the spirit of whose life they have no communion, and for which they cherish no regard. An infallible church, in order to be the panacea for all spiritual maladies, must have an infallibility extending into the present age. An infallibility which could cease to be infallible was seen on maturer reflection to be fatally defective. Like honest character, it must be continuous to be real. When, therefore, those who sought in the Church an infallible authority limited it, the logic of the situation compelled them to one of two courses. They must either give up the infallibility or remove the limitation. What Doctor Newman calls the "palmary words of St. Augustine" sounded the anticipatory note of his espousals to Rome. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" The true power must be ever present and co-extensive with human affairs. Infallibility, an absolute quality, could not be put into a finite corner. If it once lived it must ever live. And submission is the only appropriate attitude of fallible man toward an infallible power. Through this gate the Oxford scholar passed within

the cloisters of Rome. Most modern converts have found the same entrance door. Not what is taught, but who teaches, is the anxious question. Divergence of doctrine may be deemed development, and development is right enough if there be a power to develop it. We do not apprehend the force of the tendency of modern thought as regards Romanism, if we do not clearly discern this current. We cannot counteract that tendency by directing attention to practical abuses or theological curiosities. Rome is wiser than her opponents, and she has risen to the true grasp of the subject in emphasizing her infallibility by decreeing, in the council of the Vatican, the personal infallibility of the Pope. For this decree only balances one absolute quality by another. It makes infallibility omnipotent, which, logically, it must be. A general council, from the nature of the case, must be an occasional thing. Its decrees are intermittent and long separated. To meet the constant pressure of need there must be the constant source of an infallible supply. The infallible church, to be effective, must be omnipresent, and infallibility must therefore center in the perpetual Pope. With him as the mouth-piece of the Holy Ghost, the Church has a constant guide. Those who carried the decree grasped the logic of the situation. "To be possessed of one absolute attribute demands the possession of all the others. The infallible church being omniscient in relation to men's lives, through the confessional, and omnipotent in regard to salvation by the power of the keys, must be omnipresent, always ready for any emergency, by the constant presence of the infallible pontiff.

It is evident then that the Roman Church claims to surround men by a visible presence of divine powers at every hour. She claims in her action divine prerogatives, and must therefore be possessed in her nature of divine attributes. Is it not also evident that her doctrine of the Church's infallibility makes that church not so much a witness to an invisible truth and fact, as a substitute for it. She holds the doctrine of God above; but the fact of God, as a power of salvation here, she incorporates into her own life; and to such a degree that as a saving power He does not exist apart from her. "*Extra ecclesiam nulla salus.*" She is the visible substitute for the invisible power: she claims God's prerogatives because she acts in His stead.

Thus in the religious province she follows

the method and acts on the principle so prevalent in the scientific world to-day, that, namely, of substituting the visible for the invisible. The sacrament of the Eucharist is not with her the visible sign of an invisible reality, but the reality itself, though disguised. It is no more bread and wine, a symbol of a heavenly truth, but flesh and blood, a verity for the senses. Faith is called in to vindicate a physical fact in spite of false appearances, not to commune with the invisible presence of what is not physical. Her priests bow before the pyx and chalice and cry, "Behold the Man!" The God of salvation becomes the tangible reality of the senses. All beyond that is only the general power which the soul cannot grasp, and which we must relegate to the kingdom of the unknowable. In Jerusalem, a few years since, at the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a Roman priest said to me, in reply to an expression of mine as to my belief in God's presence here as everywhere: "Yes, he is present everywhere as a general power, but not as a Savior. We have Him there, locked up in the tabernacle of the altar; He cannot escape us."

As faith in relation to the sacrament is turned thus from a trust in the unseen to a belief in the sight of it, so the sense of forgiveness is not repose on the mercy of an inward monitor, but acceptance of the spoken word of an outward minister. In regard to the truth, faith, in this system, is turned into an intellectual submission to dogma, instead of a moral grasp upon the truth which underlies and gives rise to the scientific dogmatic expression. Faith, according to the catechism of the Council of Trent, is the faculty "by virtue of which we hold that to be a settled point which the authority of our Holy Mother the Church warrants to have been handed down by God." So far forth, the object of faith is the visible form of statement rather than the invisible reality which lies behind it. Only as such can we understand the canon (xxviii) founded on the decree of the Tridentine Council, that "If any one shall say that when grace has been lost by sin, faith also is always lost at the same time; or that the faith which remains is not real faith albeit not living; or that he who hath faith without charity is no Christian; let him be accursed." We find the confirmation in the other canon (xii) which says, "If any one shall say that justifying faith is nothing else than trust in the divine mercy which re-

mitteth sins for Christ's sake \* \* \* let him be accursed." The answer of a devout Romanist to the question "Do you believe so and so?" is "I believe it implicitly, *i.e.*, if the Church teaches it I believe it." His active faith is really in the Church which declares something to be an object of faith. "A man," says Dr. Newman in his "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," "must simply believe that the Church is the oracle of God. When a man has become a Catholic, were he to set about following out a doubt which has occurred to him, he has already disbelieved. He is not in danger of losing his faith; he *has* lost it. \* \* \* Let a man cease to inquire, or cease to call himself her (the Church's) child." "That Protestants complain of this as tyranny shows they do not know what faith is." No, we answer, not such faith as this, for it reads the apostle's definition backward and makes it say, "Faith is the evidence of things seen, the substance of things possessed." In fine, the visible Church, in the Roman view of it, takes the place of the invisible Christ. It executes his functions and stands in his stead. Submission to its dogmas, and obedience to its injunctions are the test of allegiance to God, because God for the soul exists only in these. The visible thus comes to usurp the place of the invisible.

Hence we see that in the religious province, the Roman doctrine of the infallible church ministers to the same tendency of modern thought, which in the world of science and philosophy, confines the mind to the physical universe, and denies both the possibility and validity of any knowledge which the senses may not start or test.

This is the tendency of modern thought as evinced by rationalism. For rationalism like Romanism has passed through many phases. Its tendencies display themselves more clearly as they are more fully developed. As modern Romanism is illustrated by John Henry Newman, rationalism may be traced in its later phases in the career of David Friederic Strauss in Germany, or of Miss Harriet Martineau in England, to take both a scientific and a popular illustration. Its latest feature is its exclusive claim on behalf of mere naturalism. It comes clearly to light in the writings and autobiography of John Stuart Mill, and in the numerous philosophical works of Mr. Herbert Spencer; in the historical treatises of Henry Thomas Buckle, and the brilliant essays of M. Taine. It is fostered in the scientific works of

Messrs. Tyndall, Huxley and Darwin. The more popular writers, like Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who would leave some safety valve for the escape of religious feeling, divorce it entirely from any historical revelation. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who wishes it understood that he writes in the interests of religion, relegates all theology to the realm of the unknown and unverifiable, and places all emphasis on visible conduct. One principle rules in all these manifold forms of modern thought, viz., exclusive reliance on that which is seen; neglect or scorn of that which is not seen; in history it may seek like Mr. Buckle to reduce civilization to a question of weights and measures, or of climate and food,—or, as some one has wittily parodied his system, it may say:

"I believe in steam and rice,  
Not in virtue or in vice;  
In a stated course of crimes,  
In Macaulay and 'The Times';  
Morals are a vain illusion  
Leading only to confusion.  
Would we learn what we should do,  
We must watch the kangaroo.  
Would we know the mental march,  
It depends on dates and starch.  
I believe in all the gases  
As a means to raise the masses.  
Carbon animates ambition,  
Oxygen controls volition;  
Whate'er is great or good in men,  
May be found in hydrogen,  
And the body, not the soul,  
Governs the unfettered whole."

With Mr. Mill it may seek to reduce duty to the dictates of utility, or with Mr. Spencer to resolve conscience into the play of the social instincts; it may take its stand on the gelatinous protoplasm, or wrap itself about with the nebular hypothesis which it unwraps into a doctrine of evolution; or, like Strauss, in his latest phase, may deny that there is anything to reveal or any God to reveal it; but whatever province of life or thought it touches, its only divining rod is the visible and tangible. Leaving God and immortality out of the question, modern rationalism rejoices, to use Miss Martineau's chosen expression, "to wander free and unfettered on the broad breezy common of the universe."

Rationalism, like Romanism, seems thus to have unfolded its ultimate principle. As no claim of infallibility can be more extreme than that which centers it in the mind and utterance of one individual, so we need expect no more sweeping assertion of the self-sufficiency of reason than its present claim that there is no validity to anything

which it is not competent to originate; and, therefore, that the natural history of either mind or matter which it traces is all the history there is. A rationalistic has always been distinguished from a rational theology in that while the latter has held that religion is not contrary to reason, the former has affirmed there is nothing in religion beyond reason. To the one it has been a test, to the other the source of religion. Formerly each held a doctrine of revelation, but the one claimed for its contents a truth reason could never discover but only verify, the other, only that which reason had not yet discovered. Immanuel Kant, from whose system the term rationalism received its significance as a school of thought, claimed as of necessary validity only the truth of natural religion. In "Religion within the bounds of pure reason" he centers its essential quality in moral duty and makes religious ideas deductions out of this. The system has run a varied course, appearing as destructive criticism in Eichhorn and Paulus, meeting a rebuff in the spiritual feeling of Schleiermacher, assuming and asserting the ideal truth of Christianity by the destruction of its historic verity in the mythical theory of Strauss, and appearing at last in the Tübingen school as a disintegration of the New Testament writings into the separate and hostile elements of contending parties and tendencies. Its underlying principle, however, has always been the self-sufficiency of the reason, and from this principle its present naturalism is a legitimate outgrowth. For if the mind have within its own grasp all that a revelation can unfold, there is no adequate occasion for a revelation at all. The deity whom the reason is competent to construct and fathom must be restricted to the limits of the mind's capacity. When then philosophy deserts its idealistic basis, on which in the beginning rationalism rested, and becomes positive or materialistic, exchanging the philosophy of omniscience for the philosophy ofnescience, then God, who by the very conception of Him is beyond the realm of the visible and sensible universe, must be either denied or relegated to the realm of the unknowable and unverifiable. If the postulate be admitted, as the tendency of modern thought so largely admits it, "*Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*," then the all-sufficiency of the reason is found to involve satisfaction with the knowledge of outward relations and of the phenomenal appearances of things which are seen and temporal. If, with Mr. Her-

bert Spencer, we must assume a power in which all that appears reposes, we must with him acknowledge an invincible ignorance concerning it, since it of necessity lies back of sense perception. If we think ourselves conscious of freedom of action, we must rest content with the law of antecedent and consequent, which proves us to be, in action from motives, as necessitated as the growth of a leaf upon a tree, or of a muscle in the arm. Rationalism, as the product of such a reason, becomes mere naturalism. All knowledge of what we call intuition, conscience, morality, is reduced to an analysis of the physical and physiological constituents of the brain. There is no legitimate faith but confidence in the evidence of things seen and trust in the substance of things possessed.

From this rapid sketch of the respective principles of Romanism and rationalism we find that the tendency of modern thought as illustrated by them is the tendency toward the outward, the visible, the tangible. There are, of course, world-wide differences between them. One is religious, the other irreligious. One holds on to God, to immortality, to judgment,—in fact, receives the whole supernatural revelation of God in Christ as the basis of its existence; the other rejects and ignores the validity of the whole of it. But they have a point of agreement in their method, each confining all knowledge in its respective sphere to visible realities, and limiting our contact with diviner powers to tangible existences; each remanding to the region of the unknown and unverifiable all of existence beyond itself. They are not so much witnesses of an unseen reality as its substitute, the only realization of it which can touch us. What one makes of the material and visible world, the other makes of the corporate and visible church. Romanism says man can have no saving knowledge of God or experience of his grace except in contact with her orders, her sacraments, her dogmas. All divine truth and life lie embodied in them; therefore contact with the body is the one essential need. Rationalism says, in its province, man can have no knowledge at all of what lies beyond the patent, positive fact, either of the great power which underlies the universe without him, or the Ego, the personality of which he claims to be conscious within him. Therefore study the body. Romanism acknowledges God, but declares we can only get at Him or He at us through a corporate, tangible institution.

Rationalism ignores God, because we can get at nothing beyond the visible fact. The one rejects God because it can reach only so far as the senses; the other claims God while it limits His power over us to that which touches the senses.

The answer to both is contained in the affirming question of Christ. "Did not he who made that which is without make that which is within also?" Let us try and see in the light of this principle what the true corrective is to the evil tendency of modern thought as shown in Romanism and rationalism.

Apply the test of our Lord's words first to Romanism. In the light of the principle they unfold we see at once that we can never overthrow the undue exaggeration of the function of the Church by undue depreciation of it; for there is an outward part to Christianity, as well as an inward one. The life is more than the meat which sustains it, but still the meat is a necessary sustenance. The body is more than raiment, but a healthy body requires clothes. There is in religion a valid and important office for dogma, and sacrament, and ministry. The strenuous drift of modern thought toward the doctrine of the Church is a witness to its value. Some may have overleaped the mark in their efforts to gain the goal, but these were the efforts of serious and devout souls, earnest to the core. We must do reverent homage to the burning piety of Wilberforce and Faber among the dead, and John Henry Newman among the living. No one can deny the power of the Church as a witness to the truth. It is its well-grounded pillar. It is the fruitage of the seed contained in the Scriptures, and is the vindication of its vitality, as the pillared majesty of the oak is the exponent of the life within the acorn's shell. But the true witness of the Church is not to itself, but to its Lord. Its true call is not, come unto me, but go unto Him. It does not stand as the substitute of an absent Christ, by taking his place and exercising his functions; it points rather to a living Christ, present directly to every penitent and believing soul. Its absolution is not the conveyance of pardon, but only of the knowledge of it, in its assurance that God pardons, without any intermediary, every soul that trusts in Christ. Its sacraments are but the visible symbols of unseen realities, not the realities themselves. The Church may not say there is nothing of divine power beyond me, but rather must

say, it is all beyond me. "I am not the way, but the sign-board which points the way to Christ. I am not the heavenly body, but the telescope which brings it to your vision. My creeds, and sacraments, and ministry are but the lenses set in the instrument to let in the power and glory from above upon the soul; and, like the telescope, if I am looked at, and not looked through, I interpose an obstacle which blinds. And, moreover, like the telescope, without the eye which uses it, so are my dogmas, and orders, and discipline without the individual faith appropriating them. These are hindrances as ends, while as means, rightly used, they are full of life, and power, and blessing."

The true doctrine of the Church which is to conquer the false is that which makes it the exponent of the great truth of Christianity, justification by faith, or in more modern words, the direct relation of the soul to its Savior. We must be careful, however, to avoid the Roman method in the treatment of this truth, for it may be made a source of evil as well as the doctrine of justification by works. We commit that error if we make belief in this dogma, true as it is, equivalent to belief in Christ. When the Reformers advanced this doctrine as the antidote to Roman error, they were not seeking to displace one dogma by another. They were bent on introducing a living principle deeper than any dogma. They meant to replace an intellectual conformity to a statement by a spiritual conformity to a truth. Salvation to them was not believing in justification by faith or any other dogma, but believing in Christ, which is justification by faith. It was not the issue of an intellectual conception of the faith, but of a spiritual union with Christ, who is the truth. He that will come to God must indeed know that He is and what He is; but it is not the knowing but the coming, consequent upon it, which brings salvation; the moral surrender of the heart, not chiefly the enlightenment of the understanding. The science of theology, like the science of botany, is of great use. But as physically we live by the garden and not by the book, so spiritually we live by the soul's grasp upon God and His Christ, not by any intellectual reception of the wisest and subtlest statement concerning Him.

The true corrective therefore of the tendency of modern thought, as shown in Romanism, is not to hold a less truth concerning the Church but a greater. It is by

showing the noble reality which lies beyond the outwardness of Romanism. It must come from out the aroused conviction in every soul of the immeasurable access it has to God through the gift of faith, whereby God comes directly to it as a living presence; not banishing His children to the confines of an outward body, but clothing them directly with the power of an endless life. We shall never dethrone the visible Pope, until we en throne the invisible Christ in his stead. Nor shall we ever supplant Romanism by following its method, though we change its instruments. It will not do, when they say, "We believe in the Church," to answer, "We believe in the Bible." In a most important sense we ought to believe in both, but in the Romish sense in neither. We ought to believe in both, so far as they reveal and bear witness to God's revelation in Christ, but in neither as finalities, as making belief in the Church or in the Bible an equivalent to believing in Christ. Our point of difference is just that Roman method, which illustrates the tendency of modern thought,—the method which makes contact with the body identical with the inner appropriation of the spirit. It matters not in the end, whether one substitute the Decrees of Trent, or the Confession of Westminster, or the Thirty-nine Articles, which are received by the intellect, for the invisible Christ who is received by the heart; the result is the same evil. We romanize when we put anything, creed, sacrament, dogma, ritual, orthodoxy, what you will, into so central a place as to say, if you receive that you receive Christ. For these are but the instruments of apprehension, not the thing apprehended. It depends upon the inward act, the soul's faith, whether we rise through them to Christ's own presence, or miss him by seeking to dwell in them. "He who made that which is without made that which is within also."

Let us now turn our glance at modern rationalism, guided by the same light. Many would say we have fallen upon evil times, where rationalism has been transformed so largely into naturalism, and when it touches and taints our general literature to so great a degree. But amid all the evils of a time like this, it is in one aspect good. It is a gain when a principle has revealed its full significance. Its fruit discovers its root. Rationalism is no longer to be misunderstood by either its friends or its enemies. Strauss passed from the dream-land of myths into the assured day of materialism;



and Miss Martineau came to rejoice in her defiant atheism, and revel in her definite expectation of annihilation. God, immortality, moral freedom, these are banished by the thought of modern rationalism. When we approach it therefore, we know with what we have to do; and the remedy is also apparent. It is to make evident to men what God has put within them, as well as what he has placed without. The rationalistic writers of to-day reverse the conclusion of Bishop Butler. He argued from the presence of difficulties in nature, that difficulties in revelation could not show that it might not have the God of nature for its author; for a God of nature was conceded. But now, men say, the difficulties in both nature and revelation show that neither has a divine author. The characteristic of this modern thought is not the faith which removes mountains, but the mountains which remove faith. Christ argued, "If God so clothe the grass which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you;" but these reverse the conclusion and say, "If the grass so clothed is cast into the oven, shall not you also perish." The only answer lies in the awakening in men an irresistible moral conviction. The task of the believer is to force home that sense of responsibility, and to discover to doubters their soul's thirst for God, which shall unsettle the foundations on which the arguments of unbelief rest, just as the discovery of gunpowder made useless the buttressed walls of mediæval castles, by exploding the rock on which they were built. It is not chiefly argument, but life, which furnishes the answer. We may not rest in the demonstration of the weakness of rationalism, but only like St. Paul, in "the demonstration of the spirit and of power." It is the inward truth which alone can vanquish the outward error.

We must avoid the rationalistic method, as well as its falsehood, in the treatment of the truth. We cannot afford to borrow its weapons any more than we may use the weapons of Romanism. It is the sage advice of the Rev. Phillips Brooks to divinity students, "When you wish to attack the evils of a different denomination of Christians, first seek them out and destroy them in your own." We rightly protest against allowing scientific theories of creation to override theological truth concerning the Creator; the realms of theology and science, we say, are different, assuredly. But if so, we really take to the rationalistic method when we

seek to deny scientific conclusions in the realm of nature by theological conclusions in the realm of thought. When science grows dogmatic and enters the realm of religion, theology rightly warns her off. But if we do not suffer others to force our facts by their theories, we must not follow their example. Jokes on the apes will never disprove evolution, nor will sneers at geology take the fossils out of the rocks. We justly complain of the unfairness and prejudice of the rationalist who approaches the Bible with his assumption that a miracle is an impossibility, and, therefore, that the only explanation of the record of miracles is to explain it away. This is forcing facts, and the evidence of facts, by a theory. But in defense of the Scriptures some theologians follow the same method if a pet theory of their own chance to be in danger. Some, for instance, approach the Bible armed with their special theory of inspiration, and insist on crowding all the facts into it, and molding them by it, however much they have to distort them in the process. Whereas the reverent method is to go to the Scriptures to find out of themselves what their inspiration involves, whether of scientific accuracy or literary felicity. The humility which learns is a more apt scholar than the dogmatism which teaches. Some may decide beforehand that illustrations of spiritual truth in an inspired volume must be in the language of exact science, and are greatly troubled if it turns out that the scientific allusion is popular, or such as the persons addressed received, instead of that received after some thousands of years of investigation by scholars. Recourse is had to overstrained and unfair explanations which produce no conviction, and all for the sake of a preconceived theory. The truth could afford to leave the discrepancy unchallenged, for it can make no difference whether a spiritual fact has a popular or an exact illustration, so long as its own force is fully set forth by it. The astronomy of David and Galileo may differ, but that does not touch the spiritual truth of a Divine Creator of the stars; nor does it lie in the province of any geological system to disturb a hair's-breadth the belief in the heavenly home, or of God who prepares it for them that love Him. It is not rational, but rationalistic, to adjust facts to our theory, instead of our theory to facts. Imagine one who should adopt as a theory of inspiration, that it involved impeccability of conduct, coming to the account of the alteration of St. Peter and St. Paul in Antioch.

What contortion of evidence would there be to turn into a slight misunderstanding what St. Paul terms a "withstanding to the face because he was to be blamed," like some trimming politicians who are said to speak of our civil war as the late little unpleasantness between the North and South. The fact is that we should not react from rationalism into irrational methods. Our treatment of the Bible should be too reverent to suffer us to read ourselves into it. It should be marked by such confidence in its spiritual truth and the supernatural character which it claims, as shall lead us to accept it as God in His providence has given it, and which would forbid our trembling at every new theory of science which can never touch its spiritual truth, or shuddering at every new fragment of literary criticism, which can never disprove its historical verity; which in fine would give us courage to hold the Bible fast by reason of its own

inherent power, even though its illustrations and style may be shown to partake of the characteristics of the time in which it appeared. Its inward power is a sufficient answer to all that criticism of its outward form which seeks to crush the spirit by the letter. He who made that which is without, made that which is within also.

If then the tendency of modern thought, as seen in Romanism and rationalism, is a tendency to dwell on the outward appearance, its corrective must be found in putting emphasis on inward realities. Spirituality is the cure for naturalism, whether it comes in the form of materialistic ecclesiasticism or the positive philosophy. We must follow the larger method which both these systems miss and grasp the greater truth of which both fail. We must hold to the unseen both in theology and science as the eternal, and be too catholic to be Roman Catholic, and too rational to be rationalists.

#### HALF-WITTED GUTTORM.\*

THERE may be many alive yet who knew half-witted Guttorm Haldorslia; he who built himself a church, a church-yard, church people and a clergyman in the pulpit; he who never harmed any mortal man, but only sat nodding at every one who came along; whom one might find, summer and winter, in fair and foul weather, busy with his sanctuary, shoveling away the snow from the graves and putting up new head-boards.

Guttorm was not born half-witted. He was once as brisk a little fellow as ever you or I have been. His parents were rarely at home, as they were poor and had to maintain themselves by hiring out, both man and wife. The father was a carpenter and was often employed outside of the parish; the mother went from farm to farm, and helped with bread-making. Guttorm was therefore obliged to stay at home and take care of his little sister, who was the apple of the parents' eyes and very dear to Guttorm, too. He thought nothing too good for her, and ran at her beck for flowers and berries and curious pebbles. He built houses and boats for her; he lay on hands and feet in the sun and barked and growled

like a dog while she sat in the shade laughing at him, with nothing on but a little chemise and a pale-red hood. Now he would be horse and creep on all fours with her on his back; now he would carry her in his arms until the perspiration poured down his forehead, if she was tired and demanded to be carried. He dragged her across the brook or up the knoll, sometimes with the feet up and the head down, but always with the utmost tenderness. And Dolly understood this very well. She allowed her brother to handle her as if she had been a bundle, and if he happened to hurt her then she screamed, and he kissed her and patted her and made queer faces for her and told her about the bear and the fox, until she was quiet.

Guttorm reaped but little thanks for all his devotion. When his mother came home in the evening she always wondered whether he had really been good to his little sister, and then she pressed her against her bosom and kissed and caressed her.

On Guttorm she never bestowed the slightest attention; but he took that as a matter of course and was never in the least

\* Written for SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY by Kristofer Janson, a well-known Norwegian author. See "North American Review," October, 1872, and "Atlantic Monthly," volume 30, pages 497 and 498. Translated by H. H. Boyesen.

jealous. And the first thing he would do in the morning was to run up to Dolly's cradle, almost yearning to have the burden once more laid upon his shoulders.

Once, on a fine, sunny day, they were on the banks of the river. Dolly was then large enough to run about by herself. In the river there was a long, smooth sand bottom at the end of which lay a huge stone, where the current ran swift and strong. Guttorm had climbed up on this stone and stood there waving with his cap. Dolly stood with her feet in the water, lifting up her dress and looking longingly at him.

"Hallo, Dolly," he cried. "Now I am king. Come along and I will take you on my lap and you may be my queen."

Dolly needed not to be told twice. She forded boldly out upon the sand while the current foamed about her knees. When she was close up to the stone and Guttorm stretched himself out to catch hold of her, she lost her foot-hold, fell on the side and the current swept her away.

Guttorm stood as if spell-bound, with wide-dilated eyes. But when he saw her speeding down through the rapids, he gave a heart-rending shriek and plunged into the water after her.

Then for a while he knew of nothing until he found himself lying on the river bank with half his body in the water. He touched his head and when he looked at his fingers they were bloody; he must have hurt himself when he made the leap. But where was little Dolly? He looked round about him but she was nowhere to be seen. Trembling all over and with terror in his eyes he began to call her. No one answered. Like a hunted deer he ran down along the stream calling Dolly. He cut his feet on the sharp stones until they bled; his clothes caught in the bushes and were torn, but he did not feel it. He only ran and ran—ever calling "Dolly!" Then suddenly he saw a rag hanging on a low branch and right under something light and yellow was mingling with the current. He broke through the underbrush; yes, it was Dolly. A branch had become entangled in her dress; her head was under the water. Her fair yellow hair, tied up with a pink silk ribbon, floated in the stream like a flower.

When the mother came home late in the evening she did not see the children playing in the yard as usual. She searched for them, she ran up to the neighbor's to in-

quire, but no one had seen them. She roused the people from their sleep, and they went in search together; for at that time of the year the daylight lasts throughout the night.

It was a little past midnight when the mother came to the place where Dolly had been found. She bent aside the bushes; there she saw Guttorm, pale and with staring eyes, standing waist-deep in the river and holding the head of his little sister above the water. Her dress still clung to the branch which had caught it.

"God have mercy on thee, Guttorm! What hast thou done?" cried the mother, quite beside herself; and she leaped out into the water and caught the child to her bosom. The very moment it was torn out of Guttorm's hands, he fell down on the river bank.

Since that day Guttorm was never himself again. When he regained his consciousness he was lying in bed, and his father was sitting by him. A little black coffin was standing on a chair close by. There his little sister was lying, he was told. His mother was walking up and down on the floor, every now and then bursting into tears. Later in the day people came and took away the coffin, to bury it in the earth, as they told him. His father went with them, and his mother followed them out. When Guttorm saw this he threw himself out of the bed, dressed hastily, and ran after them. Before the father knew it he had caught hold of his hand. Then he lifted him up in his arms and carried him.

The way was long, but Guttorm sat all the while staring at the little black coffin. When they reached the church-yard they found some people gathered there. There were many fine graves with head-stones and crosses, and the minister was standing there in his long black gown, and both within the church and outside voices were singing. The coffin was lowered down into the ground, and the minister cast earth upon it. Then there was more singing, and at last all went away. Guttorm stared before him with open mouth, and as they went still gazed back toward the church-yard gate.

"Will Dolly never more come back to us now?" he whispered in his father's ear.

"Oh yes, she will surely come back sometime," answered the father. And nothing more was said.

For a long time after that Guttorm never spoke aloud. They saw him walking about,

shaking his head and talking low to himself. The father had obtained work in the neighborhood, and was thus able to look after him. Both he and the mother treated Guttorm with forbearance; a great gentleness had come over both of them of late.

One day, Guttorm had climbed up on the great boulder in the river, and there he stood and talked. This he repeated day after day, until at last the father brought some neighbors with him and they rolled the boulder away. Another time he did not return for his meals, and the father, after a long search, found him again in the river, standing under the bush which had caught Dolly's dress. He had waded out into the water, and stood as if still holding her head above the current. As he caught sight of his father he gave a start and cried out:

"It wasn't I who got little sister out into the river."

"I know that well enough," answered the father quietly, pulling out his knife and beginning to cut down the bush. But all of a sudden Guttorm leaped up and rushed against him like a wild beast, beating him with clenched fists. The father had all he could do to keep him at arm's length.

"You surely know that Dolly is asleep in the earth, so she can no more be here," he said.

Then Guttorm grew calmer.

"Dolly asleep in the earth—Dolly asleep in the earth," he kept muttering to himself. "But will she then never return?" he added after a while, with an anxious glance at his father.

"Oh yes, she will surely return sometime," answered he, as before, "and then you will take care of her again, Guttorm."

"Will you let me take care of her?" asked the boy.

"Yes, you are the one to do it."

Guttorm nodded with his head as if he were thinking.

"Dolly asleep in the earth," he whispered. "Dolly is coming back—and I shall take care of her again."

He made a somersault and laughed. The father took him by the hand and led him home, but he did not cut down the bush. The next day Guttorm rose early. All night long he had been heard talking contentedly with himself. He ran up toward a pine grove close to the highway, carrying with him a spade and a pickax, and fell to work with a will. He rolled stones together; he tore up the turf, and piled it up in small hills. It seemed incredible

that such strength could dwell in him, small as he was. No one had any idea what he meant to do. If he was asked he only laughed shrewdly. The grove was worth very little, so the owner left him in peace to amuse himself as he liked. His father was happy because this new labor took him so far away from the river. Little by little Guttorm's intention revealed itself. He was building a church and a church-yard. The church was built as nearly as possible like the great church where he had seen Dolly buried, and the graves round about were similarly placed and adorned with white and brown headstones, just as he had seen them on that Sunday. Inside of the wall, just under the great window in the nave, was Dolly's grave. He had adorned it in a very fantastic way with flowers, pine-cones, shells, and small pieces of boards which he had carved into figures. There he sat always when he rested from his labor or when his food was brought to him.

One day he went into the huckster's store and looked about him.

"What is it you want to-day, Guttorm?" asked the huckster kindly.

Guttorm laughed, and pointed to a shelf where some colored ribbons were lying.

"Ribbons for Dolly," he said.

The huckster cut off a small piece of ribbon and gave it to him. He caught it up eagerly, flung a shilling on the counter, and ran away as if a mad dog were at his heels. The huckster called after him that he had paid too much; but he only ran the faster. He was afraid some one might take his property away from him. The ribbon he bound around a small cross which he had made. She had had such a ribbon in her braid when he saw her last. The cross he planted on her grave, and watched it as if it had been of gold. If the weather was wet, he wrapped it in a pillow-case, lest it should be injured.

Guttorm had to labor and toil for many years before he got his little church and his church-yard in complete order. The parish people pitied the poor, good-natured lad, and gave him many a lift now and then. A houseman had even made him a minister with a black-painted gown, who stood in the pulpit, and gradually he also got together a congregation, both men and women, who sat scattered about in the pews.

In the course of time this place of Guttorm's became known far and wide, and all travelers who came through the valley had

to stop to see his church-yard. And never was Guttorm happier than when they praised his church and thought it was very fine. Then his whole countenance beamed. But he never would accept money; if they urged him, he put his hands behind him and shook his head. If, however, some one whispered to him, "It is for Dolly, when she comes back," then he looked long and wonderingly before him, took the money and hid it. The drivers from the horse-stations soon were informed of this, and they never neglected to tell the travelers about Guttorm, and thus it happened that from year to year many shillings were collected for Dolly. This money Guttorm gave every evening to his mother, and begged her keep it for Dolly. The father could thus afford to let Guttorm have his own way, as he contributed much more to the household in this manner than he could have done by running errands for people or doing small jobs.

A happier boy than Guttorm was one could hardly imagine. He went about busying himself among his graves; if he was tired, he sat down in a pew next to some wooden doll, took off his cap, and gazed with devotion at his painted minister; or he sat at Dolly's grave, waiting for her return. One would be sure to find him there early and late, rain or shine, and even in a snow-storm. The parish folk would often stop to have a chat with him, and ask him if Dolly had not come yet. Then Guttorm would place his fingers on his mouth, and look about him with an anxious gaze, and whisper, pointing to the grave:

"Dolly is asleep—she will come back—I must take care of Dolly, father says."

This was always his answer, whenever he was asked.

One sunny day when the summer was far advanced, Guttorm had run home to get his dinner, and on returning remained standing at the church-yard gate, quite bewildered. There sat Dolly, large as life, on her grave. She had still the pink silk ribbon in her braids, and the same yellow hair. He stood for a while staring, with open mouth; then he laid himself down, like a cat which sees a bird it would like to catch, and crept warily forward, hiding behind the hillocks. Dolly did not see him; she sat playing with some shells and snail-houses which she had picked up on the grave. All of a sudden, the half-witted lad rose up in front of her with five outstretched fingers resting on each knee, staring into her eyes and laughing mightily.

The child gave a scream, dropped its

playthings, and hurried out through the gate. Guttorm looked crest-fallen after her; then followed her down upon the highway. The girl was too small to get along very fast; but Guttorm had clumsy wooden shoes on, and it took some time before he caught up with her. When she saw the simpleton pursuing her, she gave a shriek; a man upon the meadow threw away his scythe and came running down. He caught the child in his arms, and with one hand grasped Guttorm's coat and shook him. "You nearly frightened the child to death," he said fiercely, flinging Guttorm straight against the wooden fence with such force that every bone in him seemed on the point of breaking. Then he walked with the little girl up the hill, toward the red-painted farm. The child was trembling, and laid its arms close about his neck.

Guttorm remained for a while standing on the road, and gazed about him. Presently he went up to the fine, white-painted gateway, pressed his face against it, and stared up toward the farm. As he did not come home toward evening, his father began to grow anxious. Such a thing had not happened for many a year. He went out to look for him, seeking him first at the church-yard, but without finding him. He then hastened to the neighboring farm, where he found the boy still standing with his face pressed against the gate.

"Are you here, Guttorm?" asked his father.

Guttorm looked at him timidly. The father saw that there was something which he did not wish to tell, and therefore did not ask further. The boy followed him willingly homeward.

The next morning, as the father arose, Guttorm had already gone. The father hurried out, and after some search again found him standing at the gate of the farm, exactly as on the night before.

"What does this mean, Guttorm?" inquired the father.

Guttorm beckoned to him to come nearer, then whispered in his ear:

"Dolly has come. She is up there on the farm. She did not know me."

He smiled as he said this but his eyes were large and full of tears.

"They have a little girl up there on the farm who has yellow hair," answered the father. "But your Dolly, you know, is asleep in the church-yard. You must go and keep watch over her, or she might come while you are gone."



So saying, the father took hold of him and dragged him along; but Guttorm struggled, turning his eyes ever toward the red-painted farm-house.

"Dolly is no more in the grave," he stammered. "The ribbon is gone. The ribbon was in her hair."

That day Guttorm sat sadly and silently in his church-yard; he was unable to do anything, and Dolly no more returned to him. The next day, however, he ventured out through the turnstile and walked half way up toward the farm. There he stood peeping into the yard until the harvest men came from the fields and among them the man who had shaken him.

"What is it you are lying in wait for here?" he cried to him. "You had better take to your heels or I might be after you."

Guttorm bounded down the hill and the harvesters laughed.

For two days he only ventured to stroll timidly about in the neighborhood; but the third day he walked fearlessly up the highway. He carried a saucer filled with blueberries in his hands. The housewife met him in the hall.

"We don't want to buy berries here, to-day," she said.

"Don't want to sell," answered Guttorm. "Want to give them to Dolly."

"There is no Dolly here," replied the housewife.

Just then some one opened the door, and through the opening Guttorm saw Dolly standing in the middle of the room.

"There is Dolly," he cried, beaming with delight and rushing toward the door.

"Wait a while," said the woman, taking the saucer with the berries, and going in ahead.

"Some one has come here with berries for you," she said to her little daughter. "Here, go out and give two cents to the little boy and thank him."

The little girl hid herself with a scared look behind her mother's petticoat, while Guttorm stood with flashing eyes on the threshold; for he dared not advance any further.

"Shall I go with you?" asked her mother, as she emptied the saucer and took out a couple of pennies from her pocket. "Give the pennies to the boy," she said.

The little girl did as she was bidden, but Guttorm put his hands behind him and refused to take the money.

"No pennies," he said, and taking suddenly hold of the little hand patted it and gave a joyful shout.

The girl began to scream and buried her face in her mother's dress.

"Now you had better go," said the mother. "You have frightened her. She does not know any better, you see. Here is your saucer."

Guttorm dragged himself slowly away, and turned once more in the door. When he was down in the road, he saw Dolly standing at the window. He nodded to her and she immediately ran away.

Some days later when it was dark and the great logs crackled on the hearth, the little girl suddenly saw a pale face pressed almost flat against the window-pane. She shrieked out with terror and immediately the face was gone. It was Guttorm who had climbed up on the garden fence and was peeping in.

Again some days passed. Then the housewife looking out through the window saw some one approaching.

"Good gracious!" she cried; "there is that half-witted boy again. And only look how he has decked himself out with flowers in his cap and in all his button-holes, and with his hands full of flowers. Hark now, Peer," she went on, addressing her husband. "You will have to frighten him so thoroughly that he will not come back again; for we can't have him running here every day. Little Kari is so afraid of him that she hardly ventures to go out into the yard any more."

Peer took his rifle from the wall and went out. Guttorm came rushing straight toward him, holding on to his flowers with both hands.

"What do you want, boy?" said the man, making his voice as fierce as he could.

"Flowers—for Dolly," answered Guttorm, holding out his bouquets of field flowers as if inviting him to admire them.

"Don't you know that we have loaded guns here on the farm?" said the man, lifting his rifle as if to take aim.

Guttorm made a leap down the hill. The man fired into the air; Guttorm ran still faster, so that the pebbles flew about him.

When he had reached the highway, he dropped down breathless. He stared up toward the farm, and two big tears rolled down over his cheeks. His paradise was closed to him.

After that day Guttorm never went to the farm; but faithfully, like a dog, he sat down on the road and watched whether he could not catch a glimpse of Dolly when she went

out. Then he followed her, but always at a long distance. If she happened to look back, he nodded to her, and smiled and made strange grimaces. But Dolly never heeded him.

If little Kari went to any of the neighboring farms, or if she went into the woods with her playmates to pick berries, Guttorm was sure not to be very far off. He always stood at some distance and watched their games. He never spoke to them, or offered to take part; but whenever his "Dolly" jumped or laughed, he too would laugh aloud with delight. Some of the more courageous among them sometimes threatened him with their sticks, and those who wanted to gain the special favor of "Dolly" threw stones and tufts of moss after him. And the rest laughed, if any one hit him.

Guttorm never allowed himself to be in the least disturbed, but would only gaze at them, and sometimes point out places to them where the berries grew thickly.

Children may be malicious without themselves knowing it. They at last grew tired of having Guttorm always at their heels, wherever they went, and the elder ones, who had charge of Kari, said to her: "Come, let us go and tear down his church; then he will have something else to do than to be forever running after us."

When Guttorm, the next day, came to his church-yard, he saw the ruin they had wrought. The tower had been torn down, the clergyman lay prostrate, the congregation scattered about on the floor, and the pews were broken to pieces. Out on the church-yard, many of the head-stones were torn up and overturned. Guttorm stood for a while as if thunderstruck; then he gave a shriek like a wild beast, lifted up a large stone and hurled it away over the fields. He tore his hair, and threw himself down in the sand.

When he arose, his face was quite changed. The gentle, good-humored expression was gone; his eyes were wild and evil; he yearned for revenge—only revenge. He remained lying in wait all that day, expecting that those who had wrought this destruction would return to complete their work. But no one appeared. Day after day he lay hidden, and rarely even went home for his meals; yet no one appeared. On the third day, his father came and forced him to go to eat his dinner. He tried to comfort him,

saying that they would soon repair all the damage, and make it as fine as it had been before. But Guttorm refused to be comforted. He had hardly swallowed his food when again he started out. He stopped suddenly as he came up to the fence, for his sharp ear had perceived that some one was moving about in the church-yard. It was three little boys, who had brought Dolly along to show what great things they had done. Guttorm laid himself down flat upon the ground, and crept noiselessly forward, like a snake. He caught sight of two of the boys, who were already hard at work. He had a stone in his hand, and when he saw them breaking to pieces the cross on Dolly's grave and digging up the earth, he hurled the stone at them with all his strength. Then a scream was heard; he knew that he had hit. With three leaps he was in their midst, and was about to rush against his adversary, when suddenly he saw—Dolly. There she lay, pale and motionless. The blood was running from a wound in her head, and dripping from her red silk ribbon. Guttorm struck his hands against his face, then gave a heart-rending shriek, and ran panting down through forest and fields toward the river.

That night Guttorm did not return home. His father sent messengers to all the farms around, but no one had seen him. He gathered his neighbors together, and they searched far and wide without any result. Then the father suddenly remembered the shrub at the river, which Guttorm had not allowed him to cut down, and with a heart full of fear he hastened thither. There lay Guttorm—dead. His hair was entangled in the twigs of the bush; the body itself lay out in the river.

The next day came little Kari's father, to complain of Guttorm; he had cut a large hole in the head of his little girl. It wasn't dangerous, to be sure, but he must make an end of this persecution.

"He will not trouble you any more now," said the father, as he lifted the sheet from the pale, unhappy face.

The man went; but the father stood long looking at his son. "They will be kinder to him up there," he murmured. "Now he has found his own Dolly."

Weeping silently, he drew the sheet again over the dead face.

## HENRY BERGH AND HIS WORK.

It may almost be said of Henry Bergh that he has invented a new type of goodness, since invention is only the perception and application of truths that are eternal. He has certainly laid restraining hands on a fundamental evil, that blind and strangely human passion of cruelty, the taint of barbarism that lingers through ages of refining influences, to vent its cowardly malice on weak humanity and defenseless dumb animals. Henry Bergh is a stalwart hero, a moral reformer worthy of an enlightened and practical epoch. This is easily said and maintained now that a denial of the beneficence of his work would be accepted by most persons as a confession of moral turpitude; it is here said in simple justice to one "who has braved more obloquy in the discharge of an honorable duty than any other man in the community," and carried a worthy cause, through ridicule and abuse, to assured success.

The position Mr. Bergh occupies at the head of one of the greatest moral agencies of the time, is not more unique than his personal character. Here is a man of refined sensibilities and tender feelings, who relinquished an honored position and the enjoyment of wealth, to become the target of sneers and public laughter, for the sake of principles of humanity the most unselfish. By day and by night, in sunshine and storm, he gives his strength to the cause as freely as he aided it with his fortune. For a few years his person and his purposes were objects of ridicule, in the less scrupulous public prints, and on the streets. He was bullied by lawyers in courts of justice, and took his revenge according to Gospel precept. He was called a fanatic, a visionary, a seeker after notoriety, and a follower of Don Quixote. But faith and courage never forsook him, nor the will to shield a dumb animal from a brutal blow and help a fellow human to control his evil passions. The results and his reward are already proportionate to his labors, for the legislatures of thirty-three states have decided that dumb animals have rights that masters must respect; and the Court of Errors, the highest tribunal in the Empire State, has recently confirmed the equity and constitutionality of the cruelty laws.

Thirteen years of devoted labor have

wrought no very great change in the appearance and manner of Henry Bergh. If the lines of his careworn face have multiplied, they have also responded to the kindly influence of public sympathy and the release of his genial disposition from austere restraint. A visitor who had no claims on Mr. Bergh's indulgence once remarked, "I was alarmed by the dignity of his presence and disarmed by his politeness." Since Horace Greeley's death, no figure more familiar to the public has walked the streets of the metropolis. Nature gave him an absolute patent on every feature and manner of his personality. His commanding stature of six feet is magnified by his erect and dignified bearing. A silk hat with straight rim covers with primness the severity of his presence. A dark brown or dark blue frock overcoat encases his broad shoulders and spare, yet sinewy, figure. A decisive hand grasps a cane, strong enough to lean upon, and competent to be a defense without looking like a standing menace. When this cane, or even his finger, is raised in warning, the cruel driver is quick to understand and heed the gesture. On the crowded street, he walks with a slow, slightly swinging pace peculiar to himself. Apparently preoccupied, he is yet observant of everything about him and mechanically notes the condition from head to hoof of every passing horse. Everybody looks into the long, solemn, finely chiseled and bronzed face wearing an expression of firmness and benevolence. Brown locks fringe a broad and rounded forehead. Eyes between blue and hazel, lighted by intellectual fires, are equally ready to dart authority or show compassion. There is energy of character in a long nose of the purest Greek type; melancholy in a mouth rendered doubly grave by deep lines, thin lips and a sparse, drooping mustache, and determination in a square chin of leonine strength. The head, evenly poised, is set on a stout neck rooted to broad shoulders. In plainness, gravity, good taste, individuality and unassuming and self-possessioned dignity, his personality is a compromise between a Quaker and a French nobleman whose life and thoughts no less than long descent are his title to nobility.

Almost every fourth person knows him by

sight, and the whisper, "That's Henry Bergh," follows him, like a tardy herald, wherever he goes. Parents stop and point out to their children "the man who is kind to the dumb animals." Many enthusiastic men and women address themselves to him, often saying: "You don't know me, Mr. Bergh, but I know you and want to grasp

the alert eye of the Jehu, dropping on a familiar figure, knows at once with whom he has to deal. If he sees a disabled or overloaded horse he stops the vehicle and lets his judgment decide whether the lame animal shall be sent to the stable, or the load reduced. Frequently the driver is willing to argue the question, but not so often now as formerly.



HENRY BERGH ON DUTY. (CAPTURING A BURR BIT.)

your hand and tell how much I am in sympathy with your work." He courteously offers his hand and his thanks, says a pleasant word freighted with quiet humor or common sense,—for he is a quick and ready conversationalist,—and bows himself on his way. When he sees an omnibus driver in a passion with his horses, he raises his cane and

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Mr. Bergh's town residence is well located on Fifth avenue (his summer residence being situated on the shores of Lake Mahopac). After the heavy snow storm in January last, as he was taking his customary morning walk down the avenue toward his office, he saw at a cross street on Murray Hill a burly fellow whip-

ping a stout horse, who was yet unable to budge a heavy load of wood, owing to the depth of the snow. Mr. Bergh went to the animal's defense and told the driver to lessen the load by getting down. The latter offered to do as he pleased about that, adding that it "wasn't no load at all." Several characters of sympathetic roughness came up and volunteered the opinion that it "wasn't no load at all." They made loud remarks, too, about "arbitrary action," and the value of a "free country." "Enough," said Mr. Bergh, stepping into the snow; "we'll call it 'no load at all,' but you get down and then we'll see if you won't have to take off half your load." The driver stood up and beat his horse in defiance, and by this time a large crowd was awaiting the result of the conflict. Mr. Bergh stepped to the horse's head and in a moderate tone of voice that wanted no element of authority said: "You get off that load at once or I shall take you off." The driver obeyed and the horse started the load. "When you came over here," he concluded, addressing himself to the driver's sympathizers, "you thought a free country was a place where you could do whatever you

lar strength to defend himself. One winter's day he met two large men comfortably seated on a ton of coal, with one horse straining to drag the cart through the snow. He ordered them to get down, and after an altercation pulled them down. At another time he stood at the southwest corner of Washington square, inspecting the horses of the Seventh Avenue Railroad. Several weak and lame horses were ordered to be sent to the stables, and a blockade of overloaded cars soon ensued. A loafer on a car platform, annoyed at the delay, began to curse Mr. Bergh, who stood on the curb-stone three feet distant, turning a deaf ear till the spectators began to urge the bully on. Then, losing his patience, he seized the reins and suspended the movement of the car until the order was complied with.

This is one of his "curb-stone" speeches, often used with effect: "Now, gentlemen, consider that you are American citizens living in a republic. You make your own laws; no despot makes them for you. And I appeal to your sense of justice and your patriotism, oughtn't you to respect what you yourselves have made?" Once, Mr. Bergh



THE STAY OF THE FAMILY.

liked. That's a mistaken idea of a free country."

Moral suasion and a resolute bearing are Henry Bergh's most potent auxiliaries. Only rarely has he been forced to use his muscu-

ordered the ignorant foreman of a gang of gas-pipe layers to fill up one-half of a trench they had dug directly across crowded Greenwich street, even under the railway track. The man gave a surly refusal which would



have caused his arrest had not a stranger stepped out of the crowd and said:

"Mike, you better do what that man tells you, for he's the law and the gospel in this city."

"The law and the gospel is it then?"



ONE OF THE SOCIETY'S FOUNTAINS.

replied Mike, surveying Mr. Bergh from head to foot. "Well, he don't look a bit like it."

"No matter, but he is," enforced the stranger, "and if you can take a friend's advice, you will fill up that trench."

And the trench was filled.

It is a compliment to Henry Bergh's tact and moderation in the use of his great authority, that he has won the respect of most of the drivers of the city; these people may frequently be seen lifting their hats to him, a courtesy always acknowledged with a bow. Horse-car drivers have been known to leave their cars and run to the assistance of his officers, notably when Superintendent Hartfield was attacked at Madison square.

About half-past nine or ten o'clock in the morning, the President of the "American

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" (*Thierschutzverein* is the facile German condensation of it) walks into the general offices at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street. He does not start as every new-comer does at sight of the stuffed New-

foundland dog in the vestibule.

In the main business office on the first floor are exhibited instruments of cruelty to animals, of brutal and ingenious patterns, and the effigies of bloody gamecocks and bull-dogs, and photographs of pitiable horses,—a perfect chamber of horrors. On the second floor is Mr. Bergh's office, a light and cheerful room comfortably furnished, in which his letters are written and received. On the day of the writer's visit, a check for \$100 was received from a lady. Many such letters are received from women, who sympathize most warmly in the work of Mr. Bergh's society.

"Yes," he adds in reply to a question, "I suppose it is a mark of confidence in me. If I were dependent upon the society for a salary it might be different. The chief obstacle to success of movements like this is, that they almost invariably gravitate into questions of money or politics. Such questions are repudiated here completely. There is no sum of money or public position that I could take. If I were paid a large salary, or perhaps any salary, I should lose that enthu-

siasm which has been my strength and my safeguard."

"I dread to visit those butchers," said Mr. Bergh one morning, "and have postponed going till it amounts to criminal neglect. Three-fourths of the butchers of the city are Hebrews. Their religion obliges them to bleed to death the animals they slaughter. So they hook a chain around the hind leg of a bullock, jerk up the struggling beast, head downward, and cut his throat. Well, their religion doesn't require them to suspend an animal by the hind leg,—which frequently dislocates the hip and lacerates the flesh. This brutal and shocking torture must be stopped."

Among the letters to be answered are those calling for suggestions for founding similar societies, and this class of corre-

spondence has come from South America or remoter parts of the globe. Recently Mr. Bergh drafted a bill of cruelty laws to be presented to the legislature of Arkansas. If no other business offers itself, he sallies forth to look for "cruelists."

Very little has reached the public concerning Henry Bergh's personality. Photographers and portrait painters find him implacable. When several influential gentlemen pro-



ENTRANCE TO THE SOCIETY'S BUILDING.

posed to erect a bronze statue to his honor, he said: "No, gentlemen, your well-meant kindness would injure the cause." Henry Bergh believes that fate called him to his work, and that nature expressly fitted him for it. It gave him an imposing stature and muscular strength. Circumstances provided him with the power of honest money and the travels and ambitions of his early life educated him in experience of men and the world, and for successful effort on the plat-

form and at the bar. If men are what they are born,—a theory growing in popularity,—Henry Bergh's obligations to his ancestors can be plainly traced. He was born in the city of New York, "of rich but honest parents," in 1823, but since he was once heard to remark, "Age is a point I'm very tender upon—I'm never going to be more than forty-five," each reader is left to solve the easily formed equation. One hundred and fifty years ago his German ancestors emigrated from the banks of the Rhine and settled on the Hudson. His father, Christian Bergh, who died about twenty-five years ago at the age of eighty-three, was regularly apprenticed when a boy to a builder of small vessels. After attaining by degrees the position of master carpenter, he began business for himself, eventually establishing a ship-yard at the foot of Scammel street, East River, opposite the Navy Yard. When he died he was called the senior member of his craft, and had built more ships than any other ship-master in the country. For several years he was in the service of the Government; he built the frigate *President* during the war of 1812, when the American navy astonished the world by its valor. Ill-luck, however, quickly overtook the *President*. The treaty of Ghent was signed in December, 1814. During the following month, both sides being ignorant of the treaty of peace, the *President*, in attempting to put to sea from New York Harbor, was pursued by the English frigate *Endymion* of forty guns. The *President* showed fight and might have come off victorious but for the arrival of other vessels that hastened to aid the *Endymion*, compelling Commodore Decatur to strike his colors. Years ago, when Henry Bergh was riding on the Thames in a yacht, he steamed under the oaken bows of the *President*, then a hoary captive still pulling at the anchors that chained her to foreign waters.

Christian Bergh built several of the Greek frigates that fought in the war of deliverance with Turkey. He was a man of iron will and steadfastness of purpose. As tall as his son, his dignified stature and long white hair gave him the appearance of a patriarch. He was a member of Tammany Hall, and because he could not be induced to take office was a favorite with the society, and was usually asked to preside at public meetings. The idol of his soul was honesty, and his acute dread of being in debt, for a man in his circumstances, was

a curious virtue. On his death-bed, it troubled him to think that he might die before his physicians were paid, and his son was compelled to draw a check to their order to calm the steadfast spirit in its last moments on earth. It was the verdict of the press that a useful man and a great builder of ships had passed away, and that "he was known to be a perfectly honest man." Henry Bergh once said that the

at intervals, he visited every part of the Continent, and traveled extensively in the East.

Literature was the object of Henry Bergh's youthful ambition, and he pursued it till well advanced in life. He had a strong desire to succeed as a playwright, and wrote poetry. Ten or twelve plays are the fruit of his foreign leisure, and they abound in genuine humor. London dram-



MILKING A COW IN THE STREET.

most of what was in him that was good he owed to his mother, who was Elizabeth Ivers, the daughter of a Connecticut family, an amiable and excellent woman and a devoted Christian.

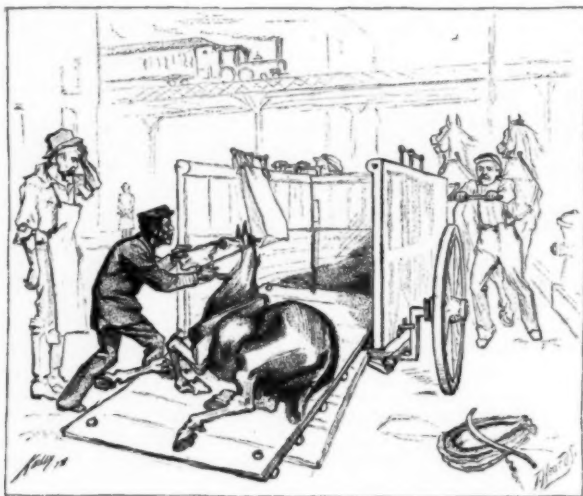
The fortune of the great ship-builder was shared by three children, of whom the daughter died in middle life. Henry Bergh entered Columbia College, but before he had completed his course or his minority made his first visit to Europe. Shortly after his return, in his twenty-fifth year, he married a New York lady, the daughter of Thomas Taylor, her parents being English. During a residence of twelve years abroad, during which period he returned home

artists have commended them, but managers here were loth to attempt their representation. One of his shortest pieces was acted with some success in Philadelphia. Among his unpublished plays are "Human Chattels," written for a New York manager and satirizing the mania of American mothers for securing alliances of their daughters with the pauper nobility of Europe; "A Decided Scamp," a comediotta; "An Extraordinary Envoy," a melodrama, and "Peculiar People," a comedy. He has published a book of tales and sketches, including "The Streets of New York," "The Ocean Paragon," "The Portentous Telegram," and a serio-comic drama in five acts, blank verse,

entitled "Love's Alternative," the scene of which is the terrace and castle of Lahneck on the Rhine, opposite Stolzenfels,—a ruin which Mr. Bergh once could have purchased for \$100; in the play it is supposed to have been purchased and rebuilt by an English earl. Nearly twenty years ago he published in London a poem called "Married Off," dealing with the same subject of marriage with noble "tramps." Mr. Bergh still adheres to the opinion that it was not a bad poem, but the London critics handled it without mercy. He went at once in anguish of spirit to his publisher in Cheapside, with numerous newspaper slips in his hand. "Look at that!" he cried to the cheerful bookman, "they have literally skinned me alive." Taking him apart, Cheapside wisdom remarked, consolingly: "I will give you a little advice that may serve you well through life. If you are bound to appear in print, well and good if the newspapers speak in praise of you; but, next to praise, being cut to pieces is the best thing to be hoped for. What we have to fear most is that we wont be noticed at all.

His experienced pen has been of vast service to him in his philanthropic work.

Whisperings of his true mission in life came to Henry Bergh about the time of his appointment as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1862. For years he had taken note of the cruelties practiced on dumb animals in European countries, and the brutal sports in which animal life was sacrificed. His strong sense of justice and human obligation led him to regard such cruelty as one of the greatest blemishes on human character. In Russia the common people have, or had, a profound respect for official position. Mr. Bergh's footman wore the gold lace that served to distinguish members of the diplomatic corps. One day he interfered in behalf of a donkey that was being cruelly beaten, and made the happy discovery that the owner of the beast, as well as the crowd, stood in awe of the gold lace of his equipage. "At last," he said, "I've found a way to utilize my gold lace, and about the best use that can be made of it." So he formed a society of two for the protection of dumb animals, his coachman as



AN AMBULANCE AT WORK.

Silence is fatal." In after years, Mr. Bergh, in alluding briefly to his literary experience, said: "I had once, with an unpardonable want of discretion, published a little book. (O that the enemies of the brute creation would write a book!) The critics got hold of it and tore it to pieces."

executive officer, sympathizing in the work to the extent of the wages paid him. This coachman was a rather pompous *mushik*, who spoke bad French to his master and prided himself on his command of Russian billingsgate. During his daily drives, if Mr. Bergh saw an animal in the toils of a "cruel-

ist," he would order his coachman to take the human brute into a side street and give him a "regular blowing up." This and the gold lace always had the desired effect, though, so far as Mr. Bergh could understand, his coachman might have been reciting pastoral poetry in an off-hand way.

Mr. Bergh and his wife found the out-door climate of St. Petersburg beneficial, but the in-door climate was very damaging to health, owing to the double windows and to the large furnaces that burned all the oxygen out of the atmosphere. He was forced to resign his office on account of ill health, though he was much pleased with the country, as the Russian officials were with him, for he received the extraordinary compliment of having the emperor's yacht placed at his disposal to visit the naval station of Cronstadt. The vessel on this occasion carried the American flag. Secretary Seward in accepting Mr. Bergh's resignation wrote that the government did so with great reluctance.

Before leaving Russia he determined to devote the remainder of his life to the interests of dumb animals, and on his way home stopped in London to confer with Lord Harrowby, president of the English society that was afterward Mr. Bergh's model. He landed at New York in the autumn of 1864 and spent a year in maturing his plans. First of all, he took himself aside, as it were, and scrupulously inquired if he had the strength to carry on such a work and the ability to make the necessary sacrifices. He concluded that he was equal to the task.

A paper now hangs on the walls of the office bearing the signatures of seventy citizens of New York and inspiring almost as much reverence of a kind as the Declaration of Independence. It proclaims the duty of protecting animals from cruelty, and among the signers are Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, George Bancroft, John A. Dix, Henry W. Bellows, Mayor Hoffman, John Jacob Astor and Alexander T. Stewart. After procuring this paper, Mr. Bergh next prepared a charter and laws, and successfully urged their passage at Albany. On the evening of February 8th, 1866, Mayor Hoffman, A. T. Stewart and a few other gentlemen, came through rain and six inches of slush to listen to Mr. Bergh at Clinton Hall. In the following April the society was legally organized, Henry Bergh being elected president and George Bancroft a vice-president. At the close of his brief address the enthusiastic president

cried: "This, gentlemen, is the verdict you have this day rendered, that the blood-red hand of cruelty shall no longer torture dumb beasts with impunity."

That same evening Henry Bergh buttoned his overcoat and went forth to defend the laws he had been mainly instrumental in securing, aware that on himself more than on any other man depended whether they were laughed at or obeyed. They were a radical innovation, for up to 1865 no law for the protection of animals from cruelty could be found on the statute book of any state in the Union. The common law regarded animals simply as property, and their masters, in wanton cruelty, or anger (for which Rozan, the French moralist, says there is no better definition than "temporary insanity"), might torture his sentient chattels without legal hindrance or accountability. Henry Bergh put on this new armor of the law to battle no less for humanity than for dumb animals. A timely arrival at Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street, where a brutal driver was beating a lame horse with the butt-end of a whip resulted in an indecisive skirmish. He tried to reason with the man, who simply laughed in derision and offered to pommel him if he would step into the street. Mr. Bergh went home reflecting that there was a material difference between brute protection in America, where every man felt that he was something of a king, and in Russia, where there were gold lace and a submissive peasantry. The next day, from an omnibus, he saw a butcher's wagon loaded with live sheep and calves, thrown together like so much wood, their heads hanging over the edges of the wagon box and their large innocent eyes pleading in dumb agony. He alighted, and made a sensation by arresting the butcher and taking him before a magistrate, but New York justice was not at that time quite prepared to act without a precedent. Early in May Mr. Bergh succeeded in having a Brooklyn butcher fined for similar acts of cruelty, and numerous arrests, resulting in a few convictions, were made in New York. He visited the market-places and the river piers and walked the busy streets, searching his brains for some means of bringing his cause prominently before the people. One morning, late in May, he saw a schooner just arrived in port from Florida with a cargo of live turtles that had made the passage on their backs, their flippers having been pierced and tied with strings. Seeing his opportunity to make a stir, Mr. Bergh arrested the captain and the entire





AN OBSOLESCENT SPORT.

crew for cruelty to animals and marched them into court, the judge sharing the amusement of the spectators and the lawyers. The captain's counsel urged that turtles were not animals within the meaning of the law, but fish, and if they were animals the treatment was not cruelty because painless. The learned judge, in giving a decision favorable to the prisoners, said it was past his belief that cruelty could have been inflicted on the turtles when the sense of pain caused by boring holes in their fins was about what a human being would experience from a mosquito bite. Professor Agassiz afterward came to Henry Bergh's assistance in the long struggle to "make it legally apparent," as the latter said, "if not otherwise, to the torturers of the poor despised turtle, that the great Creator, in endowing it with life, gave to it feeling and certain rights, as well as to ourselves."

Mr. Bennett had already begun in his newspaper to ridicule the society and Mr. Bergh as the "Moses of the movement," while a little later he aided the cause with money. He did the greatest possible good to the movement, however, two or three days after the turtle suit, by publishing a satire several columns long, purporting to be a report of a mass meeting of animals at Union Square, Mr. Bergh

"in the chair." Each animal expressed his honest conviction concerning the work, and the article was so amusing and keen that before forty-eight hours had passed Mr. Bergh and his society had engaged the attention of perhaps half a million of people. From that day the cause moved steadily forward.

By August the new society was in a flourishing condition financially, Mr. and Mrs. Bergh having bequeathed a valuable property to it. Drinking fountains for horses and dogs were placed on the streets in convenient and thronged localities. "That ubiquitous and humane biped," as Mr. Bergh was called, was attacked for inconsistency in not interfering against the wholesale slaughter of dogs in the city pound. He replied: "It does not necessarily follow that there is cruelty in taking animal life; otherwise the butcher exposes himself to this charge,

and all who eat flesh are to a certain extent, accomplices. \* \* \* In the case of the dogs, it is more a question of death than cruelty, and I am free to confess that I am not quite satisfied in my own mind whether life or speedy dissolution is most to be coveted by man or beast in this hot and disagreeable



THE BULL-DOG OF THE FUTURE.

world." This was a summer of many discouragements, and his words were, as to the last sentiment, doubtless colored by his disappointment. His wife, who has been a tower of encouragement and never-failing source of sympathy, once said, when there was no further need of concealing a noble weakness, that her husband had many a night come home so burdened with injury and disappointment that he would go upstairs to his room and have a "jolly good cry." Yet the next morning always found him going forth with new courage to face the rebuffs of another day.

In November, 1866, was begun a controversy with the professors of the medical colleges on the subject of vivisection. It was kept up at intervals for several years, Mr. Bergh maintaining his position against vivisection, except with the use of anesthetics, in several eloquent letters, saying, in one of the first, "I protest in the name of heaven, public morality, and of this society against these fearful cruelties inflicted on dumb, unresisting creatures confided to the merciful protection of mankind." In Mr. Bergh's office may be seen a lithograph portrait of Magendie, who appears to be as handsome and as finely organized a person as Washington Irving. Underneath the picture, in Mr. Bergh's bold handwriting, is this scathing commentary: "A French physiologist, otherwise known as the 'Prince of Brute Torturers,' who dissected, alive, 40,000 dumb animals, and ere he died confessed that vivisection was a failure!!"

During the three years following, Mr. Bergh had use for all his pluck and courage. In the trial of dealers who had been detected in mixing marble dust with horse-feed, Mr. Bergh, as usual, conducted the prosecution himself, and being called to task in court for his personal interference, exclaimed: "I stand here as a humble defender of the much-injured brute creation. I am here as an advocate for the people." To the Superintendent of Police he wrote, on deep provocation: "I claim a right not only to the assistance of your officers, but also especially to exemption from contempt and insult." At another time he says: "Two or three years of ridicule and abuse have thickened the epidermis of my sensibilities, and I have acquired the habit of doing the thing I think right, regardless of public clamor."

By persistent interference on behalf of lame and overloaded car-horses he made himself the object of much abuse and oppo-

sition, but finally corrected the shameful evil and gained at least the outward respect of horse-railway companies. The president of an east-side railroad made a futile effort to have him convicted for obstructing travel. In 1872, when the horse epidemic was so prevalent and fatal, Mr. Bergh worked with tireless energy. As at other strategic points, he stood at the Bowery and Fifth street, where two lines converge, stopping every down car with a sick horse attached, and compelling the passengers to alight. "If we are a civilized and Christian people," he would say to them, "let us show it now and walk." Public opinion sustained him.

Such incidents as follow, were of frequent occurrence in his daily life.

One June morning he met, opposite the City Hall, two men leading a cow and her young calf. The cow's udder was frightfully distended, the calf having been kept from her to make the purchaser think she was a great giver of milk. Mr. Bergh ordered the men to let the calf have suck under penalty of arrest.

"The animals are mine," said the owner, reluctantly obeying.

"Yes," replied the philanthropist; "that may be, but the milk is Nature's and belongs to the famishing little creature that is now drinking it."

He kept the men, in the presence of a large crowd till the calf, butting and tugging, and frisking its tail in veal ecstasy, had satisfied its hunger. He has often compelled the milking of cows in the streets when the udders were unnaturally distended.

One day, a poor emaciated horse fell at Duane street, on Broadway. Before the officer, who went for means to shoot the horse, had returned, Mr. Bergh had procured hay, oats and water for the starving animal, which, after a few hours' rest and feed, was able to get up and walk home. During the erection of a brick building in Walker street, an inquisitive cat crawled into the large hollow iron girder, supporting the front of the building above the first story, and the workmen, either by wicked intent or by accident, walled up the open end, consigning the cat to a lingering death. The masons gave no heed to the animal's cries, and laid tier after tier of the front walls. Two or three days afterward a gentleman who was passing, hearing the piteous cries, learned the cause, and sent for Mr. Bergh. The latter called upon the owners of the building, who were unwilling to bear the expense of taking down

the walls. "How can you hope," said Mr. Bergh, "to prosper in your business with such a crime sealed up in your building? How can you ever enter it without thinking of the cries of this perishing creature? If the walls were built to the cornice, I would still compel you to render justice to humanity. Order those walls taken down at once, or I will have you punished by the law." They obeyed, and the cat, after a long fast, was taken out, with three of its nine lives apparently intact.

As soon as Mr. Bergh saw his way clear to success he began a vigorous crusade against the dog-fighters, rat-baiters and cock-fighters, who carried on their brutal sports in the vilest quarters of the city with little attempt at secrecy. Within two or three years these degrading exhibitions were almost banished from Manhattan Island, and Mr. Bergh carried the war into Brooklyn and Westchester County. With dauntless bravery, himself and agents, sometimes making a party of three or five, would make a descent on a dog-pit where one or two hundred of the roughest men were gathered, and break up the fight, always making numerous arrests. Their success was complete in New York, but dog and cock fighting still prevail on the outskirts of Brooklyn, in which city Mr. Bergh has been compelled, from lack of the support of the authorities, almost to abandon all effort. One of the greatest services rendered to New York was the exposure and prosecution of those who were engaged in the "swill milk" crime. Cows were kept in stables under ground and fed upon garbage and distillery slops. Sometimes the animals were so diseased that they had to be supported by belts from the ceiling. The New York public was horrified by the revelations made. But in his report for 1877, Mr. Bergh says: "Swill milk still continues to be one of the preferred beverages of Long Island, and in deference to the popular aphorism, *vox populi suprema lex*, we have determined not to interfere further with their enjoyment of it." He wrote a letter to the farmers of Long Island asking them to co-operate against the attempt to introduce fox-hunting as a sport, but could awaken no enthusiasm. He calls Long Island the "jumping-off place," and has predicted that it will be taken possession of some day by all the thieves and desperate tramps of the country, who will intrench themselves, and defy the whole power of government. "Figs do not grow on thistles," he says, "and if the

devil be at the head of a people it is simply because the people are devilish."

In suppressing pigeon-shooting he had to confront the influence of wealth and position, and to encounter many personal indignities, but he succeeded as in everything else that he has undertaken. Hollow glass balls thrown from spring traps now frequently take the place of the live birds. By impartial arrest he compelled wealthy residents to blanket clipped horses in cold weather. The coachmen of the city, mostly without the knowledge of their employers, began using a round leather bit-guard, barbed with short spikes, so that when the reins were tightened, the nails sunk into the side of the horse's head, and made the animal exhibit a very fashionable degree of mettle. These were discovered and quickly captured. So considerate is this class now, that if a peculiar check-rein or binding-strap is used on a coach-horse to correct "pulling" on the bit or other equine foibles, the horse is often driven to the society's offices to get Mr. Bergh's sanction.

At the outset, Henry Bergh found it necessary to attend personally to the prosecution of cruelty cases in the courts, for humane feeling and moral courage were more useful than profound legal knowledge to secure legal penalties, without which his society and his laws, no less than himself, would soon have become failures. To enable him to practice as counsel for the prosecution of cruelty cases in the courts, the Attorney General of the state and the District Attorney of the county clothed him with representative power. His clear, impressive voice is still heard almost from day to day in the Court of Sessions, where he has done some of his most valuable and characteristic work. Mr. Bergh was once brought up for contempt of court because he wrote a letter to a grand jury, but the strong effort made to punish him for this failed. Once when a New Jersey magistrate refused to sentence a man who had been guilty of great cruelty, Mr. Bergh wrote him a very sharp letter, saying: "Next time, if you will not do your duty in the premises, I shall take measures to punish you legally." New Jersey justice was not always indifferent. A young man in Hackensack was courting a young lady in Paterson, and because the drive was a long one and a cold one, would bask unconscionably long in the beams of his sweetheart's countenance, leaving his horse to starve and shiver in the wind. The

magistrate, before whom the lover was taken, cooled his ardor with a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs.

From time to time unscrupulous newspapers attacked Mr. Bergh on various grounds. Most frequently he was accused of inflicting cruelty on human beings in his over zeal to protect animals. But, in fact, he has been very considerate, and has privately shown charity. One day he saw from his window a skeleton horse, scarcely able to drag a rickety wagon and the poverty-stricken driver. Mr. Bergh hastened out, and said:

"You ought not to compel this horse to work in his present condition."

"I know that," answered the man; "but look at the horse, look at the wagon, look at the harness, and then look at me, and say, if you can, which of us is most wretched." Then he drew up the shirt-sleeve of one arm, and continued: "Look at this shrunken limb past use; but I have a wife and two children at home, as wretched as we here, and just as hungry."

"Come with me," Mr. Bergh replied, "I have a stable down this street; come and let me give one good square meal to your poor horse, and something to yourself and family." He placed oats and hay before the stay of the family, and a generous sum of money in the hand of the man.

He has often pleaded in court for some person arrested for cruelty, whose miserable poverty and the dependence of wife and children were made to appear by the testimony.

In Mr. Bergh's office hangs the portrait of a man of almost repulsive features, in whose countenance there is yet something peculiarly attractive and re-assuring. It is Louis Bonard, next to Mr. Bergh the society's chief benefactor. He was a Frenchman who, leaving Rouen a poor man, came to this country, and made a fortune in trafficking with the Indians, which he greatly increased by judicious investments in New York real estate. When he was taken sick in 1871 and removed to St. Vincent's Hospital he sent for Mr. Bergh, who happened to be in Washington but soon returned. Bonard, at his own request had a will drawn bequeathing his entire property, \$150,000, to the society, believing, as he said, that he had no relatives living. After his death Mr. Bergh saw him decently buried in Greenwood, near Battle Avenue, and erected a monument to his memory. In

his memorandum book, over a space of a few years, was found occasional mention of Mr. Bergh's name but no commentary. Alleged relatives in Rouen endeavored to break the will on the assumption that Bonard was a believer in metempsychosis or the doctrine of transmigration of souls. A long litigation confirmed the society's right to the property. Similar interest in animals is not infrequent. It was a New Jersey bachelor who left \$400,000 for the "use, benefit and behoof of his horses for ten years," his relations being put off for that length of time. A French lady offered to leave \$20,000 to the society. Wills aggregating half a million dollars in bequests have been drawn by philanthropic men still living, in favor of the society, which now needs ready money more than the prospect of stepping into dead men's shoes.

Before the Bonard bequest the society lived in a little upstairs room at Broadway and Fourth street, plainly furnished with a manilla carpet and a few chairs. No room of its size on this continent, it was admitted, wielded the same power and moral influence. Mr. Bergh could look out of his window and note the condition of passing horses. During heavy snow storms, he would stand in the street protected by a heavy coat and top boots. Once, when the snow was ten inches deep, he turned back every stage, compelled the passengers to walk, and in this work finally reached Union Square, where the crowd of people that had gathered gave him three rousing cheers. With the Bonard money available it was decided to seek more imposing quarters. The building at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street was purchased and decorated according to Mr. Bergh's plan, so as to attract the attention of all passers-by and remind them of the society and its work. In 1874, Mr. Bergh rescued two little girls from inhuman women,—most notably the shockingly treated little "Mary Ellen." This led to the founding of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The previous year he made a lecturing tour over the principal cities of the West, which resulted in the formation of several societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He spoke twice before committees of the Evangelical Alliance and once before the Episcopal Convention, which confirmed a new canon to the effect that Protestant Episcopal ministers should, at least once a year, preach a sermon on cruelty and mercy to

animals. He has often addressed school children, and frequently advocated the cause of the animals in pulpit and on platform. Elbridge T. Gerry, the legal counselor of the society and a grandson of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose name he bears, is a self-sacrificing co-worker. A neat illustrated journal, called "Our Animal Friends," is published under the auspices of the society, and is now in its sixth year.

Henry Bergh and his officers cannot be everywhere at once, but they sometimes think that some mysterious providence leads them to cases of cruelty, so successful are they in being at the right place at the right time. All members of the society have a badge of authority, and frequently supplement the officers' efforts. Many gentlemen with no authority assume it. In January last a Broad street merchant was seen to rush out of his office into the street and shake his fist at a teamster sitting on fifteen bales of cotton, with his truck fast in the snow, the merchant exclaiming: "You ruffian! Stop licking those horses, or I'll have you locked up!" The driver stopped. Two ambulances for disabled horses are now kept ready for public use. When the ambulance was first introduced, it was passing Wallack's Theatre one evening with a noble white horse that had been injured, standing in it. The novel spectacle attracted the crowds that were passing into the theater. They turned around, waited for the cavalcade to pass, and gave three cheers for the society. A clergyman

once said: "That ambulance preaches a better sermon than I can." Devices for raising animals out of street excavations and various other appliances are kept at the principal office.

Every few days the superintendent, with an officer, drives at six o'clock in the morning to the pork-packing establishments on the west side, where horses are made to draw enormous loads; then to the trains at Forty-first street, where live hogs are unloaded; thence down the west side, stopping at all the Jersey ferries to examine the milk-cart horses and truck horses; thence to Washington Market and Fulton Market to look at the peddlers' horses, getting back to the office at nine o'clock, ready for the daily routine. Up to the present time, the society has interfered, without making arrests, to prevent seventeen thousand disabled animals from being worked, and has prosecuted in over six thousand cases of cruelty.

Great as are the material benefits society derives from Henry Bergh's work, in the economy of animal life, the moral benefits obtained are vastly greater. Indeed, the work was first rendered possible by the liberation of the slave, because a reasonable people could not have listened to the claims of dumb animals while human beings, held in more ignoble bondage, were subjected to greater cruelty and added outrage. He took up the principles of humanity, for which two chief martyrs fell, crowned with human love, and is carrying them forward by teaching men to be noble and strong through pity and self restraint.

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### THE PORTRAIT.

BEAUTY of yonder portrait! 'tis from thee  
 That thy descendant hath the loveliness  
 Of her arch smile, and blue eyes' thoughtfulness.  
 Telling thy tale, she bade me laughingly  
 Beware thy ghost. Thus lost in reverie  
 I heard the rustle of a silken dress  
 And saw what seemed the ghostly ancestress  
 Enter my lonely chamber stealthily.  
 Close by she passed, a little hand I caught,—  
 'Twas snatched away,—she vanished into air,  
 Leaving a ring so small its size with naught  
 But Cinderella's slipper might compare,  
 Which, strange to say, when like the Prince I sought  
 An unknown bride, one hand alone could wear.



## FRAÜLEIN.

SHE sat upon the great rack behind the wheel-house as I came staggering up the companion-way and across the unsteady deck of the steamer already three days out from Liverpool. Her seat was on the very edge of this wooden frame where it joined the guard; and with no support save this, she almost overhung the plunging ocean. Her feet swung clear, and she was clapping her hands in a kind of ecstasy as the stern of the great ship rose in the air, then fell, to churn the waves into spray flying far above her head.

She wore no wraps, though the air was icy cold; no head-covering of any kind—only the tightly braided masses of her dark hair. The locks about her forehead had blown free and hung loose and wet over her face or were tossed wildly in the furious wind. As she pushed them aside with her dripping hands, I was struck by her beauty, heightened by the enthusiasm of the moment into a brilliancy of color and intensity of expression fairly startling.

Her precarious position had already given me a shock. Seizing her arm rather roughly, "I beg your pardon," said I, "but you will be tossed off here if you are not careful."

What disenchantment was in my touch! In an instant she had changed from a water-sprite into an exceedingly abashed young girl.

"I thank you, madam, but I haf no fear," she said, with the precision of one to whom the English language is strange.

But I was glad to see that she hugged the rack closer with her knees and seized the slender flag-staff with one hand, while she tried to gather the stray locks of her flying hair with the other. With the exception of the man at the compass, she had been alone upon the deck. My appearance and warning had broken the charm of the situation. She soon slipped down from her perch and vanished around the corner of the wheel-house just as the stewardess appeared with my bowl of broth.

"Who is she—the girl you met in crossing the deck?" I asked as I received it.

"I met nobody, ma'am, but the German nurse in the state-room next to your own."

"It is not possible!" I exclaimed. There was an intelligence and a grace about this girl which placed her above the rank of

nurse-maid. "Do you mean to say she has the care of that dreadful baby?" It had kept us awake for two nights.

"Well 'm, the ladies do complain," the old stewardess replied gently, "but the poor little thing can't help its pains. It had a kind of a wastin' sickness when they brought it aboard. No doubt the motion of the ship *do* make it worse. But what the mother would do without 'Frawl-hine,' as they call her, a body can't tell. Sea cap'n's wife though she is, she's not fit to raise her head, and this the third day out."

We had heard through the thin partition of our state-room, a soothing, crooning voice essaying to hush the fretful wail of the sick child. This then was the voice of the German nurse.

"But she can never have begun life as a nurse-maid," I protested, as I took my last spoonful of lukewarm broth.

"Well, she *do* appear different from them we usually carry," admitted the placid old stewardess, as she rolled away with the empty bowl.

I thought so, indeed, as at that moment one of these nurses "engaged for the passage," crossed the swaying deck,—a novel borne ostentatiously in her hand, a series of faint, appealing shrieks issuing from her lips and addressed to the third mate stationed before the compass; her young charge, in the meantime, sprawling crab-like and forgotten at her feet. The German nurse was certainly not of this order.

Before many days I had made the acquaintance of the Jerninghams, to whom the sick baby belonged. They had been spending some months upon the Continent—for Captain Jerningham had left the sea—and were now returning to New York, where they had taken a house in the same street and close by some friends of my own, I soon found out. Mrs. Jerningham spoke at once of her German nurse whom I had watched with increasing interest, quietly busying herself about the sick child and only occasionally flying to the deck for a breath of fresh air, and then at the hour when it was deserted by the passengers.

"Do you happen to know of anybody about to return to the Continent—some nice family? I ask on account of Fraülein Köner, who has the care of the baby. She desires to go back at once. She has only

crossed for a sight of the ocean and one glimpse of America."

"A remarkable curiosity, for one in her position," I said snobbishly.

"But Elsa is no ordinary nurse-maid," Mrs. Jerningham replied quickly. "We became acquainted with the family last winter, in Göttingen, where my husband was laid up with a broken ankle. Her father holds one of the minor professorships in the university there. We had some German lessons from his step-son, a fine young fellow whom we all admire. Indeed, we enjoyed the whole family immensely, and I finally brought Fraülein off in charge of my baby. She was crazy to see the ocean and 'that big America,' as she calls it, and they are poor, of course. All those German professors are, you know. But I have promised to send her back immediately, and by safe hands. There is always somebody going; only, of course, I am particular as to the person. She would do excellently well as companion to an invalid lady. Her English is good; her French even better; and Doctor Carew, who has spent years in Germany, assures me that her German is of the purest quality."

"Doctor Carew?"

"Yes, the surgeon aboard. I have had him once or twice for the baby."

So our young English doctor, whose name I had never chanced to hear before, had made Fraülein's acquaintance. It occurred to me that I had seen him playing the part of moon to her—revolving around and at a little distance—that very afternoon. Now, I did not thoroughly like our young ship-surgeon. He was somewhat of a fop in dress and air, and full of boasting concerning a rich brother-in-law down in Connecticut, whose place he averred to be the finest in the country. We were all rather tired of the surgeon, and especially of the brother-in-law, who had been brought forward upon every possible occasion. Perhaps it was this prejudice which rendered the reference to Fraülein in connection with the surgeon a disagreeable one.

I might have forgotten it, but that I came upon them together the same evening. I was scurrying across the deck at odd and uncomfortable angles, making my way toward the wheel-house, when I discovered my favorite corner to be already occupied by two absorbed figures. I veered to the other side. The golden bowl of the sun was broken and gone; but a flood of glory still poured over the sea and sky, and by the

waning light I had no difficulty in recognizing Elsa and Doctor Carew. She was perched upon the rack as usual, striving with both hands to hold in place the light skirts which the rampant wind would convert into a balloon,—too thoroughly engaged in these efforts, and an animated conversation full of "ichs" and "achs," to notice my erratic approach. Doctor Carew, leaning against the guard, cool, taut-rigged in his close-buttoned coat and regulation cap, was less oblivious. There was an instantaneous change in his lounging, easy attitude. He came to his feet, and, after a moment, resumed his apparently interrupted promenade. The first turn brought him to my side.

Fraülein, in the meantime, had slipped from her pinnacle of danger and gone below, and the other passengers were beginning to straggle up the companion-way.

"That's a nice little body, that German girl," he remarked carelessly, knocking the ash from his cigar, and hoping the smoke did not offend.

As it was being borne in the opposite direction at the rate of sixty miles an hour, I replied that it did not, and that Fraülein Köner was a very charming and estimable young woman.

"I always make a point of speaking to her, if I happen to be on deck when she runs up with that timid air (perhaps you have observed it). I make a point, really, of noticing her."

"You are very kind, I am sure. Fraülein must be grateful to you."

He gave me a suspicious glance from under his gilt-banded cap. But outwardly I was meekness itself, though I fumed within over the man (and his brother-in-law down in Connecticut!) and his airs of condescension to pretty, bright Fraülein.

"She is really intelligent," he went on, to make the matter quite plain. "And a perfect enthusiast over the sea."

I bowed my head. It was not necessary to shriek a reply into the wind, and I was obstinately determined not to discuss Fraülein Köner.

"If you could persuade her to make her observations from a less dangerous position!—she will be tossed off here some day, I fear."

I agreed with him as to Fraülein's temerity. But I did not half like his anxiety on her account, even though I shared it. And yet, why should not the girl have her friends or even her lovers, I argued to myself. But, in spite of my arguments, I was uneasy over her anomalous position.

The sick baby improved each day. The weather was delightful, the sea like molten malachite—green and shining, and curiously veined with foam. The sun traveled his course overhead unobscured by cloud, solitary in the heavens as was our ship upon the sea. Mrs. Jerningham and I had discovered many friends in common on shore. This, with the prospect of being occasional neighbors, drew us together. We formed, with my traveling companion, a party of our own,—Fraülein, with the weazen-faced baby in her arms, making one of the same, and the surgeon hanging upon its outskirts. He related stories of his experience aboard ship, and with a good deal of dramatic effect; he brought books from his private store, when we had exhausted our own; he bribed the head steward to furnish us with fruit at unwarrantable hours; and we might have swam in champagne—our heads at least—but for our persistent and virtuous refusal of this exhilarating beverage. He was deliberately exerting himself to please—whom? not my companion, who was ill much of the time; not Mrs. Jerningham, entirely taken up with her stout, indulgent spouse; not me; there is a conviction beyond reason in such matters. It could only be Fraülein. She was prettier than ever since the weather had grown cooler, and she had donned some dark-blue habit, half cloak, half gown,—some mysterious, foreign combination I could not make out. Did she know that it added the last needful charm to her quaint appearance? Certainly, it was worn without a shade of self-consciousness. She was still shy and reserved. She took little or no part in our conversation, but she furnished a most inspiring listener—as the surgeon soon discovered. He was never so moved to eloquence as when she formed one of our group.

A dance upon the deck had been arranged for one evening. But the night proved unfortunate, the moon being obscured by clouds. In vain lanterns were hung in the rigging. They only served to make the darkness more evident, and shed but ghostly circles of light in which one or two adventurous couples drearily revolved. Finally, we drew our chairs into a close circle, wrapped our rugs about us and somebody told a story, at the conclusion of which, our handsome captain, pacing off his watch on deck, paused, to startle us all with a wonderful song.

There was a faint odor of cigar-smoke beside me. Our party had received an addition. "An excellent substitute for a

ball, Doctor Carew," I said; "or do you prefer to dance?—and, by the way, did you attempt it?"

"I, Miss? I have but this moment come on deck."

What an unnecessary as well as unavailing falsehood it was! I could have taken oath that he had been standing at the entrance to the bridge the last half hour, with a muffled figure beside him which could be no other than Fraülein Elsa. She came up at that moment and betrayed him innocently:

"I have been telling Doctor Carew that he should sing. For it iss Doctor Carew who can sing beautifully, if he will."

"I am sorry to question Fraülein Köner's musical taste;" the surgeon began, stiffly. He added something, possibly by way of excusing himself and moved a few steps away.

"Has he sung to you, Elsa?"

"Oh yes," the girl replied in her ringing voice, which must have reached the surgeon where he stood. "Once, twice, in the efening, like this, when he has come for me to walk on the deck. For it iss not good, he says, that I stay below. And now that the baby will sleep, I can go. I can go fery well indeed in the efening when the baby will sleep."

She crossed her hands and met my eyes with her bright innocent ones as though asking me to share in this new pleasure. How then could I say anything against it?

The next morning as I was lying on the sofa in the ladies' cabin I heard two familiar voices in the passage between the saloon and the forward deck.

"Why did you tell Miss — that we walked on deck together?" said one in a guarded tone.

"And why should I not tell her?" Fraülein responded openly. "It wass fery amiable of you to ask me to walk on the deck with you, Doctor Carew, and the efenings were fery long until that you did ask me."

"Yes, yes, but it is a very small affair. There is no occasion to spread it around."

"Yes, it iss a small affair. But it iss a fery pleasant affair to me," and there was a laugh in Fraülein's voice. "What do you mean by not 'spread it around'? Iss it that I shall tell nobody?" she asked with sudden wonder and suspicion. "Ahl it iss to haf shame to keep things in your own heart. And iss it you who haf shame to walk with me? Oh, now I see what it iss!" And her burning words overran each other.

"You ask me to walk in the evening when the ladies are not on the deck. It is I that will not walk with you again, Doctor Carew, not if you come and ask me many times." And she rushed away from him and past the cabin door.

The air had been growing softer each day. The sky deepened its blue as we approached America. An awning was stretched over the deck. The ladies discarded their wrappings and brought out their work. The ship had ceased its wild plunges and lay like a tired creature upon the still waves. "To-morrow" and "to-morrow," we said as we looked for sails against the sky, lounging on the deck and watching the tiny rainbow which each wave threw off with its spray.

"Ah! that is finer than all," exclaimed Doctor Carew.

He addressed Fräulein.

"It is very beautiful," she responded coldly. She did not raise her eyes. She had been lulling the baby upon her knees to sleep. She laid it upon a pile of rugs, covering it carefully and screening its face from the light.

The surgeon, leaning upon one of the hatchways, watched her as she did all this quietly, deftly. When her task was done he spoke again.

"You have never been forward over the bridge, Fräulein. There is no motion today. Suppose you come now."

"I thank you, but I have no desire to go. And do not say 'Fräulein' to me, but *Mees*, as you do to Mees—here," motioning to me. "When she comes to Germany I will say 'Fräulein'. Then she will not be a—a—what you call a foreigner, any more. It is not good to be a foreigner. One does not know the ways of the people."

There was a suspicious break in her voice over the last words. But her face was screened from sight. She was bending over the child, re-adjusting its wrappings.

"But you expressed a desire to go out there, one day—one evening *when we were walking the deck together*."

He uttered the words with remarkable distinctness. Were they a concession to Fräulein's pride? Her head bent lower. The color deepened in her face.

Mrs. Jerningham, who saw nothing and suspected nothing, took the matter up now.

"You had better go, Elsa, since the doctor is so kind."

And Fräulein rose and went.

They spent a long half-hour out among

the smoke-stacks and apparently in earnest conversation. And he must have made his peace with her, for she came back with a glow on her beautiful face which could never have been caused by the freshening wind.

We were drawing near to America. At last one Sabbath morning its hazy shores came out to meet us. Of our steaming up the bay with the faint church-bells sounding in our unaccustomed ears, this story need not tell, nor how the black "tug" to convey us to the shore, appeared so suddenly out of the mist as to seem like some uncanny thing.

"Take care, Fräulein."

We were being lowered into the boat when Elsa slipped.

Some one caught her. It was Doctor Carew. "Don't forget us," I heard him say in a passionate, repressed voice. Then he turned to exchange a few pleasant parting words with us all. But his easy grace was gone. His face was very pale; his manner strangely disturbed.

"We will not say good-bye," and Mrs. Jerningham offered her hand cordially. "You must promise to call, Doctor Carew, when the *B—* comes in again."

He promised eagerly, shook hands rather hastily with the passengers crowding the small deck and sprang up the ladder-like stairs against the side of the steamer.

There was some delay about our getting off. We were all engaged in securing comfortable places and gathering our various belongings, when suddenly the surgeon appeared again in our midst.

"Miss Köner has forgotten the copy of verses I promised her. Only a few German verses I offered to write off for her," he explained to me as he put them into her hand.

She did not seem to comprehend. But all was confusion. Already there were shouts of "Let go! fall off!" and we seemed to have parted from our huge companion, the steamer. Fräulein started up with a faint shriek as the strip of water suddenly widened between us and it. But the surgeon was safe upon the ladder, and waving his cap in adieu. I doubt if any of the passengers save one gave him a thought. Every face was turned eagerly to the shore,—every face but Fräulein's. Leaning against the bulwark, she alone watched the great ship growing less upon the water, until the figures upon its deck were indistinct and lost. Then, with a trembling sigh, she sat down by my side. She was twisting the paper in her hand (for I had taken the baby out of her arms).

"You will ruin your verses, Fraülein."

"Ah, yes, I forget," and she opened them without curiosity. At the first glance a vivid blush began to steal over her face. "They are Heine's verses," she explained to me as she refolded the paper, "and— and there are a few words which Doctor Carew did write of himself."

Perhaps it was these last which had left a tender light in Fraülein's dark eyes.

We bade the Jerninghams good-bye upon the wharf, and I saw no more of them until two or three weeks later, when I went up to town to visit the friends who were their next-door neighbors, as it proved. Fraülein was still with them, no opportunity having been found for her to return home.

The *B*— was expected every day now. "I wonder if Doctor Carew will call," said Mrs. Jerningham.

There was no doubt in my own mind. Of course he would call, and, moreover, make violent love to Fraülein. But of this I kept my own counsel, although time and distance had modified my prejudices in regard to the surgeon.

Two or three evenings later, as I was going out of the house, I ran down the steps and almost into the arms of a passer who seemed to be loitering upon the walk. It was almost dark, but I could see that he still lingered about the area of my friend's house, when I had crossed the street and looked back. Apparently Mrs. Jerningham's upper windows attracted his gaze. Fraülein had appeared at one of these with the baby in her arms. The room behind her was brilliantly lighted. Her face was glowing with health and happy excitement. She laughed as she tossed the child in her arms, her loose sleeves showing her pretty arms to the elbows, while she looked up and down the darkening street all unconscious of the watcher below. As she began to draw the curtain, he passed slowly on and out of sight.

The outline of this figure, especially in motion, was strangely familiar. Where had I seen it before? I could not recall. But next morning, when Mrs. Jerningham said:

"We sent in for you last evening. Whom do you think we had for a visitor?"

"The surgeon from the *B*—," I replied at once. It had come to me like a revelation that it was Doctor Carew who had been watching Fraülein the night before.

"You know he always expressed the kindest interest in Elsa," Mrs. Jerningham went on, "and now he has found a chance for her to return home. Some friend of his

own, an elderly lady, desires a companion for the voyage, and, once in England, Elsa's father, or Fritz (the son of her father's wife) could meet her. The only difficulty is that this friend sails in the *B*— on Saturday, and I am not sure that I can spare Elsa so soon. The baby is not well this morning, nor is Alice (a child by Captain Jerningham's former wife). The doctor thinks it may prove measles, and I know nothing of sickness. Besides, they are so fond of Elsa, I could not have her leave when they were ill. But in the meantime, Doctor Carew is to see this friend. She is somewhere out of town, and he has gone to Connecticut to remain until Friday night. He will call on Saturday morning to learn our decision."

But by the next morning the disease had proved to be measles. The children were both ill, and Fraülein had generously given up all thought of going home at present. I was in the sick-room on Saturday morning when the servant tapped at the door to say that Doctor Carew was below. Elsa was dropping medicine into a spoon with unfailing dexterity, but this announcement sent it running over into the glass. Her eyes dilated with expectation, then with a surprise which was not yet disappointment as Mrs. Jerningham hastened out of the room alone. She waited, making her step more noiseless than ever, her whisper breathless, lest that faint tap at the door should come again and escape her ear. But it did not come. An hour went by; I could not see her suffer the agony of hope stretched on the rack—not though I almost distrusted the surgeon.

"Suppose you run down for a moment," I said at last. "Leave the children with me. Doctor Carew cannot have much longer to stay, and the servant has certainly made a mistake or forgotten to call you."

"Go down!" she repeated, turning her burning eyes upon me. "No, no, Mees —, that I will never do. He—he did not ask for me."

Just then the heavy outer door closed with a clang. In a moment Mrs. Jerningham appeared. Her manner was flurried and excited.

"I have sent him away at last; but he was really persistent beyond reason. He declared that it was my duty to let you go, Elsa. What! tears, child? And do you, too, think me selfish and unreasonable?"

"Oh no, dear friend;" and Fraülein's arms were thrown around Mrs. Jerningham's neck.



"It will only be for a month. He thinks his friend may wait, as she dislikes the idea of crossing alone. You can spare me one more month, Elsa?"

"I will *never* leave you while the dear children are so ill."

"I should have sent for you, dear (he asked for you), but that I did not think it well to subject you to his persuasions."

Now Fraülein's face glowed.

"He really argued the question," Mrs. Jerningham said when we had left the sick-room together. "I had some difficulty in sending him away. It was such an excellent opportunity, he said. And when one considered the peculiar dangers to which Fraülein's inexperience and beauty must expose her."

"Indeed!" I said. "But what do we know of Doctor Carew himself?"

Mrs. Jerningham stared.

"Why, he is a perfect gentleman."

"I wish I were as sure that he is a man of honor."

"What do you mean?"

"N—othing. Though really what do we know of him beyond the fact that he has agreeable manners."

Mrs. Jerningham's countenance expressed the blankest dismay.

"But I could inquire," she said after a breathless pause. "There are the Brentfords down at R—, where his brother-in-law's place is."

"Then the brother-in-law's place is at R—? How did you ever find it out?"

"I asked where it was."

"And you said perhaps that you also had friends there?"

"No, it did not occur to me at the time."

But here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the doctor, and it was not resumed,—not at least till some weeks later when the children had passed the climax of their disease and were slowly recovering. Mrs. Jerningham's anxiety having been out of all proportion to their danger, she had become quite worn out with care and watching, and her husband had taken her away for a week of rest and recreation.

I found her the first morning after her return busy in her own room, unpacking her wardrobe with Fraülein's assistance. When the children had been discussed and set aside, we turned to her late journey.

"And did you go to R—?" I had forgotten Fraülein's presence.

"Yes; we were there two or three days."

"Then it is to be hoped that you saw the brother-in-law's place!" And I laughed.

But Mrs. Jerningham answered, quite seriously:

"We did, indeed; and it is everything that Doctor Carew made it out to be. I never knew landscape gardening carried so far."

"And the doctor?"

"Is expected now on the B—. Let me see,—two, three,—Fraülein, do you find another cuff? There should be four of these with sleeves. Ah, yes, here it is.—And we met his wife."

"*Met his wife!* Whose wife?"

"Why, Doctor Carew's, and a very pretty little English girl she is. Thin, as they are apt to be; but with pretty blue eyes and a complexion like milk. Take care, Fraülein! You are upsetting that jar. Here, you may take these into the children's room."

I rose straight up from the corner of the bed, where I had been sitting. Elsa, pale as death, had escaped from the room.

"Do you mean to tell me that Doctor Carew is married—the Doctor Carew we know?"

"To be sure he is; I dined with his wife. They have been married four years, I understood her to say. He brought her over this last trip of the B—, and she is to stay some months. And, do you know, it struck me as peculiar that he should never once have mentioned her to us."

"*Peculiar!*"

"Yes, I felt so; I shall say a sharp word to him when he comes again."

But I did not heed her. *Poor Fraülein!*

Elsa did not appear again that morning, nor did I see her for several days,—not until I met her coming down the stairs at Mrs. Jerningham's one morning. Her changed appearance surprised me into an exclamation.

"You are not well," I said.

"I thank you; I am *very* well," she answered gently, but going on with the baby's porringer of milk in her hand, its contents scarcely whiter than her face.

I opened the subject of Fraülein's health to Mrs. Jerningham, who suspected nothing of the truth, I soon found. Nor would I betray her secret pain.

"Yes, she is beginning to feel the care of the children," Mrs. Jerningham said. "Dear Elsa! It has been more than either of us expected, for the baby was well when we left Göttingen. But the sea voyage will do everything for her, and the B— must come in before many days now."

The B—! And did they still plan for Fraülein to return under Doctor Carew's

care? This should never be. I would warn the girl, if she did not herself refuse to go with him. But how? She seldom appeared now, confining herself closely to the nursery and the children, and the days were slipping away fast. The *B*— was expected momentarily.

I had been detained down town until nearly dark one day, and was hurrying home across the small park in the square below my friend's house. The lamps were lighted, and the nurses were hastening away with their young charges. The white paths, the gleaming lights among the trees, the great pots of foreign plants, and the white-capped *bonnes*, gave to the spot a thoroughly foreign air. It was early yet for the evening strollers. The seats were empty; the paths deserted, save for an occasional hurrying, belated figure. I slackened my steps involuntarily, enjoying the faint reminiscences called up by the scene, glad of a moment of quiet security after the plunge and din and bewilderment of the streets outside, when I was startled by a voice—Fraülein's voice, I could not mistake it—coming from behind a clump of flowering shrubs at the end of the path upon which I had just entered. The tone was that of excited remonstrance. I flew down the walk until an opening in the shrubbery revealed the girl and her companion to me. She was standing in the light of one of the great lamps, which gleamed more and more brightly as the darkness set in, her hands clasped together, her head thrown back, her face deathly pale.

"Iss it to go with you?" she was saying. "To go with you on the *B*—? No, Doctor Carew, I will never go with you. And now that I haf told you, you will not come to the house and ask me to go, before them all."

He seemed to reason with her,—to plead in a low voice.

"Oh, I know about you, Doctor Carew; I know fery well indeed about you. And I know about your wife," Fraülein cried out in a voice sharp with anguish.

The man started back.

"Who has been telling you foolish stories?"

"It iss no foolish story that I haf heard. I know fery well about her eyes that are blue, and her face that iss like the milk. It iss Mrs. Jerningham who has seen your wife!"

His face grew white under the yellow light of the lamp.

"What do I care?" he said desperately.

"Will you turn away from me because I

didn't meet you earlier? It was no fault of mine, and I'll not give you up now—not for all the milk-faced girls in the world!"

"What iss it you say? *Gott im Himmel!* Now I know you for one fery bad man! Oh, if my father could hear you! If Fritz could know!"

She was regarding him with dilating eyes, as she retreated backward. To see her slowly going away from him like this, with horror in her eyes, must have maddened him. He sprang and caught her. She gave a faint scream as she wrenched herself out of his hands, then she flew along the path to the curb-stone, darted among the carriages in the street, and vanished from sight.

He started after her. Then, flinging his hands back with an oath, he turned and disappeared in another direction.

In two days the *B*— sailed for Liverpool. Doctor Carew neither called nor wrote. But Fraülein had been stricken down with a fever, and no one remembered the surgeon or thought of the girl's going home. There were long, dreadful days and nights, when we had little hope that she would ever see her own people again. But God was good to her, and pitiful of the poor old father in a distant land, who never knew that she lay sick almost to death until, after anxious, weary weeks, she began slowly to recover. As for the *B*—, it passed out of our thoughts. It may have come and gone; we never knew or inquired.

When the summer was nearly spent, we all went down to the sea together, to a quiet resort where the Jerninghams had taken a cottage. We were sitting on the rocks together one day, Fraülein and I, the idle waves drifting in to our feet, and her wistful eyes on the dim line where sea and sky met. She sighed.

"It is a fery great way ofer the sea, Mees —."

"Yes, Fraülein."

"Oh, it iss I that wish I wass at home;" and she fell to weeping bitterly. And then it came out that she had missed her weekly letter from over the sea.

"There is only some mistake in forwarding it here," I said, cheerfully. "It will surely come later. And when we go back to the house you shall write. Your eyes are stronger now and you might easily write a few lines." It was Mrs. Jerningham or her husband who had kept Fraülein's father informed of her progress toward recovery. "But you have never talked to

me about your home, Elsa. Tell me something of your people."

"I haf nothing to tell," she answered simply. But my request had roused her to reminiscence, for presently she began.

"There iss my father—oh, you should see my father, Mees —," and the color flowed into her pale cheeks. "His hair it iss white, and when he comes down the street in the efening in his professor's gown there iss not any of the scholars behind him who haf eyes so sharp and bright as his. And he iss so wise, Mees —! There iss not anything written in books that he does not know. He knows it all fery well, indeed."

I showed my surprise silently, lest I should break the spell.

"And there iss Frau Eisenbach, my father's wife. She has been married to him only one year. And it iss a fery good heart Frau Eisenbach has. There wass always a place in my father's house for me, though she did come to be his wife."

She paused, then she went on slowly.

"And there iss Fritz."

"Who is Fritz?" I asked, though I knew very well. "Your brother?"

"No, he iss not any brother to me, Fritz iss not. He iss Frau Eisenbach's son."

"And has he also a good heart?" I asked slyly.

But there was no blush on her cheek and her great dark eyes met mine without embarrassment.

"Oh yes, it iss Fritz who has a fery good heart. And what he will say to-day, Mees —, he will say to-morrow, and the next day, and other days. There iss not any change in Fritz," she added thoughtfully. "He iss—what you call it? He has scholars. And some day—who can tell?—he may wear a gown like my father. It iss Fritz who does write—who does tell me of them all. Ah!" and she drew in a deep sigh, "I do not understand, that I haf no letter!"

I comforted her as well as I could and leaving our seat among the rocks strolled back toward the house. Fraülein still lingered. The cottage which the Jernings had taken for a few weeks stood entirely by itself with only a stretch of sand between it and the open sea. In the rear a rough cart-track led over the coarse tufted grass to the road. We had no neighbors within a quarter of a mile, where a small summer-hotel had brought the locality into mild repute, and as our vicinity offered

nothing to strolling curiosity we were seldom annoyed by visitors from the former place. What was my surprise, then, as I approached the cottage from one side, to find a stranger, dusty and travel-stained, resting upon the broad steps before the open door. He had removed his hat and was wiping the perspiration from his forehead like one prepared to take his ease. One glance at his dust-covered garments, his formidable stick, his general air—as I fancied—of purposeless peregrination convinced me that he was that pest of remote dwellings and terror of defenseless women—a tramp.

He rose as my dress rustled over the sand. He bowed respectfully, yet not with abjectness. Certainly there was nothing alarming in the appearance of this dusty, fair-haired young man with a brown, intelligent face and anxious, prepossessing eyes. But they often had handsome eyes, and I had known several of intellectual countenances.

"Madame, I come from Chairmany."

"Chairmany?" Oh yes, Germany. They were always coming from somewhere and desiring to go further. Content was not an attribute of the tramp. All this did not reassure me. It was, as I have said, a lonely situation, and during the day we were a family of women. I searched my pocket in nervous haste, and brought out a lead-pencil and a few pennies, which I offered deprecatingly. But he scorned the gift with a hasty motion of his hand and an indignant protest in the German tongue.

As the heavy, three-cornered adjectives and verbs began to fall about my ears, I staggered back in terror.

He advanced a step.

I had no strength to fly. I was too weak to call out, and there was Fraülein, feeble and alone, advancing toward the house! Her foot ground the sand behind him. I made a motion to her to fly just as he wheeled about. Had the girl gone mad? She gave a faint shriek and ran toward him with extended arms, her face whitening to her lips. Then she fell in a little heap at his feet.

He took her in his arms with an exclamation of endearment. There are words the tender meaning of which no foreign tongue can hide! He laid her head against his breast and bore her to the house, I following meekly in the rear. There was no need of explanation, though that came later. It was Frau Eisenbach's son. It was Fritz, the good Fritz, who had come all the way

from Göttingen and many a mile on foot at the news of Fraülein's illness, to find her and bring her home.

I remembered what she had said, that there was not any change in Fritz, and I was convinced, although she seemed strangely blind to the fact, that he had loved her tenderly and long.

They sailed in a week. We all went down to the steamer to see them off. There was the usual crowd, the flowers,—appropriate to nothing,—the hurry, the excitement of compressed and scarcely concealed agony at parting, among friends; for all of which we had no eyes to-day. We said "good-bye" with tears, and yet as they say farewell who hope to meet again. We crossed the gang-plank,—already the hands of the sailors had seized its ropes,—then we turned for one last look. There was a sound as of a mighty sob from the great steamer, as it parted from the shore. We strained our eyes to find our friends upon its deck. They stood apart from the others. Fritz had bared his head; Fraülein had thrust back the hood of her cloak. Her great, sad eyes were searching the crowd on the wharf. She saw us; she threw out her arms to us in a gesture of unutterable love. Then she buried her face upon Fritz's shoulder.

Was it the sun in his eyes which seemed to transfigure his countenance? Was it not rather the assurance of faith which comes to

those who wait and serve? He waved his hand to us. Slowly the ship turned upon its keel. It moved away, and we saw them no more.

It is six years since Fraülein left us. At first we often heard from her; less frequently as the tone of her letters became more cheerful. Happiness is content to glow and be silent.

For a year we had received no letter. Then there came one to us full of spontaneous joy, and at the end the announcement that she was going to be married to Fritz. "And when you come to Germany again," she wrote, "you will not pass by Göttingen. There are the University and the theater and the Garden of Plants; and are they not worth that you should come and visit them? And there, too, will be your happy Elsa, who has no longer any desire to go away and see the world, unless it should be that Fritz will come to America. For Fritz does say that in your country— But there would not be in the whole world paper or ink enough to tell all the beautiful things that Fritz does say of your country. And if it was not that he does love this land and is to have a place in the university another year, I believe that he would go and live always in America. He looks over my shoulder while I write, and he says, 'There will always be a welcome in our home for them all.' And that is true, as you know very well, if Fritz does say it."

### THE TOKEN.

CLAD in purple, he sat in his palace,  
A powerful king, in the days of old;  
They brought him wine in a beautiful chalice,  
Whose gems were crusted in beaten gold.

"Who hath jewels like mine?" demanded  
The boastful monarch; and straightway then,  
Through his men-at-arms, who at once disbanded,  
Came one, who looked like the Man of men.

He came in proudly, and held up a jewel,  
Held it with both hands over his head;  
Its light was lovely, its light was cruel;  
But, cruel or lovely, the light was red.

It shot out sparkles; it was a Glory,  
A terrible Splendor, a heart of Fire;  
No one light like it, in song or story,  
For who had that had his soul's desire!

Its brightness shone over land and ocean,  
Far-reaching,—a dazzling, blinding light;  
Creating wonder and strange devotion,  
A sense of Love, and the sense of Might.

"Who hath jewels like thine?" demanded  
This Man of men. "Look at my great gem!  
It grew where the rivers are golden-sanded,  
With others,—it does not compare with them!

"I say to thee, monarch, it is a token  
Of the Masters, that ever on earth remain;  
And if by chance any part is broken,  
It is nothing less, but is whole again."

Thus in Gallic Latin,—your Southey will show it,—  
Two hundred and fifty years ago,  
Wrote the great de Thou, of an early poet;  
But what the meaning, he did not know.

I know his secret, without his learning;  
I have divined it, by my deep art;  
It is only dark to the undiscerning—  
This parable of the Poet's Heart!

#### THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

I HAVE taken advantage of enforced rest from the usual pursuit of my art of painting to illustrate in an improved form my rediscovery of the "Measure of a Man," essentially the same measure, though in less ample form, having been first published by me in New York in 1860, entitled "A New Geometrical Mode of Measuring the Proportions of the Human Body." It might better have been called, I think, the old mode, etc.

I carefully redrew the figures of the plates in 1876, inclosing each view within a square subdivided each way by 12, thus dividing the whole into 144 equal small squares. I have here added to former illustrations the plate of the antique standard of the human form, viz., "The Egyptian Water-Carrier," and also the plate of the three views of the female figure.

The proportions explain themselves geometrically in the drawings, but I may also add, by way of explaining how they came to me, that in Rome, in the year 1853, having been engaged for some months in carving wooden figures for manikins for artistic purposes, I was impressed with the fact that of nearly one hundred and fifty differ-

ent measures of the human figure, not one was adapted to popular use. Some are applicable to the front, some to the back, others to the bones, and all in general leading from lesser to greater parts. Something more universal was needed, and so external that if one path of measure is lost in a particular attitude, another corresponding one may remain practicable, as, for instance: if the figure inclined forward, thus lengthening the back and contracting the chest, that the sides might show a line unchanged in length though curved; or, if inclining to one side, as in the "Ilissus," making one side long and the other short, that the back or front might show points to fix the exact division in the chest.

While seeking for truth of form and adjusting the proportions of my manikins, a remarkable statement in the Revelation engaged my attention:

"And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel."—*Revelation*, xxi (see 12-17 inclusive).

I thought I would take the writer at his word, and ask the unit of measure of his



golden reed. The Golden Rule of life being the real mean proportional of morals and religion, might I not hope to find the mean common ground of art and science, of nature and humanity, in the "Measure of a Man," the highest work of nature and the most perfect image of his Maker which the Supreme Artist has left us?

In other words, my own impulse, with these hints, was to try and find out if these seemingly cabalistic words might be capable of a practical artistic interpretation.

In measuring my little "Egyptian Water-Carrier" I found it plain as a foot rule—the *figure in height and breadth is divided by twelve*. Being satisfied in this respect, I reassured myself and friends by immediate actual measurements of the Egyptian standard in the Vatican, and of the casts of the "Theseus" and "Ilissus" at Rome, and afterward of their marbles, and the "Fates" at the British Museum, considering these to be the highest "angels" of sculpture that the world has known. Other famous figures, in proportion to their excellence as acknowledged by the best judges, were found to come more or less near this standard, that is, according as their divisions into twelfths were accurately indicated. For instance, the beautiful and almost perfect "Venus" dug up from the Campagna near Rome in 1859, is of a higher type of proportion than the "Venus de' Medici" of which it is probably the original, being the same in action. But for a fatal hesitation this—one of the very finest of the antiques—might have been secured for this country. We had the first refusal of it. Its perfect proportions made me sure there was no mistake about its very great value. The Grande Duchesse Marie of Russia was also so sure that, while our men were hesitating, she bought it, I was told, for \$10,000. I cite this as a useful and practical illustration of the value of exact knowledge in matters of art. I may also add that, owing to the unfortunate ignorance of the restorers, a fault was made in mending the raised forearm,—it was made too short, and with little excuse, as the supports of the fingers of that hand were left on the breast, as well as on the thigh for the other hand.

It was after much reflection that I decided that the perfect figure must be divided into three equal parts; partly because three is a measure of twelve as well as four, which numbers the sides on which the divisions are found; also because three is the universal basis of science, philosophy and art, when spoken

of in numerical technicalities, embracing the all of end, cause and effect, being the first perfect number and involving the axiom, "parts equal to the same are equal to each other," while the division into *two* involves only a repetition of equals without this additional variation; and furthermore, as will be seen in the explanation of the plates, the dividing the figure into three equal parts allows a sliding scale of immense practical importance; also, in my method of reasoning, the whole figure is admitted and the process of subdivision follows in order, from greatest to least, or from the whole to its parts. The importance of these three upright divisions is enhanced by their being equally distinctly marked in the external muscles on all *four* sides of the figure, in the very "walls" of the man. These numbers, three and four, being multiplied together give a significance to twelve, which, being squared, since the man is broad as high, that is, "the length as large as the breadth," gives a hundred and forty and four, "according to the measure of a man."

I may here mention that my friend, Robert Browning, was the first one to whom I had the pleasure of communicating my discovery and its use. Subsequently he advised me to publish it in some English periodical, and assisted me in recollecting the date of my first observations by saying: "I put it in 'Cleon,' and my wife in 'Aurora Leigh.'"

"I know the true proportions of a man,  
And woman also, not observed before."  
CLEON.

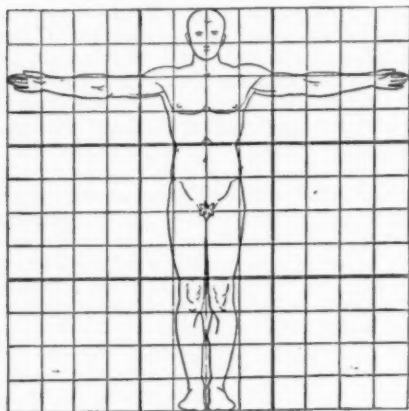
"The only teachers who instruct mankind,  
From just a shadow on a charnel wall  
To find man's veritable stature out,  
Erect, sublime—the measure of a man,  
And that's the measure of an angel, says  
The Apostle."

AURORA LEIGH.

At an early day I told my countryman, Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor and author, of the hints I had gathered from St. John, and the use I had made of them. I communicated my method of measures to Bartholomew, who used them in 1853 and 1854. I also assisted the lamented Akers in giving his "Pearl Diver" the "measure of a man," and gave my first drawings, scratched on slate, to Ferraro, the draughtsman, when I left Rome in July, 1860.

There is nothing new under the sun, and even the sun can no longer be commanded to start or to stand still. An Eastern scholar sends me word to-day: "We have known

this measure thousands of years in India; it is the cruciform man of Plato, in space, and twelve is the Pythagorean number of



NO. I.

man and humanity." A distinguished physiologist has expressed surprise that these external markings of the twelve divisions, so obviously anatomical, should so long have escaped modern artistic observation. To many artists I am indebted for very kind expressions of their appreciation of the use and beauty of these proportions.

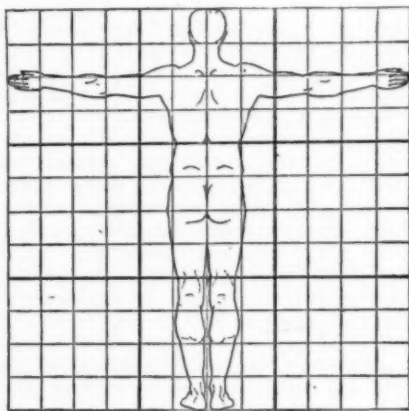
During my own seeking and finding of these truths I was led only by my great desire to get on in sculpture and painting. My little wooden manikins, strung on strings, with places left for joints to be filled in with wax to secure chosen positions, were much more satisfactory when finished, from my having so carefully measured the best that is known of antique art. They became most instructive artistic dolls, their actual beauty of proportions adding greatly to the excellences of the poses they might fall into.

I am very happy to have rediscovered among the lost arts facts confirmed by eminent scholars, philosophers, poets, and artists. But, I may add, at the time of my studies and discovery of this measure, of course I was not aware the old Farther Indians used it; that Pythagoras and Plato taught it; that Phidias gained by it; that perhaps St. Luke, the painter, and St. John, the writer, may have practiced it; that science, philosophy, religion, and art might shake hands over it. All this was afterthought. Then I was satisfied it "had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels," for sculpture and painting.

Art pays its dues to nature, music owes its special debt to numbers. The ear to hear it is a recording phonograph, which, parrot-like, tells to the mind what external vibrations tell to it. Music of the spheres used to be special star-science. Color, the natural medium of which the imitative art of painting is a parallel, has its own laws of form and number, its wave lengths and vibrations, its three axes and fourth proportional, its own proper figure of motion which adepts call its fourth dimension—all which science is endeavoring to define as accurately as it would the figure of motion which the mind calls sound. The Supreme Machinist holds each element to its own proper gauge. Light itself, which is an expression through the eye of the forms and numbers of ethereal vibrations varied in a way the mind calls color, drives the car of Phœbus, keeps his own time-table, numbers star, sun, and planet on his way. "God geometrizes," said the old philosophers. Nature is modification, echoes science through geometry.

#### EXPLANATIONS OF THE PLATES.

THE accompanying plates illustrate this ancient geometrical canon of form of the



NO. II.

human figure as applied to the Egyptian "Water-Carrier" of the Vatican, and illustrated in the best examples of Greek art:

The cruciform figure in the plates is equal in height and breadth, and each of these dimensions has its three grand divisions, which are subdivided into four others, thus comprising the whole extended figure within a perfect square whose root is twelve.

The female figure is smaller than the male, but of the same proportions.

The boundaries of the upright grand divisions of the figure are indicated in nature at the extremities, and on the back, front, and on both sides of the figure.

The whole width of the figure is included within the extended finger-tips—the middle third embracing the chest and shoulder

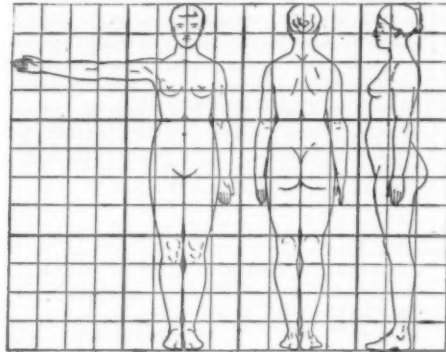
to where the crossing of the muscles lies in the plane of the pit of the stomach, and the point in the back forming the waist.

The second third extends from the waist in front to the end of the muscle just above the knee-pan, and at the sides and behind, to points as plainly indicated both in nature and in the drawings.

The third division extends from this point above the knee and its plane to the bottom of the feet.

It is not uncommon in nature to find the first two thirds of the figure agreeing exactly with the highest ideal of proportions, while, as every sculptor and painter knows, the part from the knee down is usually too short, showing that here we either have not departed from, or have degenerated toward, the type of the inferior animals.

The next striking division of the figure, male or female, is into six equal parts; but these, except at the termination of the thirds, are distinctly indicated only on the front and on the back, as may be seen in the drawings, at the pit between the collar bones and at the middle of the figure in front, and at the bottom of the calf in the back of the leg. And here it is proper to notice the sliding scale alluded to in the preface, by which, without changing its grand proportions or interfering with its thirds and sixths, a figure may still be drawn or measured by this rule, whether it be tall and slight and full up to the "eight head" or heroic standard, or short and thick, according to a more Herculean type;



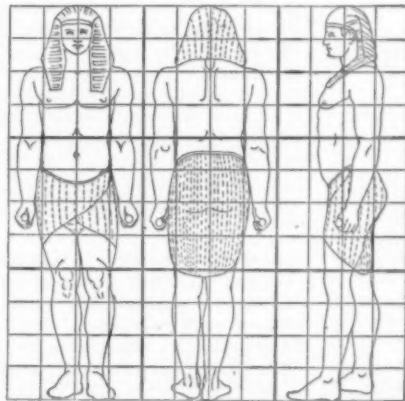
NO. 3.

muscles. The sixths and twelfths in this plane are very distinctly marked.

Division into sixths of the whole figure is very obvious as shown in the drawings, and the same may be said of the twelfths—though these minor divisions are not all equally clearly marked externally on each of the four sides of the figure.

The proportions of the human figure as seen in the drawings are strictly geometrical; that is, they are to be measured in the actual figure by a straight line, in a plane parallel to the planes in which the points indicated are situated; or by a rule whereon the divisions may be marked corresponding to those of the height or breadth of the man. They will be found to be identical with the proportions of the famous "Egyptian Standard," known by the various names of the "Egyptian Apollo," the "Water-Carrier," or the "Egyptian Antinous," as well as with those of the best remains of Greek art in the figures of "Theseus" and "Ilissus," and the "Fates" by Phidias, from the Parthenon, now among the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum.

The first third of the perfect upright human figure extends in front from the top of the head to the point called the pit of the stomach; behind, to where the great muscles of the back dip to the spine, and at the sides



NO. 4. "EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER" OR "ANTINOUS."

(This figure, being slightly in perspective, could not strictly be drawn on the square, but serves as above for illustrating the general subject of proportion.)

as, for example, by enlarging and lengthening the head and shortening the neck, and *vice versa*, the character of the figure is entirely changed without changing its general proportions. In the same way, the width of the shoulders may be increased without interfering with the principal divisions indicated of the chest and arms.

I have purposely avoided technical terms in naming the points of division of the figure, since they are as evident in nature as in the best specimens of art we know, and need only to be noticed to be understood.

The convenience of the minor divisions indicated by the lines forming the squares on the drawings will be found in the use of this measure; and the great advantage of its entirely external character may be appreciated from the fact that in nature the general di-

visions are so marked as to show themselves even through the extremely artificial clothing of the common soldier.

This is not the standard of Canova or of Thorwaldsen, or even of the Apollo Belvedere, but it is the standard of Phidias and of the remains of the Parthenon. Far down the line comes the beautiful Apollo and the finest Roman pieces. Beauty in the highest sense is not a mere matter of feeling, or sympathy, or opinion; its laws are rigorous as those of weights and measures in other things, granting always the subservience of all aspects of body to its continent, the soul, for whatever else the artist may ask of beauty, its highest use is soul manifestation. Use, beauty, simplicity, and its external markings are the points to be noted in this standard of the human form.

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### A CANTICLE OF SPRING.

O GREEN, up-springing grass, your tender freshness spreading  
By many a narrow pass where way-worn feet are treading,—  
O lightly waving trees, whose swelling leaf-buds render  
Undoubted promises of the full summer's splendor,—  
O dainty daffodils, whose lovely sunlit faces  
Brighten the barren hills with unexpected graces,—  
O all ye blossoms, set the fells and meadows over,  
Wind-flower and violet, and columbine and clover,—  
Bless ye the Lord on high; by wood, and field, and river,  
Praise Him, and magnify His holy name forever!

Now when the budding spring escapes from winter's durance,  
Hope hath its flowering, and Faith its sweet assurance:  
How shall our hearts be sad when Nature's face rejoices,  
And earth and air are glad with her tumultuous voices?  
Ears that His message seek, and doubt not in possessing,  
To them the winds shall speak in undertones of blessing;  
And to the seeing eyes, His gracious works beholding,  
No little bird that flies, no small green thing unfolding,  
But shall his love express who doth our souls deliver—  
Whose holy name we bless and magnify forever!

Praise Him, O soul of mine! nor ever cease from praising,  
Though olive-tree and vine be blighted in the raising;  
Though flood and frost and fire assail me in one morning,  
And though my heart's desire shall perish without warning!  
Still shall His rivers flow, the heavens declare His glory;  
Still shall His green things grow, His winds repeat their story;  
And I, who sit to-day beneath the cloud of sorrow  
And see no opening way to sunshine for the morrow,  
Still by His mighty word upheld for fresh endeavor,  
Will magnify the Lord, and bless His name forever!

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## Some Thin Virtues.

As a working rule, in the conduct of life, we suppose there is no better than that which has been denominated "The Golden Rule," but its author could hardly have regarded it as the highest and best. There seems to be no motive bound up in it but a selfish one, and no standard of morality but the actor's own desires. The Golden Rule, as we call it, seems to be hardly more than common decency formulated. Nothing, obviously, can be decent in our treatment of others that we do not recognize as proper and desirable in their treatment of ourselves. It is a rule that seems to be made for supreme selfishness. Refrain from putting your foot into another pig's trough, unless you are willing to have another pig put his foot into your trough. One of the great mistakes of the world, and especially of the Christian world, is in the conviction that this is a high rule of action, and that the virtue based upon it is of superior value. It is the thinnest kind of a virtue, and if there be not the love of God and man behind it, to give it vitality and meaning, it can never minister much to good character. What a man does, actuated by the motive of love, he does nobly, and the same thing may not be done nobly at all when done in accordance with the rule to do to others what one would like to have others do to himself.

There are other virtues that are very much overestimated, eminent among which is that of toleration. We know of none so thin as this, yet this is one over which an enormous amount of bragging is done. We talk about the religious toleration practiced by our government, as if it were something quite unnatural for a government to protect its own people in the exercise of their most precious opinions and privileges. The man who personally tolerates all men, and all societies of men, in the exercise of their opinions upon religion and politics, is not without his boast of it, and a feeling that he has outgrown most of the people around him. The sad thing about it all is, of course, that a country or a community can be so blind and stupid that toleration can appear to be a virtue at all, or so bigoted and willful that it can even appear to be a vice.

We thank no man for tolerating our opinions on anything, nor do we give him any praise for it, any more than we thank him for the liberty of breathing with him a common air. Toleration is the name that we give to the common decencies of intellectual and moral life. It is the Golden Rule applied to the things of opinion and expression. It is by no means a high affair. It is simply permitting others to do, in all matters of politics and religion, freely, in our presence and society, what we claim the privilege of doing in their presence and society. People who are intolerant—and we are informed that there are such in this country—are simply indecent. They are devoid of intellectual courtesy. They are bores who are out of place among a free people, and, no

matter who they may be, they ought to be persistently snubbed until they learn polite intellectual manners. The spirit of intolerance is a spirit of discourtesy and insult, and there is no more praise due a man, or a sect, for being tolerant, than there is due a man for being a gentleman; and we never saw a gentleman yet who would not take praise for being a gentleman as involving an insult. It is at least the thinnest of all virtues to brag about.

There is a virtue lying in this region, though, alas! but little known, which needs development. Toleration, as we have said, is a very thin affair. Men tolerate each other and each other's sentiments and opinions, and are much too apt to be content with that. They altogether overestimate the value of it, but beyond this there is in some quarters, and ought to be in all quarters, a sense of brotherhood among all honestly and earnestly inquiring souls. There is no reason why Dean Stanley and Mr. Darwin should not be the most affectionate friends. There is no good reason why Cardinal Manning and Mr. Matthew Arnold should not be on the most delightful terms of intimacy. There is no good reason why Mr. Frothingham and Dr. Hall, Dr. Draper and Dr. Taylor should not be bound up in a loving brotherhood. They undoubtedly tolerate one another now. It would be simply indecent for them to do anything less, but we fear that we have not quite reached the period when these men, with a profound respect for one another's manhood, truthfulness and earnestness, recognize each other as seekers for truth, and love and delight in each other as such. We are all interested in the same things, but we happen to be regarding them from different angles.

Some of the sincerest men in the world are the doubters.

"There is more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

These men get very little of the sympathy that by right belongs to them. They have as great a love for truth as anybody, and are looking for it, but by the constitution of their minds, or by the power of an unfortunate education, or the influence of an untoward personal experience, they find themselves thrown off into a region of skepticism, where they have no congenial companionship. They do not get even toleration, from those particularly who inherit their creeds, and to whom faith is as natural as breathing. These men ought all and always to be brought affectionately into the great brotherhood of truth-lovers and truth-seekers, and a Christian of any name who cannot throw his warmest sympathies around these, and regard them with a peculiarly affectionate interest, must necessarily be a very poor sort of creature. All honest truth-seekers are always truth-finders, and all have something in possession that will be of advantage to the others. The differences between them are sources of wealth to the whole.



This is true of all truth-seekers, and it is particularly true of the different sects of Christendom. Let not the Catholic think for a moment that he has nothing to learn of the Protestant, and let not the Protestant think that he holds all truth to the exclusion of his Catholic brother. The fact that all these sects exist and find vitality enough in their ideas to keep them prosperously together, shows that there is something to be learned, everywhere, and among them all, and that the policy is poor which shuts them away from one another's society. It is better to remember that truth is one, and that those who are earnestly after it, whether they deny Christianity or profess it, whether they are called by one name or another, belong together, in one great sympathetic brotherhood of affection and pursuit.

#### Improving Politics.

NOT quite so much progress has been made toward a reform of the civil service as we had hoped and expected, but certain events have occurred within the last few months which indicate an improvement in politics, that the country may well congratulate itself upon. Certain political machines have been badly smashed. First we had a smashing of a political society in this city known as "Tammany,"—a party within a party,—which undertook to dictate candidates and measures to a considerable portion of the body politic. The existence of such a society is an impertinence, and the exercise of its authority a usurpation of the popular will. It existed for the purpose of determining the policy of the Democratic party—for the purpose of governing the many by the few—and thus making the name of the party itself absurd. A combination of all opposing elements of political society in the city smashed this powerful machine, and gave us a city government over which Tammany has no control, thus weakening its power and prestige in the political councils of the state. It was an exceedingly happy result, in which all lovers of democratic government and pure politics may legitimately rejoice, and out of which it may draw courage for the future. We all know now exactly what to do to keep this machine out of power, and we shall be very much to blame if we neglect to do it.

We have had in the councils of the Empire State another machine, presided over by an eminent New York Senator. Mr. Conkling has been running this machine for some time, very much in his own personal interest, and for his own personal benefit, and that of his friends. It is certainly greatly to his credit, as a small politician, that he has been able to control the action of a great state through the operations of his machine, and very much to the discredit of the better men who enter into the composition of his party. It is not unfair to say that Senator Conkling likes the political machine, and believes in it. He does not like the project of a reform in the civil service. Such a reform would, as he very well knows, deprive him of his personal power in the politics of his state.

It would deprive him of his influence in the distribution of the federal patronage. It would bring to him the necessity of being useful in the conservation of the interests of the great state which places him in office. It would not permit him to sit idle and silent while the great questions which concern his constituents are discussed and decided. It would compel him to depend upon his merits for success, and not on the ingenious handling of the wires of his machine. Now it is quite possible that the President has not done so much as was expected of him toward a reform in the civil service, but it should be remembered in his favor, or as partly an explanation of the fact, that he has had to fight at every step this same New York Senator, and all the machine men who sympathize with him. Mr. Conkling has, at least, determined to control the influential and important offices at this port. Colonel Arthur was his man, and when the President presumed to remove him from the collectorship, and put another man in his place, great was the wrath of the New York Senator. And still greater was his wrath when, on the 3d of February, General Merritt, the President's appointee, was confirmed by the Senate. It was a good thing for the Senate to do. It was a good thing thus to uphold an honest President's hands, in the dignified exercise of his right, and it was a most excellent thing thus to rebuke the arrogance of a machine politician who had no right of control whatever in the matter. We thank the Senate for its action, on behalf of a great multitude who are sick of this whole machine business, and who devoutly wish that the country were well rid of it. We assure the Senate that a great multitude of honest people are more than satisfied; they are delighted with its action, and they honestly rejoice in the fact that the machine, as handled by the New York Senator, has been squarely beaten.

There are other matters for congratulation connected with this affair. Mr. Conkling took the occasion during the discussion of this confirmation to "free his mind." This was particularly gratifying to those of us who had heard that the Senator was a master of the arts of oratory, and who had been watching through many months of Senatorial discussion of the great questions before the country for a speech from him. There have been many times, during the past two years, when New York would have been glad to have her voice heard on the floor of the Senate, on questions, especially of finance, and has been disgusted by her own silence. She has felt that her influence has gone for nothing, except as she has been able to exercise it directly through committees that have gone on as volunteers to do this work which her Senator failed to do. It is pleasant, therefore, to be assured that Mr. Conkling can make a speech, and is a "master," at least, of the "arts of vituperation." It is proved, at last, that he can speak, and that we have only to touch his pets, and interfere with the operation of his machine, to bring him out, however silent he may be when the interests of his state and his constituents demand his efforts. It is pleasant,

at least, to know that our Senator is not dumb, and that he is a "master" of something or other, although he does not at present seem to be master of the New York appointments, or of the President of the United States.

We say that the smashing of the Tammany's machine, and the smashing of Mr. Conkling's little machine, are marks of a gratifying improvement in politics. One thing is certain: that we can have no reform in the civil service until such politicians as Roscoe Conkling are put out of power. They are its sworn and inveterate foes. They look upon it and its aiders and abettors with hatred and contempt. The principal reason, apparently, why President Hayes has failed to fulfill the pledges of the platform on which he was elected, is that he has not had the support of the party that elected him. Such politicians as Conkling have fought him from the beginning, and intend to fight him, in every attempt at a reform in the service, to the bitter end. But this is one of the reforms that must triumph at last. It has the right on its side. It has purity, justice, common sense on its side. Until it shall triumph, politics will be a trade, office-seeking a business, and everything connected with the making and the execution of the law will be—must be—tainted with corruption. Let us rejoice, therefore, over the smashing of all political machines of whatsoever sort, connected with whatsoever interest.

#### The Medical Profession and the State.

DOCTOR ROOSA, President of the Medical Society of the state of New York, recently delivered an address before the society over which he presides, on "The Relations of the Medical Profession to the State." The address, considering its subject and the point from which it emanated, was very notable for an omission. The arrogance which has been manifested in many quarters of what is called "the old school," was not manifested in the address, as we find it reported in the papers. In that part of it which treats of physicians as "protectors of the community from quackery," we find nothing that offends the common sense of the community. Doctor Roosa very properly leaves room for systems of medicine other than his own, if they are only intelligently practiced, and it is a comfort to record in this fact the advance of a profession which in many states and on many occasions has shown itself not only bigoted, but ill-mannered and stupid. Doctor Roosa says: "While we may not ask the state to endow medical schools, we may expect that it will protect its citizens from well-defined quackery. It certainly cannot discriminate in regard to modes of treatment when there must always be such honest difference of opinion. The state cannot catalogue the drugs that may be used, or name the doses, but it is the bounden duty of a government that cares for the welfare of its inhabitants to see to it that no one is allowed to prescribe for diseases who has not furnished evidence of a satisfactory knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry." Here the doctor very distinctly, and

with a courtesy which it would be well for his profession everywhere to imitate, makes room for homœopathy, a system pursued by many scientific, moral, and intelligent men all over the country. It has been quite too commonly the custom in medical bodies of the old school to treat this system as one of impudent, if not immoral quackery, and to arrogate to themselves the functions of "regular" practice. The attitude of the "regular practice" toward homœopathy has been generally absurdly arrogant and childish, for it so happens that it has been the educated and the intelligent rather than the ignorant and stupid who have given in their adhesion to the new system, and its practitioners have largely been recruited from the ranks of the old practice. The day is gone by when it was possible to whistle and hoot this system down, or to frown it down by assumed medical authority. It has won its right to live and its right to respectful recognition. It has done this at least by the power it has shown to modify and reform the old practice, and it is high time that intelligent physicians everywhere should follow Doctor Roosa's example in withdrawing or withholding the charge against it of being a system of quackery.

But we did not notice this address for the purpose of vindicating homœopathy, but to call attention to that part of it which treats of the members of the profession "as sanitary advisers to the commonwealth." Doctor Roosa very wisely says that there should be a Board of Health in every county and every town, and that there should be no man upon it who has not a scientific, medical, or legal education. He furthermore says that "not a school-house, not a jail, not a hospital, not a sewer, should be built unless competent sanitary advice, with power to enforce it, be given." This is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go half far enough. The truth is that every private house that goes up should be built under public sanitary supervision. Men are dying in New York every day because houses are built improperly. The arrangements for plumbing and ventilation are not only incompetent, but utterly vicious and murderous. Men put up buildings all over the country just as they please. We have built houses for human dwellings, and we have never yet been questioned by any public officer as to how many fatal traps we had set for human life. House poisoning has now become the most common form of poisoning. Diphtheria, pneumonia, and typhoid fever are the constant, daily demonstration of vicious modes of building, and there is no authority, apparently, to prevent the formation of the sources of these diseases. A builder puts up a block, and offers his houses for sale. The buyer sees everything fair, for the sources of disease are covered from sight, but he moves in, and one after another of his family sickens and dies, and he learns, at last, that he has dealt with a criminal, and that the municipality or the state has afforded him no protection.

The truth is that we not only need to have Boards of Health established in many places where they are not, but we need to have their powers much

enlarged where they exist. No one, we suppose, can doubt the great usefulness of our New York Board of Health, but if they could be armed with powers that would enable them to act more directly upon the prevention of disease they could be much more useful. If they could have authority to dictate the plumbing and ventilation of every structure, private as well as public, erected in this city, they could save the city a large percentage of its cruellest mortality. If they could have the control of the cleaning of the streets, does any one doubt that they would greatly improve the health of the city? We talk about the adulteration of food as if that were a great thing, and our Board of Health busies itself about it in the absence of other work, but the adulteration, the absolute poisoning, of the air we breathe, is of almost infinitely more importance.

Doctor Roosa speaks of what is done in the way of preventive medicine by our wise system of quarantine, by which the city has been saved from destructive epidemics. With our yellow fever les-

son of last year fresh in memory, it really seems as if towns should learn something. There is no question that all these epidemics become fatal in the degree in which the air is vitiated by poisonous odors. When yellow fever or cholera visits a place, it becomes a terrible or a mild visitation, according to the conditions which it finds. If it finds a people already poisoned with foul streets and bad drainage, it finds food for a great and grave mortality. If it finds a place where everything is pure and sweet, it does not stay long or work such mischief. There are some states which have a Board of Health, or may have one, in every town, armed with a considerable amount of power—with the power, at least, of holding inquest on private premises, and determining what shall be done to remedy evils; but what we really want most is a wider power of prevention, such as shall make it incumbent upon every builder to secure the approval of such a board before he can live in his house himself, or offer it for sale or rent.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Are Our Insane Retreats Inhuman?

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR—There is no doubt a more or less wide-spread public impression that great cruelties are not uncommonly practiced at our insane retreats. The stories which give rise to this impression are mainly started by the patients themselves. Are these stories true, or are they false? Having had some practical experience at two of the leading institutions of the country, I will endeavor to give an answer to this question.

On the first day of July, 1878, I embarked on the steamer *Mary Powell*, from Kingston on the Hudson, for New York City. During the passage, for reasons which need not be here detailed, I broke forth in a most pronounced condition of mental derangement. The next evening I found myself an inmate of the Bloomingdale Asylum, situated in the upper portion of the metropolis. There I remained until the tenth of October, when I was removed to the Hudson River State Hospital, located at Poughkeepsie.

When I left Bloomingdale, I not only believed but would have solemnly sworn in any court of justice that I had been the victim of the most diabolical treatment. I would as soon have doubted my own existence as doubted that no effort had been spared to compass my destruction. I had been purposely left, for example, an entire week without food, but I could not be starved. I had been given every poison, and every conceivable combination of poisons, but I could not be killed. Moreover, scheme after scheme had proved abortive, the object of which had been my assassination. I was proof against even silver bullets. Not

that I was the devil, for was I not the great Original and Supreme, even Brahma?

It is needless to say that I am now speaking only of certain enormous delusions which took possession of my mind at Bloomingdale. But I have spoken of these delusions in order to illustrate the undoubted general fact that, to a great extent, the cruelties which the insane are so prone to charge upon the asylums which shelter them, are as much a part of their hallucinations as is any other aspect of their insanity.

It would not be to tell the whole truth, however, did I stop here. It is no mere imagination that I was roughly handled during the more violent stages of my sickness. I was, for instance, put in strait-jackets of the stoutest linen, and in muffs and manacles of the strongest leather. I was likewise beaten, choked and stamped upon. Yet this is a mere statement of the treatment irrespective of the reasons. Were the reasons sufficient and even imperative?

I did not indeed develop any tendency to inflict upon myself personal injuries of the graver character; though to do so is not at all uncommon among the insane. But I did develop a most marked mania for tearing and breaking things in general. What, for example, was bedding for, or clothing for, or furniture for, except to be devoted to destruction? Take a single illustration. One day a special meal had been provided for me in the hall. I walked up with the utmost nonchalance and kicked the table over. Had you been the attendant in charge would you have first dealt with the patient, and then cleared away the *débris*; or first cleared away the *débris*, and then dealt with the patient?

I was at times dangerous. Thus, one day I

was out in the exercise-yard with the other patients, when I suddenly began to sweep about the grounds with great rapidity and power. After the first fury of the outburst had somewhat spent itself, I seized a huge stone, and, taking my position near a certain tree, held the entire posse of attendants at bay, as if I had been a cannon loaded to the muzzle.

Now this dangerousness of the insane is of very frequent occurrence. Thus, my second morning at the Hudson River State Hospital came very near proving fatal to me. I had been placed upon what may be appropriately termed the Wild Ward of the institution. One appearing like a human demon came rushing into my room, and almost before I could realize that he was there, struck me three full blows with a heavy chair. I caught the first two blows upon my hands, and managed to protect myself against the third by throwing myself upon my back and holding up my feet. At this juncture, an attendant came to my relief and rescue.

This then suffices to show that in the more furious cases of insanity, rigorous personal restraint and, on the part of the hospital officials, vigorous personal resistance are often not only permissible, but necessary.

Unfortunately, however, it is only too common among convalescents to remember—often with the greatest bitterness—their restraint and sterner treatment, while they utterly forget their destructiveness and dangerousness. Not a few cases of this character have come under my own observation. I remember, for instance, one stalwart giant, who was my fellow-patient at Poughkeepsie. He was a rough—standing six feet four inches in his stockings—muscular and heavily proportioned. When we were in the Wild Ward together, I used sometimes almost to tremble to see him go about with glaring eyes, his arms bared to the elbow, and breathing out threatening and slaughter. Still at that time, he was not even confined to his room. Judge of my surprise at afterward hearing him, in the Convalescent Ward, denouncing the institution with the utmost vehemence for the outrages previously perpetrated upon him, without the slightest provocation. He referred to the days before I had met him, when he must have been at his wildest, and when the personal safety of those about him must have required that he should be kept in a condition bordering closely on intimidation.

Now, it is only in these extreme instances that anything even approaching to severity is ever visited upon a patient at either of the institutions of which I was an inmate. As a general thing, the patients are treated with marked forbearance, courtesy, and kindness. Nevertheless, the entire atmosphere of an insane retreat is more or less overlaid with fault-findings and complainings. This one should never have been placed there at all. That one is being detained there in violation of every principle of humanity and justice. This one is slighted and neglected by the physicians. That one is being deliberately deprived of the proper diet by the authorities in general.

Not that there is in all this any conscious and

intentional falsification on the part of the complainants. It is simply a condition of things inevitably resulting from their disordered nervous and mental state. Thus, one man will eat a hearty meal, and yet, because of his impaired memory, forget within an hour that he has done so. Another will eat enough to satisfy a glutton, and yet, because of his abnormal appetite, have no other burden to his conversation than that he is hungry, hungry, hungry.

In the female wards of the retreats of which I am speaking, as I have had no personal experience, so I have had no personal observation. It is a well-known fact, however, that in certain forms of insanity peculiar to women, as in puerperal mania, the patient, however virtuous and chaste when sane, appears to be given over to the very devil of obscenity and lustful accusations, both toward herself and all about her. Under these circumstances, a physician at an insane asylum is pre-eminently liable to the gravest but most baseless charges on the part of the female inmates, and, as a consequence, is pre-eminently entitled to be considered innocent until clearly proven guilty. As a rule, the evidence of their accusers is as crazy as it is truthless.

The design of this paper is not, of course, to suggest any relaxation of vigilance in connection with our insane retreats. If any class of unfortunates need protection, the insane do. If any class of institutions could be converted into the most awful of human hells, did they chance to fall into the hands of cruel and lustful men, our insane retreats could be thus converted.

Neither is it the design of this paper to bear testimony whether for or against any retreat, except the two above, at which I was a patient. I am credibly informed, however, that the Bloomingdale Asylum and the Hudson River State Hospital are not exceptional, but merely typical of the better class of institutions scattered throughout the country. For some reason or another, I have, on the other hand, gained the impression that certain of our minor retreats, and notably all such as are subject to political management and manipulation, require a constant watching and a frequent overhauling. But all this is merely hearsay and impression, and constitutes no sufficient ground whether of vindication or accusation.

What I have to say, therefore, is simply this: For reasons at once suggested, no insane retreat can be conducted to the satisfaction of the insane themselves. If it were the ideal institution of its class, only too large a proportion of its inmates would denounce it. And it is with peculiar pleasure that I herewith bear personal witness that there are at least two retreats in this country which reflect the highest credit on our Christian civilization, of which they are among the most benignant outcomes. To these, and to kindred retreats, friends may commit their loved insane ones with the fullest confidence that they will in every respect be placed under conditions most conducive to their physical convalescence and mental restoration.

Very truly yours,  
AUGUSTUS BLAUVELT.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

"H. M. S. Pinafore," for Amateurs.

ENGLISH OPERA FOR COUNTRY TOWNS.



SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "H. M. S. PINAFORE," AS SET AT THE STANDARD THEATRE, NEW YORK.

In the spring of 1878 there was produced in London at a little theater in the Strand, known as the Opéra Comique, an original nautical comic opera in two acts, called "H. M. S. Pinafore," written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. It is now nearly a year since Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore* sailed into public favor in England, but the songs of its sailors are still heard in the same London theater night after night; the saucy ship has crossed the blue Atlantic, putting first into the harbor of Boston, then making the port of Philadelphia, while, in a very short time after its first appearance off our coasts, there were in the city of New York four theaters at once each flying the pennant of "H. M. S. Pinafore." So much for the success of the opera. As much can fairly be said of its merits. It is the best light musical comedy written in our language since the "Beggar's Opera,"—not excepting Sheridan's "Duenna," or Moore's "M. P." And the "Pinafore" has the advantage over the "Beggar's Opera" in that it contains nothing to offend the most fastidious. It has the lightness, the brightness, the airy cleverness, in short, all the good qualities of the best French opéra bouffés,—with none of the bad,—none of the blemishes

which so often disfigure even the finest French humor. "H. M. S. Pinafore" has a purely English story set in simple action and told in simple language. Its humor, its satire, its moral,—all these are as clean, as honest, as healthy, as the most rigid respectability could desire.

The author of this amusing play is Mr. W. S. Gilbert, well known in this country as the author of "Pygmalion and Galatea," of "Charity," of "Trial by Jury," and of the grotesquely humorous "Bab Ballads,"—from one of which, "Captain Reece, of the *Mantelpiece*," he has taken the suggestion of his plot. The composer is Mr. Arthur Sullivan, almost equally well known in the United States as the composer of many a charming ballad; his more important work, overture, oratorio, symphony, is not unfamiliar to musical experts here.

When we have said that the costumes of the "Pinafore" are modern, that only a single scene is shown during both acts, and that there are only seven parts of any prominence, it will be seen at once that the piece is one just suited for performance by amateurs. There is hardly a small city or a large village in the country which has not its soprano, its contralto, its



little knot of musical people, its somewhat large circle of people who take an intermittent interest in music, and its still larger circle of people who are only too glad to find something to be interested in, and on which they can worthily spend their energies. In any such community "H. M. S. *Pinafore*" is a possibility. The practicability of its performance depends wholly on the possession by the music-loving and amateur-acting sets of some one possessed of sufficient influence, energy and musical knowledge to manage such a performance. If he can see a good professional performance of the piece, he can obtain at first hand many of the following suggestions and many others which do not lend themselves to description.

The book of the opera, published in one volume by Oliver Ditson & Co., is sold for one dollar and contains the whole play, —the words spoken as well as those sung, —the songs and the concerted pieces, all properly scored, and the piano accompaniment. It contains, therefore, all the musical information needed. As the humor of the piece is largely in the words of the songs, the singers must not attempt to display themselves at the expense of the dramatist; the words *must* be heard distinctly, they must be enunciated with great clearness, and the accompaniment must never be loud enough to drown the voice. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point: —the lines must be heard; the musician must be subordinate to the dramatist.

But the music is so good that it will repay ample study, and with ample study it will be found possible to give due effect to the words without sacrificing the music. But it will need hard work.

As the play itself is very funny, the actors need not try to "make fun"; if they do, they will kill the humor. The piece must be played throughout gracefully and easily, with no effort to be amusing, with no straining after comic effect, but just as though the actors fully believed in the entire possibility of the impossibilities with which the piece abounds. It is in this calm acceptance by all the characters of numberless improbabilities that the humor of the play consists. Any touch of burlesque extravagance is out of tone and inharmonious.

The scenery is very simple. The same set suffices for both acts.



MR. THOMAS WHIFFIN, AS "SIR JOSEPH PORTER." (STANDARD THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.)

It represents the deck of the *Pinafore*. For the flat at back, any view of a distant town will do; a little in front of this runs the bulwark of the ship about two or three feet high; it crosses the stage. On the right hand side of the stage is a little house, the cabin of the captain; the roof of this can be easily arranged and serves as the bridge from which the captain makes his recitative speech to the assembled crew.

A trap-door in the center of the stage, back near the bulwark, has a ladder going down, and is surrounded by a brass rail; this is supposed to be the hatch-way leading below. Any bare places can be filled up by a hanging sail or two and by any number of flags.

The costumes, as has been said, are modern. *Ralph Rackstraw* (the tenor), *Dick Deadeye*, the *Bosen*, and the rest of the crew, are all simply



SCENE FROM SECOND ACT (STANDARD THEATRE).

dressed as sailors. And here it is to be noted that the simpler and the more commonplace the costume, the more humorous seems the fundamental absurdity of the whole thing. *Captain Corcoran* should wear the uniform of a captain in the R. N., but white linen trowsers and any dark blue military coat with brass buttons and gold lace may be made to serve. *Sir Joseph Porter* wears the court dress of a British minister,—pumps, silk stockings, white satin knee-breeches, dark dress-coat embroidered with gold on collar and sleeves; he has an eye-glass and either carries under his arm or puts on a flat-folding court hat, which may perhaps fairly be described as a three-cornered hat with only two corners. *Tom Tucker*, the midshipmite who has nothing at all to say, should be given to the youngest possible boy; he is dressed in dark blue navy suit with a peaked cap and carries a very long telescope under his arm; during the opening chorus, sung while the sailors are at work polishing the brass of the deck, the midshipmite superintends them with an air of authority. *Dick Deadeye*, it may be remarked, ought to be given to a gentleman of tragic aspirations.

The ladies' costumes are equally easily managed. *Josephine*, *Hebe*, and the relatives of *Sir Joseph* all wear the neat dresses a lady naturally would wear on board ship; in England they wore yachting suits of white and blue. In the second act, *Josephine* has a wedding-dress of white. *Little Buttercup* may be played either by a young or old woman, who is attired somewhat in the Mrs. Gamp style, and bears about with her a sort of peddler's basket. But a copy of the "Bab Ballads," illustrated by the author, will give an adequate notion of just what is wanted.

One word more. If "H. M. S. *Pinafore*" is played anywhere by American amateurs, let the authors benefit by it. No honest man will use the labor of others without reward. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have published their work, and it can be taken by any one without money and without price. They have no legal right to demand payment; and the moral right on our part therefore to pay them, if we use the result of their toil is but the stronger.

A fee of £5 or \$25 would probably seem to Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan an adequate reward for any one performance by amateurs. The money might be sent to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, care of Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly, London, or to Mr. Arthur Sullivan, care of Metzler & Co., Great Marlborough street, W. London. Money sent this way will do much for international friendship.

ARTHUR PENN.

#### "In Tea-cup Time."

TEA-LOVERS embrace a universal brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity from Elia and his cousin Bridget, who were "old-fashioned enough to drink their hyson unmixed, still, of an afternoon,"—down to Mrs. Gamp, and her familiar, Betsy Frig.

Never was there a period when the five o'clock tea-table and all of its appurtenances played so conspicuous a part in our homes, as now. Belinda and Evelina, exchanging gossip in their sacques and hoops at an eighteenth century kettle-drum, knew

not the numberless little contrivances and devices that to-day surround this enticing ante-prandial repast. It is the *fleur-de* of entertainments—a meal so purged of the grosser element that even Lord Byron could not have shuddered to view the fair participants. It is the hour for confidential revelations of the inner self, which break into shy existence as the light of lamp and candles glimmers out upon the fading day. Above all, is it not the supreme moment when woman meets woman for the discussion of their fellow-beings, an operation sometimes resembling the whipping with feathers which befell poor Graciosa at the hands of Grognon's Furies in the ancient fairy tale!

But this delicate and impalpable refecation must not by any means be confounded with the tea-table of our aunts and cousins, grandmothers and other relatives, still happily to be enjoyed in rural neighborhoods. Who does not retain a vivid and cheerful recollection of that evening regalement in the country, around a groaning board, where the palate is required to run up the gamut of gustation, from chipped beef to strawberries and cream? The five o'clock tea-table of fashionable society claims but a far-away, fine-lady kinship with its rustic cousin. There is only one feature, indeed, bespeaking relationship between them—and that is the generous nectar whence they take their name.

No doubt the present passion for five o'clock tea is, in some sort, a symptom of the china mania which sits like *Atra Cura* behind so many saddles nowadays, driving us to rash and desperate lengths. We exhaust time and means in the eager acquisition of—to quote again from the gentle Elia—"those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that, under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup." For them we explore every dingy den of a shop to be found anywhere; we coax them from the cupboard of patient spinster aunts; we palpitate for them at auction sales; we amass them by hook or by crook, and then—suffer righteous pangs until our treasures are properly displayed to the eyes of envious friends! There is no limit to the range of our tea-tray collections: they embrace Davenport and Longwy, Crown Derby and Mings, Tokio and Dresden, Minton, Spode and Copeland, Sèvres and Etruria. Cups and saucers of every age and family meet together in the symposia of to-day. And sweeter far than honey of Hymettus is the draught of "English breakfast," sipped by a collector, in the sight of her china-loving friends, from a fragile cup of which she knows no duplicate!

The dainty equipage of porcelain, thus secured, is supplemented by one equally rare and valuable in silver. If you have inherited an old English service, glittering in its purity, and hammered into charming shapes of by-gone art, so much the better. Marshal in array, as only a woman's fingers can, the cheerful hissing urn, the tea-pot, with its queer, little, old-timey strainer hanging to the spout, the liberal dish of sugar lumps, the slender jug (bearing in mind, here, Dr. Holmes's two sprightly maxims: "Cream

is thicker than water," and "Large heart never loved little cream-pot"), the sugar-tongs,—thin, graceful and lustrous, with golden claws,—the spoons worn by years of honorable service, but still sporting half obliterated crests. Forget not the tea-caddy, either antique or modern, on which fashion now lavishes much extravagance. Nor omit the porcelain or silver plates and dishes, bearing wafer-like slices of bread and butter, tiny cakelets, and (if you wish to be truly and indubitably English) a shape of hot buttered muffin bread, not unlike our good old Sally Lunn!

And now for an appropriate support. Happy if you possess a Chippendale, with its immortal spindle shanks, you may yet rest content with the more ample expanse of a table of smooth and ruddy old Santo Domingo mahogany, claw-footed, and polished to a luster which reflects the flickering shapes of a flaming hickory fire in Walpurgis dance. Women have even been known to survive spreading their afternoon tea upon the ordinary dining-table, reduced in the matter of leaves! The shops are full of trefoil tables too, and the Decorative Art Society is ready with suggestions about their ornamentation and drapery. These latter suffice to hold a tray with two or three cups, but are more frequently used at the elbows of nervous people to whom are tremblingly consigned the egg-shell jewels of the hostess. A glass of violets or forced lilacs, pallid crocuses or heavy-headed, delicate-tinted rose-buds, mingling their fragrance with that of a *pitillant* wood fire upon the tiled hearth, makes a luxurious supplement to the furniture of the trefoil table, sometimes as gorgeous as a cardinal in its drapery of antique lace.

Your table-cloth is a subject for profound consideration, and is susceptible of endless variety. It may be white or *écru*—fringed or frilled with lace. It may be worked all over in sprays of forget-me-not, or bunches of cyclamen or honeysuckle, in crewels, with margin of the same. It may be bordered with Holbein work in scarlet tracery, and there is nothing prettier. Or you may have a square of virgin linen, with inserting and edge of real antique lace. The work in "Old Blue" colors and designs is always cool and crisp-looking.

The use of the tea-cosy, a sort of wadded night-cap for the tea-pot, is an English fashion now prevalent over seas, and deriving its origin from old Scotch and English customs. The tea-cosy, made in silk or satin, worked to match the table cover, is ugly beyond measure, under the most favorable conditions. Some of them bear the embroidered monogram of the hostess. We have seen them made entirely of swan's-down. One could pardon their homeliness, perhaps, in the pleasure of a cup of good tea kept hot by one of them.

More attractive are the tea-gowns, now much in vogue in England. These are graceful *négligé* garments, worn by dwellers in large country houses, and assumed just after removing the walking dress, and preparatory to putting on that intended for dinner. They are ascribed to poor ugly Queen Anne, who surely never affected anything half so

coquettish,—a combination of sacque and wrapper, often made of black satin, with blue or cherry bows and rivers of old lace. This toilette, worn with red stockings, high-heeled slippers with huge buckles of *cailloux du Rhin*, lit by wax-lights set in sconces of old English brass, and reflected in a convex mirror high upon a wall hung in Morris's *combleurs tules*, completes the enchantment wrought by the influence of that favored spot—the five o'clock tea-table.

SACHARISSA.

#### Hints to Young Housekeepers.—VI.

##### DUTIES OF A NURSE.

"THAT child is happiest who never had a nursery-maid, only a mother," says Miss Muloch. I think no one will deny this, yet the necessity for hired nurses is a part of the artificial life we all lead. A nurse is the most difficult of servants to find. Many servants are honest, well meaning, capable of being trained for any service except that of nurse. No rough or ignorant woman should be tolerated. I should consider good looks, good accent and manner of speaking desirable, and among the necessary requirements, good health and activity, a cheerful, good-tempered expression of face; for children are imitative, especially of expression. One wants also conscience, taste, gentleness, and supreme neatness. Where will you find all these qualities combined? There is but one resource: the mother must be head nurse herself. She must overlook no short-comings. Health, temper, habits—all are in question. If one is fortunate enough to meet with a sensible woman, she may be made to understand how much the future welfare of the children depends upon her obedience to directions and upon the careful performance of her duties, that the cares of the mother must be seconded by hers, and that the smallest omission may produce bad results—the exchange of a warm garment for a thin one, the leaving off any article of clothing usually worn, etc.

Little children should be made happy, left free from unnecessary checks and restraints, and supplied with occupation. Indeed, occupation is the secret of happiness, whether with children or adults. The law of love should govern the nursery, and not the law of irritation. Blocks, picture-books, threads and needles, round-ended scissors, paper and pencils, chalks, dolls and doll-clothes, are among the accessories of a good nursery. If the nurse has the will she may keep children amused, and if they get the nursery in great confusion it is easily put in order again by a willing and active nurse. No one should take a place as nurse, nor be allowed to keep such place, who has not a natural love of children. A watchful mother can soon judge how worthy the nurse is of her confidence.

It is desirable that the children should play in a different room from that in which they sleep, and that it should contain an open fire of wood or soft coal.

Children are rarely ill tempered, unless made so by others or by sickness and suffering, in which cases it cannot be considered as ill temper. They may be willful, but decision and gentleness will

remedy it. Yielding and coaxing are the great enemies of obedience with children. A nurse should not be allowed to punish a child. If she attempts it, she should be reprov'd, and if not obedient, dismissed. She should be a light sleeper, ready to wake at the slightest noise, and cheerfully, and should always be within easy hearing distance of a sleeping baby, since a baby may wake and cry on account of discomfort which she could readily remove. No two children should be put to sleep in one bed, nor with the nurse; it is injurious to health. I prefer a nurse not less than 25 nor more than 35, unless she has grown old in the service of the same family—a rare event now.

A nurse should be up early in order to make her fire (unless a housemaid is kept), air the clothes, and have everything ready for her little charges. She should wash and dry them well. A white cotton sheet, for each child to be wrapped in upon being taken out of the bath, is a great safeguard against exposure; a baby should be taken in a blanket. Most mothers would reserve this pleasure and duty of washing the baby for themselves. The windows should be opened, the water and tubs removed, and everything restored to order but the children's beds, which should be left to air for a long time. An India rubber cloth over the little mattresses, with a blanket over it and under the sheet is advisable. Flannel

night-gowns are much better for little children than cotton. Nothing should be left in a nursery for a moment which can affect the air. No napkins should be dried in it.

A boy should not be kept in the nursery after five years of age; and a little girl should have her own room, and have a pride in it at as early an age as possible.

Children's meals should not be taken in the nursery if it can be avoided, and the nurse should see that the children are neatly dressed, washed and aproned before sitting down to their meals, and that their aprons are removed and their hands and faces washed after eating.

A nurse should have her work-basket always at hand to make any repairs, but unless under peculiar circumstances (only one child, or a happy, contented baby), she can do little consecutive sewing. If there are many children, and she does her duty faithfully from early morning till her little charges are in bed, she should have rest, and time for reading and for her own sewing. She must have her hours of recreation, and time for her meals, uninterrupted. All this each mother must arrange for herself, but "all work and no play makes" not only "Jack" but the servants "dull."

MRS. S. W. OAKLEY.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### Joseph Cook on "Conscience."\*

JOSEPH COOK's last volume is a strange compound of sound sense and sound without sense. On the whole the book is well worth reading; many true and profound things are forcibly and brilliantly said; and one is filled with amazement on reading some of these vigorous passages, that the mind that conceived them could ever have given vent to such stuff as we find in their vicinity.

Mr. Cook calls his book "Conscience,—with Preludes on Current Events." A conscience with a prelude is a curious piece of psychological property. Whether Mr. Cook's own conscience is of this sort we are not expressly told; but we do not need to be told that his logical faculty is fitted up with some such attachment as this: preludes and postludes, and all sorts of running accompaniments,—arpeggios and trills, and fugues,—abound in connection with his severest thinking. Indeed, certain labored discussions of this book would be well described as examples of logic with variations.

The first chapter, on "Unexplored Reminders in Conscience," though the title does not well describe it, contains an admirable definition of conscience, and a clear showing of its validity and its authority as the central part of our moral nature. The conscience, according to Mr. Cook, is simply

"that which perceives and feels rightness and obligatoriness in choices." It is the faculty that tells us that there is a distinction between right and wrong, and that we ought to do the right and shun the wrong. It is the judgment, and not the conscience, which tells us *what* actions are right. The fact that conscience is an original faculty of the soul is here impressively set forth; and the statement of what conscience includes and what it implies is made with great skill and power. There is nothing especially new in this analysis; but Mr. Cook has done philosophy a good service by the felicity and force of his discussion in this chapter. So we may also say, with some qualification, of the chapters on "Matthew Arnold's Views on Conscience," on "Organic Instincts in Conscience," and on "The First Cause as Personal."

But what shall we say of those two tremendous chapters entitled "Solar Self-culture," and the "Physical Tangibleness of the Moral Law"? If they were set before us as poetic presentations of some curious analogies between the physical and the moral realms, we might read them with a degree of patience; though even then the way they "prance around among the eternities" would be somewhat startling to minds unfamiliar with the heroic and resounding rhetoric of Tremont Temple. But when these conceits are baptized with the name of science, one hardly knows what response to make. To laugh is not dignified, and

\* Conscience,—with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

to argue against such a whirlwind of words is harder than to take up arms against a sea of troubles.

Mr. Cook's definition of solar light is borrowed from Dante:

"She smiled so joyously  
That God seemed in her countenance to rejoice."

"Its specific difference from every other light," he says, "is that in it God seems to overawe beholders and to rejoice. It is scientifically incontrovertible that there is sometimes seen such a light in the present world. \* \* \* This mysteriously commanding and glad light is to be distinguished from merely æsthetic or intellectual luminousness in the countenance by a peculiar moral authority, incisive regnancy, and unforced elateness, bliss and awe."

Into this "whole topic of solar self-culture," Mr. Cook now exhorts his readers to look, "through the lenses of the coolest inductive research. Put aside all mysticism," he cries; "build only on the granite of the scientific method." And this is the way he goes at it:

- "1. There is sometimes in the face a solar look.
2. There is sometimes in the face an earthy look."

And so on. But what under the sun is a solar look? And what on earth is an earthy look? These definitions that we have quoted above—the lines from Dante, the rhetorical sentences from Mr. Cook—do they give us a clear and unailing description by which we may know either of these looks when we happen to see it? It is quite true that we sometimes see a bright and happy and confident look on the faces of good people. But it is equally true that we often see on the faces of people who are the reverse of good a look that neither Mr. Cook nor any one of his applauding auditors can distinguish from this "solar" look. Mr. Cook ought to be told by some good friend that he is simply making himself ridiculous when he keeps using metaphysical propositions containing such physical terms as "solar" and "earthy,"—terms that are thus used are utterly metaphorical,—terms that are defined only in the loosest manner, and that cannot, in this use, be defined so as to convey any precise idea to the mind—and still keeps loudly asserting that this theory is built "only on the granite of the scientific method." There is scarcely a sentence in this whole lecture in which words are not used in highly metaphorical, or even hyperbolic, senses. These words kindle and please the imagination, but to insist that the propositions of which they are the principal terms are scientific propositions, and to claim for them the respect and authority belonging to science is an aggravated instance of obtaining credit on false pretenses. "Activity of the upper zones of feeling is what causes this peculiar light." Is that a scientific statement? "Men may be made of floss-silk, and have æsthetic luminousness in their faces, and yet no solar light." Is that a scientific proposition? "The intellectual, the æsthetic, the executive, and all other light combined, quail, other things being equal, before the solar

light." Is this science? Where is the definition of intellectual light, or æsthetic light, or executive light? Precisely what are they? Mr. Cook is talking about subjects that neither he nor any of his auditors has anything more than a vague, undefined notion of. He is using terms to which no precise meaning can be attached, yet he will keep saying that all this is the result of the coolest and most incontestable science.

So in the next chapter, on "The Physical Tangibleness of the Moral Law." The chief propositions of this chapter are these: that "the gestures prompted by the blissful supremacy of conscience have their general direction upward," and that "the gestures prompted by the opposite relations to conscience have their general direction downward." It is also asserted that the state of conscience which produces these upward gestures is accompanied "by a sense of repose, of unfettered elasticity, and of a tendency to physical levitation," and that a disapproving conscience produces the opposite effects, among them "a tendency to delevitation." The gist of the chapter is that the bodies of good men ought to weigh less than bodies of bad men of the same bulk. Mr. Cook is careful not to say that they do weigh less, but he declares that we have "a sense of a tendency"—whatever that may be—to weigh less when we are good than when we are bad. "All the common instincts" and beliefs approve the theory of physical levitation; many of the painters have made pictures of levitated bodies; Shakspeare talks of the "heaviness" of guilt; Professor Crookes has collected statistics of the "names, country, condition, and date of life of forty levitated persons," and while Mr. Cook thinks it very doubtful whether we can now demonstrate "that physical levitation has occurred under the eyes of experts," yet he does assert that "a physical tendency to levitation is a matter worth investigation." Well, then, why not investigate it before lecturing about it? If this is a natural law, then it operates uniformly, and its operation can be tested. When a man is converted, his conscience ceases to be a "disapproving" and becomes an "approving" conscience. It is very easy to find out whether the weight of his body has diminished in the process. If this "levitating tendency" of which Mr. Cook is talking is a scientific fact, if it is anything more than a fanciful figure of speech, so radical a change as that which takes place at conversion ought to be easily detected by any ordinary steelyards. When people come away from Mr. Cook's lectures they are said to be in much loftier "states of moral elevation" than when they go in. How easy it would be to weigh them all as they enter, and again as they depart, and thus obtain some really scientific proof not only of the truth of this theory, but of the elevating tendency of this lecture-ship!

But the supreme result of these two theories of Mr. Cook is seen in their application to theology. By his theory of "solar light" he explains the transfiguration of Christ, and by his theory of "levitation," the ascension. At the vestibule of



the temple that he is building, he says he wishes "to erect two pillars—two glorious marble shafts, if you please to look on them as I do, facts of science making them glorious—two columns, one on either side the door, Solar Light and Moral Gravitation. Both are physical facts. Both we can touch in the lower flutings of the shafts, and we know by the argument of approach and by the whole scheme of analogical reasoning, that if the solar light were covered up to its loftiest capacity, it might, at its summit, have the Transfiguration; and if the laws of moral gravitation are examined, and we ascend them to the highest point to which analogy can take us up, we may, without violating by the breadth of a hair scientific accuracy, find there the Ascension." If the "finest intellectual culture" of Boston and New England had not broken forth at this point in "applause," we should have known what to say about this passage. As it is, we must be dumb, but nobody can forbid our thinking that it runs perilously near the line that divides blasphemy from bosh. Which side of the line it is on we have not yet been able to make out.

**Hardy's "Return of the Native," and Black's  
"Macleod of Dare."\***

WHAT strikes one first in this latest book from a novelist whose position is assured is the preponderance of descriptive parts over every other. The landscape painter is abroad in Thomas Hardy's work. He describes Egdon Heath, the scene of his novel, with the breadth of view we find in the French landscapists, and, not content with that, speaks of the minute things which compose the landscape of the Heath with some of the circumstance of a Pre-Raphaelite. The easiest of all criticisms to make on "The Return of the Native" is that it is too prolix; yet merely to say that would be far from just. The prolixity is intentional and ranks it with a certain kind of novel that ought not to be confounded with other varieties. The reader must understand once for all that there is to be no hurry and no skipping; the current of the story moves on as slowly as a weed-encumbered stream, or as slowly as the furze-cutters move who figure in it. A serious fault on the other hand cannot be denied. Hardy is not content with one good forcible and new simile, but must give half a dozen.

Nor will one description do for a certain point; it must be viewed in another way. Like Browning in poetry he attacks the same thing again and again. The result is a wordiness, an apparent straining after strength and wealth of simile, which harms the book much more than the mere clogging of the current of the plot. Of this latter there is naturally little. The mind that dallies with particulars so lovingly is seldom if ever capable of managing an effective plot. Where the drama does come in and the tragic point is reached the author must be

convicted of unnaturalness and want of ease. In this particular he may be compared disadvantageously with William Black, a comparison lying ready to hand, from the fact that "Macleod of Dare," one of Black's very best efforts, has been coming out as a serial side by side with "The Return of the Native" in "Harper's Magazine." Black, too, is celebrated for his descriptive scenes; but to our thinking his landscape painting is crude compared to that of Hardy. While he is not quite so redundant in that particular, he wants Hardy's depth and feeling. But as to plot, if comparison is made between their two latest novels, Black is the stronger.

At first blush there seems more diversity between these two than really exists. Both undoubtedly make their books too long, but Hardy will be more generally accused of padding than Black. Yet after the first mannerism of Hardy has worn off and the reader is willing to give to his wordy paragraphs all the time this writer demands, there remains behind a quality greater and more charming than that which Black can show. To speak of the parts relating to nature merely, one has only to compare the loving descriptions of Egdon Heath in the present novel, the way in which Hardy interests one in the small particulars of the scene, with Black's rather violent theatrical descriptions of the landscape of the Hebrides. Hardy gains immensely by restricting himself to the compass of a little heath district in Wessex, while Black, with his cruising about from London to Mull, loses far more than he gains by the comparatively rapid change of scene. And to speak of the human parts also: there Hardy shows at least on one side a superiority, as will be seen on comparing the despair and tragic death of Mrs. Yeobright with the catastrophe of Macleod of Dare. The truth of Mrs. Yeobright's distress shows far higher powers in their limited way than the theatrical ravings of Macleod, which are as faulty in their literary style as they are unreal to nature. Neither writer may be said to know exactly when or how to stop, but of the two Black is decidedly the weaker in his catastrophes.

"The Return of the Native" has this more in its likeness to Browning's style in poetry: one can read it again with pleasure, although the fortunes of the actors are known; indeed, their fortunes have comparatively little to do with the charm of the book. For this one reason it makes a good serial, because, pick it up where you will, there are thoughtful passages, phrases of great cleverness, piquant expressions that no one else uses and that urge one to make a better acquaintance with the writer. On the other hand, "tableaux," situations managed so as to whet the reader's interest in the plot, are entirely lacking, and that makes the book one which editors of magazines might hesitate to use. Hardy's old liking for rustics who are strangely like Shakspeare's clowns remains; Grandfer Cantle is a most sprightly ancient body, whose irrepressible good spirits are frowned upon by his rural comrades as being derogatory to their pride in his great age. He is a delightful old idiot who will not be solemn and patriarchal, say what they will. His ninny of

\* The Return of the Native. By Thomas Hardy, author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc., etc. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Macleod of Dare. By William Black. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

a son is admirable. The Shaksperian talk of these dwellers on Egdon Heath is said to be quite true to life. As to the main figure of the book—Eustacia Vye—she is of an excellence that throws other heroines into the shade. Like the Trojan ancients before Helen of Troy, we understand how men are infatuated with her despite her manifest naughtiness, and are forced to lament the fate that such conduct brings in its wake. Black's Sheila, in the "Princess of Thule," is a lay figure to her. In fine, the novel has such excellent qualities that one feels that here is an author who has wasted great gifts, perhaps a great name in literature, for the present advantages that come with the writing of a book of regulation length, calculated more for the demands of a three-volume public than for enduring fame.

#### Drone on Copyright.\*

LITERARY property and the rights, natural and legal, of authors, have caused considerable discussion of late, and the subject is one of growing interest. The frequent recrimination and bickering resulting from the absence of an international copyright convention between Great Britain and the United States,—the only two great nations the world has ever seen, which speak each other's language and read each other's books; the many cases decided of late in our courts as to the rights of foreign dramatists in this country; the publication of Mr. James Appleton Morgan's comprehensive volumes on the "Law of Literature;" the articles of Mr. Drone himself in this magazine and elsewhere; the recent clear and convincing report of the British Royal Commission on Copyright; the great gathering of literary men in Paris during the Exposition last summer,—all these circumstances show a wide-spread public interest in the subject, and if examined closely they seem to point toward a general revision of literary legislation at no distant date.

In any such revolution Mr. Drone's work will not be an unimportant factor. The book before us is a simple and direct treatise on the law governing intellectual productions as it ought to be and as it is. Mr. Drone has no slavish reverence for precedents; he reverses decisions right and left; and here—although he is always careful to show just what has been held, however absurd he may deem it—is the weak spot of the book. For practical purposes there seems to be somewhat too much of mere theory opposed to judicial declarations. Much of Mr. Drone's book is an argument—a well-considered and ably written argument—for an inherent common law right to the perpetual ownership of his works by an author and his successors whoever they may be, after whatsoever lapse of time. The weight of opinion, legal and lay, outside of the Latin countries, is wholly against this. Macaulay was not a great lawyer nor did he perhaps as a thinker get much below the

surface, but on this subject he was on the right side. The British copyright commission made a practical suggestion—that copyright should run for the life of the author and thirty years after; and this seems as equitable as any term which may be arrived at. The perpetuity of copyright runs altogether contrary to generally received ideas of public policy, and stands, therefore, no chance of acceptance. But the advocacy of this theory only injures Mr. Drone's book by undue expansion; as we have said before, he is careful to state what the actual decisions are, however opposed they may be to his own views. In only one instance, indeed, have we noticed that Mr. Drone makes an assertion without citing a case. In discussing (p. 232) the joint working of native and foreign authors, he says that if the parts of each in the joint work cannot be separated, "it would seem that copyright will not vest in any of it." It is difficult to see why a native author who has collaborated in good faith with a foreigner should by that fact be deprived of the protection of the law.

This, however, is but a trifle. In general, both the manner and the matter of Mr. Drone's book are worthy of all praise. It is pleasant to see that he gives no support to the phrase "property in ideas" used by Mr. A. G. Sedgwick in a recent article in the "Atlantic" on "International Copyright by Judicial Decision." There is no such thing as individual "property in ideas" which are the property of mankind. The author's right is to the order of words—not to the words or to the ideas, but in the combination of the words, as Erle, J. held in *Jefferys v. Boosey* (cited by Mr. Drone, p. 5, note 3). And Mr. Drone also repudiates (p. 566) the theory that a play may be reproduced by any one who may be able to carry it away in his memory.

Mr. Drone has chosen to call a dramatist's control over the acting of his piece, "play right." This is an awkward word, because of its identity in sound to "playwright," and it is to be noted as an evidence of the needless confusion the use of this word would occasion, that in some of the publishers' advertisements this very book was declared to contain a discussion of "copyright and playwright." Mr. Charles Reade's word "stage-right," which is gradually coming into general use, is at once free from this objection and more expressive.

The book is well made, and has an ample and accurate index, and closes with a careful collection of statutes, British and American. We have noticed but two misprints: Coleman for Colman (p. 555 *et seq.*) and 1862 for 1872 (18th line of p. 476).

#### "The Trip to England." By William Winter.\*

MR. WINTER, gifted with a highly sensitive and poetic temperament, and received in England with "surprising kindness," could not write otherwise than he has in his prettily printed *brochure*, "The Trip to England." His book is delightful reading.

\* A Treatise on the Law of Property in Intellectual Productions in Great Britain and the United States, embracing Copyright in Works of Literature and Art, and Playright in Dramatic and Musical Compositions. By Eaton S. Drone. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

\* The Trip to England. By William Winter. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. pp. 115. Printed by Francis Hart & Co., New York.

The enthusiasm of a child over a new and charming toy is infectious with all healthful natures; and he must be dull indeed who fails to sympathize with the fresh ardor with which Mr. Winter describes the sights and sensations of a voyage across the Atlantic. It is not that he has a new way of telling an old, old story that we read his pages with a sense of enjoyment: it is because of his utter disregard of the fact that millions of men and women have had his experience, and that hundreds and thousands of them have duly recorded all that they felt and saw and heard. But no human being can see, or hear, or feel for another, and Mr. Winter's sensations are as novel to him as though he were the first man who ever crossed the raging main. The loving lingering with which he touches his chapter of personal experiences is not egotistical. It is the unconscious expression of a great and overmastering delight—a delight in which all mankind must share.

We cannot fairly expect from even an enthusiast any very close and minute views of England. There are glimpses given of green fields, blossoming hedge-rows, stately elms, ivy-mantled towers and blue skies with argosies of floating clouds. Everything is touched with the divine radiance of a sun that shone on Chaucer, Shakspeare, and the kings and queens of English history and literature. We take brief but not hurried views of the beautiful and memorable things. We see England only as a gentlemanly poet ought to see it; and we come away regretting that our lot is cast in a land which has no atmosphere, no perspective, no past. Possibly, with the poetic tourist, lingering over the hallowed places of London, we may be irked to think that "the cab-drivers in Kensington may neither regard, nor even notice, the house in which Thackeray lived and died," or that "the shop-keepers of Old Bond street may, perhaps, neither know nor care that this famous thoroughfare witnessed the death of Lawrence Sterne." And we may greatly wonder that people can be privileged to live in London and yet "never think of Will's Coffee-house, and Dryden, or Button's and Addison, as they pass the sites of those vanished haunts of wit and revelry in the days of Queen Anne." The glamour and mist of the past cover all these historic spots, and the imaginative scholar or artist must needs pause and sigh and clasp his hands in silent ecstasy as, after years of longing, he stands upon them. It is a delicious view of England which this poet takes. It is the noble, hospitable, merry, romance-haunted England of our fathers—the England which we know in song and story. We will not seek to cast a shadow over the lovely vision nor too curiously descend into the cool valleys which lie among the sunny places of the enchanted land.

#### Alexander Wilson's Ornithology.

HAPPY is that ornithologist whose early fondness for birds was intensified, and early studies guided, by reading Alexander Wilson's "Natural History of the Birds of the United States." Wilson's poetic temperament, less extravagant than the somewhat

furiously zealous of Audubon, gave him an insight into the real meaning of bird-life, taught him the beautiful spirit which animates the feathered breast, and so lent that wonderful charm to his graceful sketches which mere accuracy of observation and elegance of language would never have sufficed to give. It is therefore with pleasure that the naturalist hails anything which tends to make more accessible and widely disseminated the history of our birds which Wilson wrote. Since, in 1812, the magnificent folios, colored by the author's own pencil, were distributed to the subscribers, not a few editions of small size and price have been issued here and in Europe, with the plates represented by wood-cuts. In this respect, Wilson has fared far better than Audubon, whose Ornithology is still so costly as to be out of reach of most lovers of birds. And now we have from the presses of Messrs. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, another reprint, this time following Ord's edition of Wilson with Prince Bonaparte's additions, which the same firm issued in four volumes, with a splendid folio atlas of colored plates, several years ago. That cost \$100, and the present claims to be an exact reproduction, minus the colored plates, and bound into one large octavo of 400 pages, elegantly printed and tastefully bound. Besides the Ornithologies of Wilson and Bonaparte, the book contains Ord's brief but excellent biography of Wilson, including a large number of his letters, and a catalogue of American birds.

Upon the accuracy or pleasant presentation of all this, we can offer no criticism; but we cannot help expressing a regret that the publishers should have considered it wise to have stopped so far short of what might have been a great success. For the price which is charged for this book it is feasible to buy all of Wilson's text (possibly Bonaparte's, too,—the latter doesn't much matter) and these same wood-cut illustrations. Any new reprint of his work, therefore, unless it could have been sold lower than a dollar, was not needed, and we fear will not prove remunerative. No one now reads Wilson as a study of ornithological science, because the advance which our information has made since his day has left him too far behind. But it would have been a real service to ornithology, and undoubtedly a more profitable undertaking, had the publishers seen fit to have given us an authentic edition of Bonaparte and Wilson, revised to date. By means of concise foot-notes, or otherwise, the progress in the knowledge of American birds made since Wilson's time could easily have been indicated, and the young student thus put in possession of a manual which should have been at least a trusty guide-board to his future inquiries. Dr. Brewer did this, and did it well, in an edition brought out by him in 1840. As it is, Wilson's short-comings are not supplemented, his errors—and he made them—are uncorrected, and his many excellences unnoted. Even the "Catalogue of North American Birds," which is the only attempt made in this direction, is worse than nothing, for though it was well enough in the former edition, it is obsolete now. Ornithology has undergone a radical regeneration during the last

twenty years. As a fine reprint of an American classic, which for its loving appreciation of nature and its pure English everybody ought to read, the present volume, though unwieldy, is to be recommended; but as an addition to the ornithological literature of the United States, it simply represents an opportunity thrown away.

Colonel Waring's "Typhoid and its Causes."\*

A CONCISE résumé of the facts so ably discussed in this little pamphlet may prove of such vital importance to fever-haunted districts that no apology need be offered for submitting them. As with meningitis, scarlet fever and diphtheria, a disregard of the laws of health in regard to sewage, etc., conduces alike to the spread of the deadly typhoid poison and supplies the conditions for its reception. The air we breathe and the water we drink, if tainted, not only carry with them the living germ of the disease, but they at the same time so lower the tone of the system that that deadly seed shall take root, develop and bear its fruit of suffering and death. Typhoid is a disease of the alimentary canal, and that presents the only surface susceptible of attack. Each case is derived (almost if not quite always) from a previous one, and the poison by which it is transmitted exists in the dejecta of a typhoid patient, but only becomes active when it undergoes decomposition without sufficient oxygen. Too great care cannot be taken in the disposition of that poisonous matter.

The water which lies in the waste-pipe traps of a hundred dwellings may become poisoned from the common cess-pool, and the *contagium* contributed by a single typhoid patient exhale poison through a hundred families. This poison possesses exceeding vitality; it may be carried miles by a running stream, it can be absorbed and exhaled by standing water, it is retained for a great while by clothes saturated with it, and then develops in the most virulent manner upon exposure. Perfect cleanliness, good drainage with sewage pipes closed by mechanical contrivances and not merely by traps, pure air, and water safe against possible contamination, together with strict adherence to hygiene in the persons exposed, will almost certainly and immediately stamp out the disease where it appears, and

usually when constantly practiced prevent its appearance.

Lewis Sargeant's "New Greece."\*

AMONG the books hastily called forth by the Eastern Question is Mr. Sargeant's "New Greece." The author is a strong Philhellene. He justly arraigns the policy of England in regard to Greece, and points to the flattering hopes she held out and the promises she broke; he justly attacks Lord Beaconsfield and England for their breach of faith in the Berlin Congress. He proves beyond a doubt that Greece, against her own interests, was induced by England to hold aloof from attacking Turkey and then left out in the cold. But his argument that it would be for England's advantage to raise Greece to the position of a first-class power in the East is by no means conclusive. On the contrary, it is questionable whether it would not be more advantageous that Russia should occupy Constantinople than that Greece should hold all the coast of the Aegean, for Russia is not a naval power, while Greece would soon threaten England's supremacy as Queen of the Seas.

The first part of "New Greece" consists of a summary of the present condition of education, literature, commerce, finance, manufactories and agriculture in Greece, but unfortunately Mr. Sargeant has drawn his information largely from the beautifully printed but untrustworthy book by Moraitinis, and the statistics must therefore be received with caution. In spite of the bright picture painted by our author, it is doubtful if Greece is at present much better off than she was a century ago under the Turks. The second part is a brief history of the country since the Revolution of 1821, and being founded on the faithful works of Finlay and Germinus, it can be accepted without question. The book is furnished with an incomplete index and two large but poor maps.

"Under the Empire."†

"UNDER the Empire" is no more than its preface claims: "A trifle, confusedly sensational in name and structure." The plot is simple and natural, the style dramatic, the sentiment though not pointing a moral is healthy, and it has the merit of being interesting. A half-hour spent upon it would not be lost.

\* New Greece. By Lewis Sargeant. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. London, Paris, and New York.

† Under the Empire; or, The Story of Madelon. By J. B. H. Norfolk, Va.: James Barron Hope & Co.

\* Fiske Fund Prize Essay. The Causation of Typhoid Fever. By George E. Waring, Jr. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Lighted Buoys.

Buoys having whistles or horns that sound continuously as they float are already in use, and it is now proposed to light such floating beacons at night so that they may serve as miniature light-houses. From the experiments that have been made, it appears that gas can be successfully employed for this purpose. The buoy itself is designed to be

filled with compressed gas, and at the top, above the water, is placed a suitable lantern containing a single fish-tail burner that once lighted burns steadily for several weeks, or till the gas is exhausted. To accomplish this a rich, fatty gas, distilled from shale oil or fatty material, is compressed in the buoy to a pressure of from five to six atmospheres. A suitable regulator for reducing the

pressure of the gas before it passes to the lamp is provided, and above this is the lantern. Such a buoy of the ordinary shape and size has been put to a severe trial on an exposed coast for several weeks, and has maintained its light day and night through all weathers. Such buoys once charged and lighted are estimated to give a light visible in clear nights for a distance of four miles for about ninety days without attention or renewal. Other experiments in this field, though in another direction, have been recently tried. A Ruhmkorff coil and vacuum tube or globe are placed in a lantern on top of the buoy, and below, suspended in the sea water, is a battery made by fastening together a large zinc and carbon plate. Wires from this battery pass up to the primary circuit of the induction coil and the secondary current becomes visible in the vacuum tube. The light is comparatively faint, and is only visible at night, yet is sufficient to warn passing vessels and prevent them from running the buoys down, as sometimes happens on dark nights. The light is said to remain constant till the battery is consumed, and from the experiments already made it is thought good practical results may soon be obtained.

#### Preservation of Wood.

Two new processes in the preservation of wood are reported. In one a boiler is prepared, and in this are placed iron gratings on which the pieces of wood may be placed, care being taken in loading up the boiler to keep each piece of timber separate from the others. Water is then placed in a second boiler and raised to a temperature of 113° Fahr. when the following chemicals are added in these proportions: sulphate of zinc, 55 kilograms; American potash, 22 kilos; American alum, 44 kilos; oxide of manganese, 22 to each 55 kilos of water. When these have dissolved, sulphuric acid of 60°, in the proportion of 22 kilos, may be slowly added till the mass is well saturated. This mixture is then placed in the boiler containing the wood till the wood is covered, when the whole is boiled for three hours. The wood is then taken out and laid on wooden gratings to dry and harden. Wood treated by this process is said to become partially petrified and able to resist fire successfully, only charring slowly under intense heat. The second process is cheaper and much more simple. Timber is placed in pits and covered with quicklime, and the lime is then slowly slaked with water. The timber is then left undisturbed for eight days. Wooden sleepers thus treated are reported to become very hard, tough and durable while retaining all their strength and elasticity.

#### Economy of Fuel.

VERY many appliances designed to heat the water intended for steam boilers by means of the waste heat of the fires, or waste steam, are in use through the country. These feed-water heaters vary greatly both in construction and economy, but the least valuable is better than none at all. Among the

latest and cheapest of these heaters is one designed to save the heat that usually escapes up the chimney, and thus to carry the economy of the fuel to a still greater refinement. In erecting the stack a long and narrow chamber of brick-work is placed beside the stack, and resting on iron beams at a convenient height above the ground, and between the furnaces and the stack. This chamber opens into the chimney at one end, and is connected with the flues from the fires at the other end, the outlet to the stack being somewhat higher than the other entrance or inlet. Within this chamber are placed a number of upright wrought iron pipes connected at top and bottom by a series of horizontal pipes, the entire system of pipes resting on brackets on the sides of the chamber, and extending through the roof to allow for expansion when heated. Iron scrapers arranged in groups are suspended by chains among the vertical pipes, and by means of a windlass on the roof of the chamber all the scrapers can be raised and lowered at once for the purpose of cleaning the pipes from soot and dust. The cold water for the boilers is admitted at the bottom of this system of pipes on the side furthest removed from the fires. The outlet is placed at the top next the fire, where a safety valve is provided to permit the escape of steam, should it form in the pipes, or to relieve the pressure caused by the expansion of the water. Below the chamber is a pit for collecting the dust brushed off by the scrapers, and by means of outlets the contents may be shot into carts below as often as may be desired. It will be seen that this simple appliance saves the heat usually quite thrown away into the air through the chimney. The spaces about the pipes are sufficient to keep up the draft, and as the pipes are kept clean without opening the chambers, it will continue its work without repair or attention for a long time. This form of feed-water heater has been tried with success in a large sugar refinery, and is reported to supply feed water ready for the boiler at a temperature of 300° Fahr., at an estimated economy of twenty per cent. in the fuel, and as this is obtained from heat otherwise wasted it represents a clear gain.

#### Butter Package for Export.

THE rapidly growing demand for butter for export has led to the invention of a number of packing devices for preserving the butter in warm climates. One of the best of these was described here recently. Another form of package reported to give good results consists of a strong wooden box, a pail with a double wooden cover and handle. Within this is placed a stone-ware "crock," or jar, in which the butter is placed. The box is somewhat larger than the crock, so that there is an air-space on every side. The crock is fastened into the box, no filling being required to prevent injury from breakage.

#### The Pado-Motor.

FROM the parlor or roller skate has been evolved a curious device called a pado-motor. The appara-



tus is practically a sandal shod with wheels and is designed to assist the lame and halt in walking and the ordinary walker in making good time. The sandal is provided with four wooden wheels bound with rubber, two on each side, and when strapped to the boot gives the wearer a firm footing. From the toe projects a point, or supplementary toe, shod with rubber, and at the heel is a similar projection almost touching the ground and shod with leather. In using these wheeled sandals the ordinary walking step is taken, one foot giving the body a slight push with the pusher, or toe, while the other foot rests flat on the four wheels. The result obtained is a greatly lengthened stride as the sandal rolls forward under the influence of the push and the walker practically gets over much more ground and with less exertion than in ordinary shoes. The pedometer is reported to give a good walker a speed of twelve miles an hour over good sidewalks, and while the apparatus may be regarded as a mechanical curiosity, it is worthy some attention on account of its promises for the future. The roller skate was the result of innumerable inventions and patents before it was perfected, and, in like manner, this wheeled sandal may lead in time to something of value.

#### Preservation of Iron.

THE Barff process of producing aninoxidizing film on the surface of iron has already been described in this department, and as often happens, the original process has led to the development of others. By one of these new processes good results have been obtained at a much less cost. An airtight cylinder, presumably of iron, is placed in a furnace where it can be raised to a high temperature. The iron articles to be bronzed, or covered with the film of oxide, are placed in the cylinder and the ends are closed by means of riveted plates. Through one of these is passed the pipe for the admission of the dry steam. At the other end are three openings, into one of which is placed a thermometer to give the interior temperature, while the other openings have valves for the escape of the surplus steam and the water of condensation. In operation the cylinder is raised to a temperature of 930° Fahr., and steam under a pressure of two and a half atmospheres, or a temperature of 644° Fahr., is admitted to the heated cylinder for five hours. The iron articles are then found to be covered with a firmly adhering film, or bronzing, of a greenish-black color. Still later experiments show that hot air may be substituted for the steam in this process. A coil of pipe, open at the lower end, ascends gradually through a chamber heated to 248° Fahr. and then enters the cylinder. The escape valve is modified somewhat to permit only a slow current of air to pass and the pressure within the cylinder is kept slightly above one atmosphere. Iron articles bronzed in hot air have been exposed to the weather for a month without injury. The process is regarded as a success, and is about to be applied upon a large scale in a manufactory of gun-barrels. Another and much more simple method of protecting small iron

articles is announced. The iron to be protected is painted with or dipped in a mixture of borate of lead, containing a little cuprous platinum in solution and having bright scales of precipitated platinum in suspension. The articles are then brought to red heat when the mixture fuses and covers them with a gray glassy film that will resist sewer gas, weak acids and alkalis and the heat of a range. The process is reported to be much cheaper than painting or plating.

#### Inlaying Wood by Compression.

A METHOD of producing inlaid wood for ornamental purposes by compression has been recently tried with success. A veneer of some soft wood is laid over a board of hard wood of a contrasting color and the two are firmly glued together and dried. The two pieces are then steamed till softened, and a sheet of zinc, cut out as a stencil in some ornamental pattern, is laid over the veneer, and while the wood is still soft, the whole is passed between heavy rollers. The pressure forces the zinc into the veneer, pressing it into the backing below. The soft veneer swells up through the openings in the zinc plate, and in this manner the pattern is reproduced in relief on the wood. The plate comes off easily and it is then only necessary to plane down the veneer till the hard wood is reached. This method of compressing one wood into another is reported to give a smooth unbroken surface with clearly defined lines between the two woods.

#### Stone Planing Machine.

A MACHINE for planing granite and other hard stones has been brought out that promises to prove of value in reducing the cost of preparing building stones. It consists of an oblong frame of iron, supported at the corners, and carrying a movable platten, somewhat after the manner of iron planing machines. On this is placed a strong head-piece or tool holder, and by means of a system of long pulleys and corresponding belts, power may be brought to the tool whatever its position during the work. The block of granite to be planed is placed on a hand-truck and rolled under the machine and raised by means of jack-screws to the proper level for the work. The revolution of the cutting tool planes down the stone at about the pace of the iron planers, and performs the work in a manner fully equal to hand labor. The tool is fed to the work by hand, one man being sufficient for all the work.

#### Paper for Roofing Domes.

To reduce the weight of an observatory dome recently erected, and thus to economize the power needed to revolve it, the experiment of roofing it with paper was tried with entire success. The frame of the dome was made of wood in the lightest manner consistent with strength. Strips of a tough paper, such as is used in boat building, were laid over the frame-work, carefully fastened down and thoroughly painted. This paper roof is about four millimeters thick, and is strong, hard and apparently able to withstand the weather for an indefinite time.

The dome is 9.84 meters (31 feet) in diameter, and weighs something less than 2,000 kilos, and may be easily moved on its rollers by hand.

#### Dental Drill Stop-motion.

THE use of power drills in dental surgery has been attended by one inconvenience occasioned by the continuous motion of the drill. The teeth are cut too deeply before the operator is aware or can stop the work by removing the drill, or shutting off the power at its source. To prevent this, a simple form of stop-motion has been introduced. The holder used to carry the drill and protect the hand from the motion of the flexible shaft is provided with a clutch just below the drill and inside the holder. This is kept in connection with the revolving shaft by a spring, and by means of a button projecting through the side of the holder and in reach of the forefinger it may be thrown out of gear at will. A very slight movement of the finger serves to stop or start the drill without stopping the engine. The drills may also be changed in the same manner without stopping the power.

#### Apparatus for Signaling by Means of a Heliotrope.

THE use of a small mirror mounted on bearings that give it two motions, vertical and horizontal, in

signaling from place to place by means of reflected sunlight, is already familiar in surveying. A simple apparatus for obtaining a correct sight in this work may prove of value, not only in surveys, but in telegraphing from distant points. A strip of wood of convenient width and thickness, and from 50 to 100 centimeters long has secured to each end upright screens of wood, each having a hole about 25 millimeters in diameter bored through the center. To get these holes in line it is best to lay one screen over the other and bore both holes at once. Fine wires are then drawn across each hole at right angles (vertical and horizontal) and secured in place. A sight is then taken through the holes at the distant station where the signals are to be sent, and when the two sets of wires are in line, the apparatus is secured in that position. The heliotrope is then arranged to throw a beam of light through both holes, when it will be visible at the distant station. Such an apparatus has been used without the aid of glasses for a distance of thirty miles, and with a telescope, the "day star" has been seen a distance of 100 miles across Lake Superior, though the distant shore could not be seen by the observer. The Morse alphabet is used in telegraphing with this apparatus, but in surveying a shorter code is found to answer all requirements.

### BRIC-A-BRAC.

#### An Interview with a Poet of the Future.

I HAD an interview not long since with a poet of the future. He kept a book-stall and peddled "The New York Weekly" to dyspeptic school-girls. But he had a soul; and he was possessed by an idea.

Meeting him and coming to know him I grew interested in his soul, and so I seek here to set forth his idea.

He was not beautiful. He was no Antinöus. He was no Apollo. He was no operatic tenor. He was rather plain. He was short, not to say squat. He was stout, not to say fat. He was round, not to say globular. And yet he had a soul and an idea, and he was a poet of the future.

For the present he had a great contempt, and I fear the feeling was mutual, as he never by any accident succeeded in disposing of any of his poetic wares.

I went to his stall one day and fell into conversation with him. I say "fell" advisedly, for his talk was so deep I could not always touch bottom. But these more incomprehensible parts of his discourse I consequently remember but ill, and shall not attempt to set down.

I happened accidentally to make a remark about the remarkable properties of the number nine. I do not know just why I made the remark, but make it I did. And it set him off.

He coughed gently, and said:

"Nine is scarcely as queer or as weird as seven.

I have begun a poem on Seven——"

I remembered that Wordsworth had done the same, but I held my peace.

He continued:

"Here is the first stanza:

"Seven was the sacred number  
Of the ancient Greeks,  
Seven were the men whose slumber  
Lasted many weeks."

He paused for a moment, and said, with a sigh:

"That is not all, but it is as far as I have got."

"You find poetry a severe task?" I asked.

"I do, I do!" he answered, with noble enthusiasm. "But I lisp in numbers, for the numbers come. A similar remark was made by one of the poets of the old school. Numbers indeed have a singular fascination for me. Number three, for instance; I have another poem on that. Here it is:

"Number three was weird and mystic  
As you learn from this artistic  
Distich."

I did not like to tell him that a three-line poem was hardly a distich, especially when he drew my attention to the identity existing between the number of the lines and the subject of the poem.

"These two poems form part of my 'Book of Numbers,'" he said.



EASTER.

PRAGMATIC OLD GENTLEMAN.—"Look-a-here, conductor, how can you expect me to sit a little closer with my pockets full of eggs?"

"A dream-book?" I asked, irreverently.

"Yes, sir, the book of a poet's dreams—the execution and exemplification of my idea."

I asked him what the idea was.

"It is contained in two words," he said, "in two words—Comprehensiveness and Condensation."

I asked for further explanation, which he willingly granted.

"All modern poetry is too diffuse—it lacks condensation. And all modern poetry is simple—it lacks comprehensiveness. I write in a condensed form for readers of comprehension. Thus, here is an epic of mine."

I trembled as he took down a roll of MS. An epic—and in warm weather! I began to fear I had erred in my temerity. But his first words re-assured me.

"My epic is an illustration of my theory of condensation and comprehensiveness. It is four lines long, and yet it comprehends the sum of two lives."

And he read, with great impressiveness:

#### THE EPIC OF THE SEASONS.

"He had met her in the spring-time, when the early buds appear;  
He had courted her in summer, when the gayest flowers are here;  
He had married her in autumn, when the falling leaf is seen;  
And he buried her in winter, when the trees were bare and drear."

I acknowledged that this was comprehensive—with a vengeance.

"It is comprehensive, but it is not as condensed as I should like. The lines are too long. It is too diffuse in its versification. I have improved on it in other poems. Here is a sonnet of mine, which I

think is a novelty. Do you know the rules of the sonnet?"

I confessed to some familiarity with them.

"Then you know the sonnet consists of fourteen lines. Now my sonnet consists of fourteen words, and each of the fourteen words is a monosyllable."

I told him that this seemed to be comprehensiveness and condensation raised to the nth power, and I asked for a sight of the quatorzain.

Then he read it to me, with many eloquent gestures:

#### SONNET

Suggested by reflections on the vanity of human action and the emptiness of humanity itself.

Why  
Should  
Good  
Die?  
Would  
I  
Could  
Cry!  
Slow  
Roll  
Tears:  
No  
Soul  
Fears.

"It seemed rather pessimistic at first," I said, "but you come out all right."

"And yet," he answered, sadly, "I should be justified in being a pessimist. In the execution of my idea, in attempting to condense and comprehend, I sought last April to get printed a poem I had composed on 'Winter Lingering in the Lap of Spring.' It was suggestive both of 'Snow, Beautiful Snow' and of 'Hail, Gentle Spring,' which I had dextrously blended in intricate harmonies." And here he sighed, and his voice took on a tone of ineffable

sadness. "I took it to an editor, and before he had read the first stanza, after he had perused only the title of the poem, he treated me with contumely, contempt, and indignity. In short, sir, I, the poet of the future,—I, the inventor of the idea of condensation and comprehensiveness—I, sir, was bounced!

A. Z.

#### A Sermon for the Sisters.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

I NEBBER breaks a colt afore he's old enough to trappel;  
I nebbber digs my taters tell dey plenty big to grabble;  
An' when you sees me risin' up to structify in meetin',  
I's fust clumb up de knowledge-tree and done some apple-eatin'.

I sees some sistahs pruzint, mighty proud o' whut dey wearin',  
It's well you isn't apples, now, you better be declarin'!  
For when you heerd yo' markit-price, 't 'd hurt yo' little feelin's:  
You wouldn't fotch a dime a peck, for all yo' fancy peelin's.

O sistahs—leettle apples (for you're r'a'lly mighty like 'em)—  
I lubs de ol'-time russets, dough it's suldome I kin strike 'em;  
An' so I lubs you, sistahs, for yo' grace, an' not yo' graces—  
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it tas'es.

Is dey a Sabbaf-scholah heah? Den let him 'form his mudder  
How Jacob-in-de-Bible's boys played off upon dey brudder!  
Dey sol' him to a trader—an' at las' he struck de prison:  
Dat comed ob Joseph's struttin' in dat streaked coat ob his'n.

My Christian frien's, dis story proobes dat eben men is human—  
He'd had a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd 'a' been a 'ooman!  
De cussidness ob showin' off, he foun' out all about it:  
An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good as ever shouted.

It larned him! An' I bet you when he come to git his riches  
Dey didn't go for stylish coats or Philadelph' breeches;  
He didn't was'e his money when experunce taught him better,  
But went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin' for a letter!

Now, sistahs, wont you copy him? Say, wont you take a lesson,  
An' min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy dressin'?  
How much yo' spen' upon yo'se'f! I wish you might remember  
Yo' preacher aint been paid a cent sence some-whar in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon's kinder hittin'  
A-whisperin', an' 'sturb'in' all dat's near whar dey's a-sittin';  
To look at dem, an listen at dey onrespec'ful jabber,  
It turns de milk ob human kineness mighty nigh to clabber!

A-A-A-MEN!

#### The Two Antis.

EXTREMES in friends will often meet;  
So oddly did they in these twain  
That should you see them in the street  
Scarce from a smile could you refrain.

One day poor Mrs. Gross exclaimed  
To Mrs. Spare, "Good news to tell!  
You know how long I've been ashamed  
At making such a horrid swell;

"Now, don't you think, they advertise  
A medicine for such as I;  
Of course good papers tell no lies,  
One bottle I shall surely try.

"Would you be kind enough, my dear,  
To get it for me, you're so thin?  
I am so fat, 'twould look right queer,  
And surely make the shopman grin!"

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Spare;  
"Now the like favor do for me,  
My thinness makes the people stare  
As much as your obesity.

"Last night I heard this joyful sound:—  
'Full testimonials are shown,  
A wondrous cure for leanness found,  
No longer be but skin and bone.'

"Ay, that I wot. I vowed outright  
That, ere the set of one more day,  
To work those curves that charm the sight  
This magic should be on its way.

"Our need, we both so plainly show  
For its supply, 'tis hard to ask;  
And if for mine you'll later go,  
Then yours shall be my instant task."

So Spare went straight for *Anti-Fat*;  
And Gross then went for *Anti-Lean*;  
At thinking "Where's the need of that?"  
Twice had the clerk a smile to screen.

Now both these ladies feared the eyes  
They had at home—how keep this dark?  
One to the other quick replies,  
"Let's strip the labels right off stark!"

And so they did at edge of night;  
These foxy friends while homeward bound,  
Tore every hint from fireside sight  
In hintless tatters on the ground.

They had exchanged without a look,  
With countless thanks for favors done;  
As to the dose—why each one took  
What seemed the most effective one!

Well! did these Antis prove a cheat?  
Oh! not at all—the truth was this,  
Our chemist, being quite discreet,  
Supposed the ladies asked amiss,

Not knowing Latin. Each had blushed  
And stammered over fat and lean,  
So with hid smile his judgment rushed—  
Letting no question intervene—

But settling from the looks of her,  
With what she wished to be supplied;  
(For one may lose a customer  
If luckless asking hurt the pride);

And trusting he should see it back  
If well-read label proved it wrong,  
The clerk with eyes politely slack,  
Wrapped, tied and padded the thing along.

They drain the bottles in a week;  
They hasten for an interview  
With horror blanching either cheek  
But fiery-tongued as any shrew.

For Mrs. Spare had parted then  
With her one pound in one week's dose,  
While lo! the scales had added ten  
To the gross weight of Mrs. Gross!

You'd like to hear, I have no doubt,  
Whether the wiser grew the clerk;  
Or Ladies Spare and Gross found out  
What came of dosing in the dark.

But really here I'm at a loss  
Until I see the two,—and then  
If Gross is spare and Spare is gross,  
Be sure they have exchanged again!

*Pros* for the *Antis*! Good or bad,  
They did as claimed, say what you choose;  
For Mrs. Spare lost all she had,  
And Mrs. Gross had more to lose!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

#### A Blue-Stocking.

SOME years ago I madly loved  
A maiden scientific,  
Whose knowledge about everything,  
Was perfectly terrific!

She writes to-day for magazines,  
Essays, and verse, and stories;  
And in all kinds of abstruse themes,  
She positively glories!

Her mind of long forgotten lore,  
Is an unique condenser;  
She knows by heart John Stuart Mill,  
And likewise Herbert Spencer!

Before her comprehensive brain,  
All difficulties vanish,  
She's mastered Hebrew, Chinese, Greek,  
And French, of course—and Spanish!

In Latin she composes hymns,  
And five-act plays in German!  
While she in Zend or Portuguese,  
Could surely write a sermon!

But when I spoke of love to her  
In accents chaste, poetic,  
She'd chat for hours to prove that love  
Was hate turned sympathetic!

And show by legends, myths, or dates,  
And curious Hindoo omens,  
That such unintellectual trash  
Was unknown to the Romans!

I thought the only way to please  
Her most æsthetic optic,  
Was quietly to go to work,  
And master ancient Coptic!

And this I did, and further wrote  
A mammoth life of Moses,  
Also three volumes in blank verse  
About metempsychosis!

It took me many years, and when  
I went unto her dwelling,  
I found—she'd run off with a man  
Who made mistakes in spelling!

DEBONAIR.

#### A Few Features of Decorative Art.

"CHILD, child, pray what distorts thy lineaments  
wild?"

"Culture artistic, at great expense,  
Has twisted all my lineaments."

"Nose, nose, and who gave thee that upturned  
nose?"

"Studying high art and picture shows,  
And that gave me my upturned nose."

"Eyes, eyes, and what gave thee those great  
round eyes?"

"Palissy platters of monstrous size,  
And they gave me my wide, round eyes."



"Hair, hair, and what gave thee thy bristling  
hair?"

"Cloisonné plaques and Kaga ware,  
These all erected my bristling hair."

"Face, face, and what doth knit thy frowning  
face?"

"Tapestry, broidery, rugs, and lace,  
All these have woven the frown on my face."

Smile, smile, and what gave thee that guileless  
smile?"

"Broken mosaic, antique tile,  
'Tis these elicit my guileless smile."





SIGNS OF SPRING.

FLORENCE:—"Oh, Gramma, isn't it terrible? there's a live dandelion out in the back yard!"

GRANDMA:—"Oh, gracious! how careless those circus people are! What shall we do?"

"Ears, ears, and what gave thee thy very long ears?"

"Picking up critical arrows and spears  
Has turned to quivers both my ears."

"Brain, brain, and who gave thee thy giant brain?"

"Culture artistic, 'tis very plain,  
Has given me this gigantic brain."

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

#### Rain and Shine.

(BALLADE.)

[In this department have appeared from time to time, within the past year, attempts in all of the metrical forms which English versification has borrowed from the French, with the sole exception of the *ballade*. Triplet, rondeau, rondel, villanelle, pantoum and *chant-royal* have all in turn presented themselves here: the *ballade* alone has been absent. And the *ballade* is in all probability the one form destined to permanence in our language: the *rondeau* and the *triolet* may remain to bear it company, but the villanelle, pantoum, and *chant-royal* are mere feats of literary gymnastics, interesting as such, but not likely to exert any permanent influence on metrical forms. But, in the hands of Villon and Clement Marot, the *ballade* has proved itself an admirable instrument, and a certain kind of thought cannot be better expressed than in its rolling octaves, with its recurring refrain and its final envoy, summing up, as it were, and driving home, like the moral of a fable—but without any fabulous morality. The *ballade* was revived in France by M. Théodore de Banville, to whom versification owes much; and the first English *ballade* was Mr. Austin Dobson's admirable "Prodigals" which was soon followed by Mr. Swinburne's exquisite "Ballad of Dreamland." Since then the form has been used by Messrs. Gosse, Lang, Henley, Payne, and others in England. Satirical *ballades* of more or less temporary interest have not been infrequent in "London" and in "Fuck." It remains to be said that the *ballade* has no connection with the ballad. The English ballad is a class of poem. The French *ballade* is merely a metrical form, wholly independent of its subject. The form is somewhat akin to the *chant-royal*, and like it demands the retention of the same rhymes in the same place in each stanza. But the following specimen, offered solely as a specimen, must speak for itself. It is a *ballade à double refrain*—that is the fourth line as well as the eighth is repeated; this is not obligatory, although it doubtless is more effective.]

The clouds are thick and darkly lower;  
The sullen sodden sky would fain

Pour down a never ending shower:  
I hear the pattering of the rain,  
I hear it rattle on the pane.—  
And then I see the mist entwining  
Nor one position long retain,  
Behold! the gentle sun is shining!

As though exulting in its power,  
The storm beats down with steady strain;  
Upon the ivy of the tower  
I hear the pattering of the rain;  
It swiftly sweeps across the plain.—  
And then I see the sky refining  
And molten with a golden stain,  
Behold! the gentle sun is shining!

Beneath the storm the cattle cower;  
It beats upon the growing grain,  
And as it breaks both bud and flower,  
I hear the pattering of the rain.—  
From where the clouds too long have lain  
They turn, and show a silver lining,  
A splendid glory comes again.  
Behold! the gentle sun is shining!

#### ENVOY.

Although like some far, faint refrain,  
I hear the pattering of the rain,  
The storm is past. No more repining—  
Behold! the gentle sun is shining!

J. B. M.

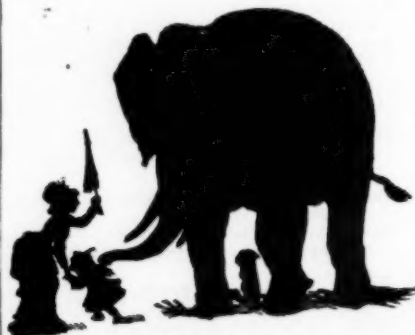
#### The Death-bed of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

BY DAVID S. FOSTER.

"HEAR me last wurruds! Faix, there's O'Shaughnessy,  
That wurruld's thafe!—owes me ninepence happeny,

And there's Phil Coyne, with his decaiving thricks,  
Owes me five shillins', and there's Pathrick Free  
By that same token owes me two and six,  
The craythur! May the devil howld him fast!"  
"The ould woman is insinse to the last!"

"Give me a dhrop! Arrah, where was I thin?—  
And I owe Micky O'Nail wan pound tin,  
And Phelim M'Carthy two pounds, and I owe  
Three pounds to Jimmy Hone, and Mrs. Flynn  
Wan pound sivin shillin's, two pince happeny. No!  
'Tis two pince and three farthin's, by your laves."  
"Howly St. Pathrick! Hear now how she raves!"



"SHOO!"

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